With every best wish

for your future success

from

W. A. Murray.

H. F. D. Sparks

December 1948

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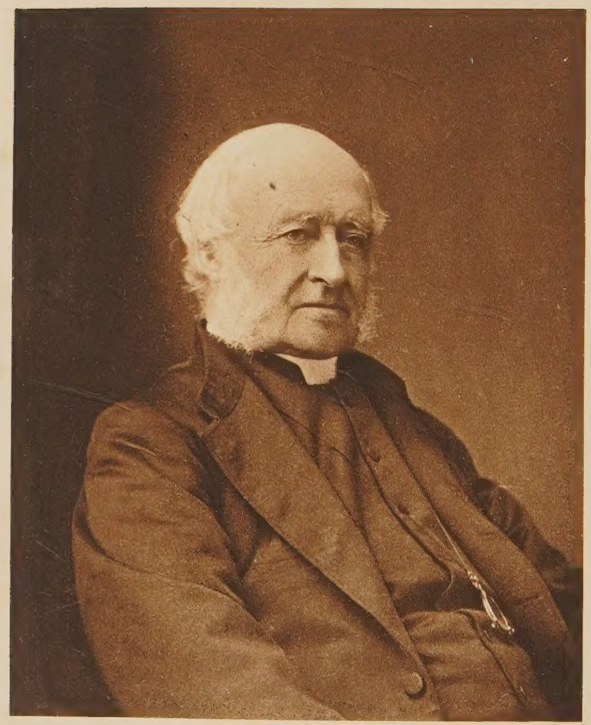
MEMORIALS OF DEAN LAKE



W. C. Lake.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD: 1901

MEMORIALS

OF

WILLIAM CHARLES LAKE

Dean of Durham

1869-1894

EDITED BY HIS WIDOW

KATHARINE LAKE

WITH A PREFACE

BY

GEORGE RAWLINSON

Canon of Canterbury

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

37 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.

1901

PREFACE

William Charles Lake, the subject of these reminiscences, was the eldest son of Captain Charles Lake, an officer of the Scots Guards, who, after some years of service in the British army, fought and was severely wounded at Waterloo in the defence of Hougomont, soon after which he retired from the army and lived the life of a private gentleman. His mother was Anna Louisa Halsey, youngest daughter of Henry Halsey, Esq., of Henley Park, Surrey, who was married to Captain Lake in 1816, and by him had several children. William, her eldest child, was born in London on January 7, 1817, and was brought up at first in an old manor-house belonging to a family of the name of Hopton, at Kemerton, in Gloucestershire; but at the age of eight, after some wanderings in France and in the Channel Islands, became domiciled at Rugby, at which place his father had determined to live, on account of the advantages which he would thus enjoy for the education of his sons. Rugby School had not then acquired the high reputation which later on accrued to it, but it was known as a place where a good solid education was obtainable, and as one much patronized by the gentry and a portion of the nobility of the Midlands. The Headmaster at the time, Dr. Wooll, was not a man of great eminence as a scholar, nor was he distinguished even as a disciplinarian, but he was known to be an honest and steady worker, and to turn out boys who were gentlemen and who filled their several positions in life creditably.

Attending school as a day-boy and in one of the lower classes, William Lake did not come much under the Headmaster's influence, and cannot be said to have owed much to the earliest director of his studies. But within a short time—two years

only after his entering the school—the change occurred which gave to Rugby a new life, and elevated it almost at once to the foremost position among the public schools of the country. Dr. Arnold was elected to the Headmastership at the close of 1827, and the subject of our memoir had thus the good fortune to pass the greater portion of his school-days under the direction and influence of the greatest school-instructor of our age—perhaps the greatest that has ever yet discharged the office. Possessing remarkable abilities, he naturally attracted in an especial way the attention of his gifted teacher, one of whose favourite pupils he became while he was still a mere boy, and whose warm friendship and entire confidence he acquired and retained till the blow fell which deprived the school of its eminent head.

Much, however, as he owed to Rugby in this respect, perhaps he owed it still more for the advantage which he derived from the friendships which he there formed with several of his school-fellows, especially with two of the most remarkable men of our time, Charles John Vaughan and Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. The three were nearly of an age, Lake being about a year younger than the others; and, coming together under the immediate teaching of Dr. Arnold in the Sixth Form in 1830, they acted and reacted upon each other in an extraordinary way, stimulating each other's abilities and helping to form each other's characters, to their great mutual benefit. Four years of such intercourse, interrupted only by the short holidays of those times, could not but have had an educational value which it is difficult to over-estimate, and, coming at the most susceptible period of human life, must have left indelible impressions. The three boys formed a sort of triumvirate during the period in question, governing the school under their revered head, consorting almost exclusively with each other, and giving the tone to the entire body politic—a tone, it is almost needless to say, at once moral, religious, and highly intellectual. On one occasion a contemplated rebellion, to which large numbers of the boys had committed themselves, was stopped and averted mainly by the conjoint efforts of the three friends, who 'pointed out the folly of resistance, and brought the turbulent majority to reason and submission' (Prothero's 'Life of Stanley,' vol. i., p. 69). It is not too much to say that the lofty ideal of public

school life first conceived by Arnold was fully shared in by the 'friends,' and that it was greatly by their aid that he was enabled to bring the entire school into that excellent moral and intellectual condition which caused it to be held up for many years, in and after Arnold's time, as a model to other similar institutions.

Lake was very happy at Rugby and very successful. The number of school prizes which he gained was extraordinary, and when, in 1834, he crowned the whole by carrying off the academic honour of a Balliol Scholarship—only once before gained by a Rugbeian—it was felt that, so far as this phase of his life was concerned, there was nothing more to be desired.

His Balliol success took him in 1835 to Oxford. There had been some doubt previously whether he should matriculate at Oxford or Cambridge. The transition from school to University life had broken up the 'triumvirate,' but, unfortunately, the two members of it who were the first to quit Rugby selected for themselves, or had selected for them by their friends, different Universities. Stanley went to Oxford, Vaughan to Cambridge. Thus Lake was left between two attractions, one almost as strong as the other. Vaughan was particularly anxious to obtain his companionship at Cambridge, and made great efforts to influence him in that direction. But the Balliol election turned the scale; it gave the young student a position that could not be lightly rejected; it placed him in the closest possible relations with Stanley, who held a Balliol Scholarship already, and it was generally satisfactory to his friends and relatives.

Lake went up to reside in October, 1835. He found among his brother scholars, besides Stanley, the following, who all attained to more or less of eminence in after life: Edward Elder, John Wickens, Edward Cardwell (Lord Cardwell), Henry Holden, James Lonsdale, Benjamin Jowett, Edward Meyrick Goulburn, and Charles Francis Trower. At the same time the college contained among its undergraduate commoners Edward Arthur Litton, Edmund Hobhouse, Samuel Waldegrave, and Benjamin Collins Brodie. It is needless to say that with most of these Lake in a short time became familiar, and it can hardly be necessary to point out the great advantage which he enjoyed in thus coming into contact with so many, such remark-

able, and such different minds, under circumstances which favoured the closest intimacy.

His undergraduate career was marked especially by the position which he early obtained in the University debating society known as 'The Union.' Though physically strong and a good rider, he was not at the time of his coming to Oxford an athlete, and neither the river nor the cricket-field seemed to possess for him any attraction. But in intellectual contests he was the keenest possible combatant, bold in attack, skilful in defence, full of vigour, resource, and audacity. In the small private debating society, which bore the name of 'The Decade,' and was composed principally of Balliol men, he held a prominent place; and in the Union, where for several years he took a leading part, he rapidly attained to high distinction. The other foremost speakers of the time were George Trevor, afterwards Sub-dean of York; J. R. Cornish, afterwards Sir J. R. Mowbray, M.P. for the University; Richard Congreve, Scholar of Wadham (the Positivist); John Duke Coleridge, afterwards Lord Coleridge; Francis Tate, Scholar of University; J. F. B. Blackett, student of Christ Church, M.P.; and perhaps I should add my unworthy self, then Fellow of Exeter. Among these Lake, if not *facile princeps*, at any rate easily held his own, and was an adversary few cared to encounter. He and I had, however, occasional passages of arms, to some of which he refers in his own account of his Oxford career. But they were not on points of any great importance, and I think I may say they left no sting behind them.

Lake's most intimate friendships at Balliol, as an undergraduate and with undergraduates, seem to have been, omitting Stanley, with Hugh Pearson, Edmund Hobhouse, Samuel Waldegrave, Benjamin Brodie, George Moncrieff, Edward Goulburn, Constantine Prichard, and Lord Coleridge. He did not become intimate with Jowett until they were both Fellows, nor with Clough until he was a Tutor. With Temple he cannot be said to have been very intimate at this period, though he helped him in his studies, had a great respect for him, and later on did his best to get him elected to the Mastership.

My own acquaintance with him began in the year 1836, at the Scholars' table in Balliol Hall, where I frequently dined as James Lonsdale's guest. It was for some time very slight, and

did not ripen into anything like friendship until the question of University Reform came to be mooted, and the Oxford 'Tutors' Association' was formed to consider it. Then we found ourselves in close accord as to the line that it was desirable the reform should take, and worked together among the heads of a party of 'Moderates,' in frequent communication with Mr. Gladstone and in general harmony with the great majority of the Association. Among our most effective fellow-workers were Mansel, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's; Montague Bernard, Fellow of All Souls'; and James Mozley, afterwards Regius Professor of Divinity and Canon of Christ Church. The moderation of the reform carried into effect by the Oxford University Act of 1854 was generally allowed to have been mainly secured by our efforts.

It was something of a disappointment to Lake's numerous friends and admirers that, as an undergraduate, he did not carry off any of the greatly-coveted University prizes. The Newdigate fell to Stanley in 1837, the Latin Verse to Frank Trower in 1838, the Ireland to Stanley in the same year as the Newdigate, and the Hertford to Jowett; but Lake remained *prizeless*. His first class in Classics in 1838, known to have been among the best of the year, did something to remedy what was generally felt as a deficiency, and his election to a Balliol Fellowship, which immediately followed, did even more to place him in his proper position; but it was not until, in 1840, he was awarded the prize for the best Latin Essay that he seemed quite to have gained the share of University honours which his abilities deserved, or to have come up to the promise of his early days. Thenceforward he was recognised as among the foremost scholars of his time, and among the leading spirits of the University.

The Balliol Fellowship introduced him to the Balliol Common-Room, and brought him into close contact and intimacy with a number of minds of the first order and of remarkable diversity. With most of them he had had a certain acquaintance previously; but the acquaintance of a pupil with his Tutor is a very different thing from that of a Fellow with his brother Fellows. It cannot fail to be more or less stiff and formal, while that of brother Fellows is of the most open, free, and genial character. The Balliol Common-Room was at the time the most brilliant in Oxford. Its leading conversationalists were Tait, Oakeley, Ward

of the *Ideal*, and Scott, the first-rate scholar, joint author with Dean Liddell of the unrivalled Greek Lexicon. The deepest and most difficult problems of philosophy and theology were daily discussed there with a boldness that shrank from neither novelty nor paradox, and with a subtlety that had scarcely been reached by the keenest intellects of Ancient Greece or Modern Germany. To listen evening after evening to arguments between Tait and Ward, or between Scott and Oakeley, was in itself 'a liberal education,' while the Common-Room, being the frequent resort of distinguished men both from London and from the Continent, was wholly free from that pedantry and narrowness which too often characterizes Academical Society. The years which Lake spent at Oxford between 1838 and 1848 were probably those in which his mind made its most rapid advances, and in which his opinions crystallized from the crude and fluid condition in which they were when he left Rugby into the fixed and definite shape which they retained during the remainder of his career.

Called upon in 1842 to become one of the Tutors of his College, Lake soon attained a distinguished success. Those students with whom he took special pains almost invariably gained First Classes in the Final Schools, and while he remained Tutor more than half the high honours of each year were carried off by Balliol men. He took a somewhat new view of the duties owed by a Tutor to his pupils, lived familiarly with them, devoted almost his whole time to their instruction, and conciliated their affections in a marked way. His ideas on this subject, shared by some of his colleagues, and by several of his most intimate out-college friends, gave a new tone to the relations between teacher and taught, and to a certain not inconsiderable extent changed the conditions of Oxford University life.

The high office of Senior Proctor, which devolved on him in the year 1852, gave opportunity for a display of his remarkable mental gifts to a wider circle than before, no longer mainly to a single college, but to the entire University. In the Hebdomadal Board, by which Oxford was then governed, which consisted of all the Heads of Houses and the two Proctors, he soon took a leading part. Venerable gray-bearded Doctors of Divinity and of Civil Law were surprised, and a little offended, to see and hear one so lately *in statu pupillari* rise up among them, and join in their debates with as much freedom and self-confidence as

the oldest member of their body. Some attempts were made to 'cold-shoulder' the impertinent young person, but the more influential of the body, the men of most light and leading, were quick to perceive that this was no mere pushing upstart, bent on making himself obnoxious to his seniors, but a person of high mental power, with an unusual facility of expressing himself in weighty and pointed phrases. The oldest member of the Board, who possessed the keenest intellect, and had long directed and guided it almost at his will, Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel, was early won over by the young man's combination of earnestness with good sense, and admitted him to his friendship and intimacy. Another, Dr. Jeune, Master of Pembroke, a Liberal, and therefore not indisposed to look kindly on an 'Arnoldite,' gave him constant encouragement, and the result was to open freely to the somewhat audacious Proctor the hitherto guarded circle of University magnates.

Oxford at this time was seething with change. The 'Moderations' Examination and Honour School was introduced in 1852; the Law and Modern History (Final) School in 1853. Lake's power of organization was strongly shown in the formation and arrangement in the latter school, which, by the favour of the Hebdomadal Board, and the general consent of the resident members of Convocation, fell mainly into his hands. He succeeded in obtaining the services of Henry Hallam, the historian, as examiner on the occasion of the opening of the school, and thus secured it an initial *éclat*, which greatly helped to give it the important position that it has ever since maintained in the academical system. He also by serving as examiner in the school at the first four examinations helped to impress upon it a tone and a character which have made it so decided a success as a stimulus to the class of academical students which most needed one. At the close of 1854 Lake could look back on his Oxford career, and feel that he had done a good work for the University, and left a mark that would not readily die out.

But he had also to look forward. The position of a College Tutor, even when the college is admittedly the foremost of its University, and when supplemented by occasional appointment to academical posts of dignity or emolument, is not one to satisfy permanently a man of even moderate ambition. Nor is employment on Government Commissions, however interesting,

any provision for the future. Lake, verging upon forty, began to feel the need of taking up some permanent and assured position, either in the Church or in the University, such as might fitly crown a distinguished career. An occasion seemed to offer itself in 1856, on the sudden death of Robert Hussey, Canon of Christ Church, and first Professor of Ecclesiastical History, whose appointments rested with the Crown, for which he had recently been doing some excellent service. Accordingly he got himself put forward as eminently fitted for the post, in which he would have been perfectly satisfied to settle down for the remainder of his life. Unfortunately, however, there was another candidate, whose claims even he himself regarded as paramount—his friend Arthur Stanley, then at the height of his literary reputation from the publication of his 'Life of Dr. Arnold,' which in 1852 had reached a seventh edition. Stanley desired the appointment, and obtained it, while Lake was left to continue his Tutor's work at Balliol, of which he was by this time somewhat weary. Under these circumstances the offer of a college living—Huntspill in Somersetshire—presented itself to him in an attractive light, and the year 1858 saw his transference from the position of a College Tutor, which he had held for sixteen years, to that of Rector of an extensive agricultural parish in a rather remote locality.

I now for some years almost lost sight of my old and tried friend. Nothing took me into Somersetshire, and his visits to Oxford were rare. We had never corresponded, not having had occasion to do so. Others will bear their witness to this portion of his career, in which I am told that he was remarkably successful, and to which I know that he looked back with pleasure to the end of his life.

With his promotion to the Deanery of Durham our intimacy revived. His position there enabled him to offer me appointments as examiner in the Schools of the University, which I was glad to accept, and the frequent visits which I thus paid to Durham, where I was always his guest at the magnificent Deanery, gave me an insight into his mode of life and his powers of direction and management, which a continuous residence in the place could scarcely have much increased. Still, it has been thought that the details of this portion of his life should be supplied by others, and nothing remains for me, in

touching upon it, but to express my admiration both of the quantity and of the quality of the work which he got through during the twenty-five years that he held his office, and my surprise that the excellence and importance of the work is not more generally and more highly appreciated. Beyond all doubt, he was not only a good but a 'great Dean.' There may have been about him a certain roughness, and certain faults of manner, but his energy, his zeal, his power of influencing those with whom he was brought into contact, his indefatigable industry, and his width of view in respect alike of ecclesiastical and of educational matters, were exceptional, and peculiarly fitted him for presiding over an institution which was at once educational and ecclesiastical, and which circumstances had brought into an apathetic and almost moribund condition. Durham owes to him a beautified cathedral, a renovated chapter-house, vastly improved services, and a greatly enlarged sphere of action. The Newcastle School of Science, of which he may almost be called the creator, would alone entitle him to be reckoned among the foremost of educational improvers, but, nor content with this, he adopted, on a previously untried scale, the system of 'affiliated colleges,' thus extending the advantages of academical teaching and training to hundreds to whom they had been previously inaccessible. There are circumstances which will probably always prevent Durham from rivalling either Oxford or Cambridge; but Dean Lake, in my humble opinion, did the utmost that it was possible to do towards raising the University, of which his position as Dean made him the Head to a rank which, if not the highest, is at least highly honourable

His position as occupant of one of our foremost Deaneries, together with his recognised ability, constituted him, almost of necessity, a Church leader, and in the distracted state of existing Church parties forced him into controversy. His letters to newspapers, several of which are here reproduced, and his correspondence with eminent ecclesiastics of various schools now for the first time given to the public, sufficiently show at once the great interest which he took in Church politics, and the liberal line which he followed in respect of them. It will be seen that he was always on the side of comprehension and tolerance. Persecution was his abhorrence. Himself a strong High Churchman, he had sympathies with all the three different

schools of which our Church is composed, and maintained friendships with persons who belonged to each. It was the fact that latterly one school only was the object of persecution, which caused his efforts in his later life to be directed mainly, if not solely, to the defence and protection of the High-Church party and of the so-called Ritualists. He was no Ritualist himself, though he preferred a grand, an ornate, and a highly reverential service. But he could not look on tamely while an attempt was being made to discredit, if not even to crush, one of the great historic parties of the English Church, the party of Hooker, and Saravia, and Jeremy Taylor, and Laud, and Cosins, and Bull, and Butler, and Ken, and Patrick, and George Herbert, and it is in no small degree owing to his efforts that the attempt failed, and that the Church enjoys at the present time that measure of tranquillity which is her portion, and which it is to be hoped may long continue. Lake's influence over Archbishop Tait, which was very considerable, was indefatigably used in urging him to mildness and moderation during the last period of his Archiepiscopate, and there seems reason to believe that the greater spirit of tolerance which marked the close of the Archbishop's life was, to a large extent, due to this influence.

It had been impressed upon Dean Lake by many of his friends, and by none more strongly than by myself, that an account of the Church movement of recent times, in which he had latterly taken so prominent a part, was a legacy which he was almost bound to leave behind him for the elucidation of its many problems and obscurities. His opportunities for understanding the movement had been almost unique. Coming under the influence of Arnold in his school-days, and one of Arnold's most intimate friends until his death, he had grown up with Stanley and Vaughan as his constant companions. He had passed into the atmosphere of Oxford when the movement was at its height; he had heard Newman and Pusey preach in their best days; he had had as his instructors Ward and Oakeley and Tait; he had personally known Newman and Pusey and Charles Marriott and the Mozleys and Liddon and Church; he was on terms of close intimacy with Lord Halifax; for forty years he had enjoyed the friendship of Archbishop Tait. No one had had such opportunities as he for appreciating the views and aims and intentions of so many principal actors in the

ecclesiastical drama of our times, and no one could have set it forth with more vigour, point, and lucidity. When the time came, therefore, that increasing years and failing health made his retirement from high official position desirable, and he resolved on the resignation of his deanery, I, among others, used my best efforts to induce him to take up this task, and to give the world his account of the Oxford Movement, a movement which he had seen, as it were, from the inside, and with the entire working of which he was familiar.

Our efforts, unfortunately, had only a partial success. Ill-health made it impossible for him to devote more than odds and ends of time to the task, while his fastidiousness as a writer caused him continually to rewrite such portions of it as he took in hand, and thus prevented any rapid progress. The result was that at his death in 1897 unconnected fragments alone were found of what should have been a continuous narrative, and these, moreover, were in a rough and unfinished condition, presenting great difficulties to an editor. They seemed, however, too valuable to be lost, and form the first seven chapters of the present work. Appended are two further chapters by an intimate friend, giving a detailed account of the Dean's work at Durham, both in respect of the Cathedral and of the University, without which it was felt that the 'Memoir' would have been very incomplete, and therefore very unsatisfactory.

A small selection from the Dean's correspondence and a sketch of the history of the Newcastle College of Science, by the Dean's earnest efforts incorporated into Durham University—the latter from the pen of the Rev. H. P. Gurney, Principal of the College—have been further added, both on account of their intrinsic interest and as helping to fill out what it was felt must be in any case a somewhat scanty and insufficient memoir. A much larger amount of the correspondence had originally been set aside for publication, but difficulties arose with respect to it in quarters which could not be disregarded, and a sacrifice had to be made most regretfully. It is hoped that enough still remains to make the present work in its entirety a not unfaithful presentation of one of the noblest and most remarkable personalities of our day.

GEORGE RAWLINSON.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

This volume does not profess, in any sense, to be a Life of Dean Lake. My first idea was simply a desire that the Reminiscences which he had been engaged in writing, unfinished though they were, should see the light. They proved, however, too brief and fragmentary for publication by themselves; moreover, there was no record beyond a few introductory pages of the Dean's five-and-twenty years' work for the cathedral and University of Durham. This great gap has been filled through the kindness of a friend, to whom my most cordial thanks are due. He has supplied Chapters VIII. and IX., and I have further supplemented the Reminiscences by a selection from Dean Lake's correspondence, by means of which I have hoped to bring out his unceasing efforts to serve and benefit the Church of England, apart from what he was able to do in connection with his post at Durham. Other letters have been chosen with a view to illustrate some trait of mind or character, but only here and there has a corner been lifted of the veil which I have purposely drawn over his inner life in all its deep devotion.

Owing to his having outlived most of his oldest and most intimate friends, and to other causes, it has in many cases been impossible to obtain his own letters; but even when these are wanting, it has been thought that letters from Dean Goulburn, Dean Vaughan, and others, may be of interest in themselves, while at the same time they throw a kind of refracted light on the personality of him to whom they are addressed.

A few reprints have also been added (by the courteous permission of the editors) from letters to newspapers on matters of interest. The Dean was a frequent contributor in this way to the

columns of the *Times*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Church Times*, etc. Sometimes he was impelled by a chivalry which prompted him to defend a person or cause unjustly attacked; at others, acting from a sense of duty, he would come forward to plead for that comprehensiveness and tolerant recognition of diversity in ritual which he felt to be essential to the life and work of the English Church, or to protest against some course which he foresaw would be to her hurt. Or, again, he would ventilate some burning question which others were, perhaps, afraid to touch. He was never wanting in the courage of his opinions, and usually signed his name to these letters; but he shrank from giving pain, and where a personal element entered of necessity into the subject under discussion, he occasionally veiled his identity under a pseudonym.

It is impossible for me to exaggerate my indebtedness to Canon Rawlinson, without whose assistance it would not have been possible for me to undertake the task of putting the Reminiscences in order. They were for the most part in a rough, unfinished state—incomplete and unrevised. Canon Rawlinson's vivid recollection of men and of events connected with the old Oxford days has been invaluable, and has cleared up many difficulties, while his literary experience came to the aid of my entire deficiency in that respect. He has also kindly allowed me to consult him freely about letters.

At best, however, the Dean's Reminiscences, which form the first seven chapters—written (latterly) in such intervals as failing health and suffering allowed—are but a sort of framework for what he had intended to write. The marginal notes and many blank pages of his note-books show that he had meant to illustrate and amplify his narrative with various anecdotes, fuller details, and sketches of various other friends. These must remain unwritten, but I have been able to add here and there a little relevant matter (from his own pen) found amongst his papers. These fragments have been either inserted in the text or attached as footnotes.

It remains for me to express my gratitude to the friends who have lent me letters, to Lord Lingen for the record of his recollections of my husband's Oxford life, to Dr. Sanday, whose kindly tribute to the Dean's memory is quoted in the second chapter on Durham, and to Principal Gurney for his

account of the Durham College of Science. In addition, my warm thanks are due to Lord Halifax for his advice on several occasions, and to the Bishop of Winchester, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, and the editor of *Good Words*, as also to Miss Wordsworth for permission to make some extracts from my husband's previous writings.

Lastly, I should like to record my deep appreciation of the Archbishop's kindness in sending me the following letter.

KATHARINE LAKE.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.,
July 15, 1901.

MY DEAR MRS. LAKE,—Your late husband, the Dean, was one of the first friends I made when I came to Balliol, a lad of seventeen, in May, 1839. He rather liked making the acquaintance of younger men than himself at that time, and he seemed to me, perhaps with not much reason, to single me out from the rest. I was fond of talking about my studies, especially with those who had more knowledge and more ability to use their knowledge than myself. I was then reading Thucydides, and we talked about Thucydides. I had never read it before; he had read it with Dr. Arnold at Rugby. His talk was a revelation to me, and I enjoyed it exceedingly, and I think he liked me for enjoying it. This was the beginning of an unbroken friendship. His was a most affectionate nature. As time went on we often differed, and differed much, but the differences never parted us. I greatly admired his extraordinary power of self-adaptation. Long after, he came to Exeter when I was not expecting him. I was going that very evening to give away prizes at a scientific meeting. I had lost my voice, and could not utter a word except in whispers. I told him he must speak instead of me. He laughed, and said he would if I would tell him what to say, for he knew absolutely nothing of science. I told him what I wanted to say. He went with me to the meeting, and made an exceedingly clever speech, in which no one detected that he knew nothing of his subject. He completely captivated his hearers, who before the end of the meeting thanked him in the warmest terms for the pleasure that he had given them; for, in fact, he was a born orator. When I was consecrated Bishop of

Exeter, he preached the sermon—a sermon which went to my heart for its kindness, for at that time he well knew that he and I were on different paths; but it was at his request that he was appointed the preacher on the occasion.

He was a very able man, he was a very good man, and he never forgot old friends.—Believe me, my dear Mrs. Lake, yours very sincerely,

F. Cantuar.

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PART I

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I

RUGBY AND ARNOLD

In undertaking to write some remembrances of my early life both at Rugby and at Oxford, I feel that some apology is necessary for attempting a work part of which has already been done far more worthily than I can pretend to do it. I have neither the time nor the power to deal fully with subjects different portions of which have been so ably treated by Dean Church in his account of the Oxford Movement, by Dr. Liddon in his 'Life of Dr. Pusey,' and in what I have always considered the most effective biography of the century, Stanley's 'Life of Arnold.' My excuse for yielding to the wishes of many kind friends in this matter can only be that I have been led to view the subjects, and to some extent the persons, who mainly influenced the times I shall speak of with rather different eyes and even feelings from the three friends I have mentioned.

My object also is in some respects different. In the first place, I shall deal more with the teaching and general state of the University, while with regard to the principal leaders of religious thought and action in those days I feel that I can in some ways view them with more independence. It has, indeed, been my fortune, and I may say my happiness, through life to have known and been attached to men of the most opposite opinions. I knew Dr. Arnold far more intimately than Dean Stanley did, though I soon ceased after leaving Rugby to be as absolute a follower as he was. I had almost as close an intimacy with my first tutor, Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, whom I have always looked upon as my dearest friend in life, though I could almost say of him, in the humorous words of another friend, Dean Merivale, 'The Church of England is a splendid institution; it can contain two men who differ on every

point of theology, like you and me.' And with regard to Cardinal Newman, for whom my feelings for fifty years have been those of a higher admiration than I could feel for anyone that I have met in life, I knew him personally but little in my Oxford days, with the exception of a short stay at Littlemore. Indeed, my having been always in the true old sense of the word a Liberal, and having been united with the party which for some years, from 1845 onward, was anxious for academical reform, withdrew me from any intimacy with most of the High Church party at Oxford, with the exception of Dean Church. Some of my friends have urged me to write on the ground that I was almost the only Liberal (in those days) who was also a strong Newmanite.

I hope that on these and perhaps on some other accounts, such as my intimate acquaintance with Balliol for more than twenty years, I may be able to illustrate some points which have not been much dwelt upon in what must always be regarded as an important period for Oxford, and still more for the Church of England.

Of my earliest years I need say but little. My father had been an officer in the Scots Guards, and was wounded severely at Waterloo, in the defence of Hougomont. He married in the next year,[1] and my childish days were spent, first in an old manor-house of the Hoptons, at Kemerton, in Gloucestershire, and afterwards for two or three years in France and Jersey, of both of which I retain a lively remembrance, the opera at Paris, with 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,' being the first excitement of my life.

It was, indeed, in many respects, an advantage to a child to have a year, from the age of five to six, in France, for it made French almost a native tongue to him, and one which he could never entirely forget; and Jersey gave me, without knowing it, a sort of contact with the world which made the translation to a public school seem natural, even at the premature age of eight or

[1] The Lake family trace their ancestry to the time of King Edward III., in whose reign one John Lake married Jennet Caley, coheiress of Sir Hugh Caley, Knight. His descendant, John Lake, of Irby in Lincolnshire, was the father of Edward Lake, D.C.L., Advocate-General for Ireland, and afterwards Chancellor to the Bishop of Lincoln. He distinguished himself by his devotion to the cause of Charles I., and by his conspicuous bravery at the battle of Edgehill in 1642. Edward Lake left no son, but had two brothers, from the younger of whom Dean Lake was descended.—Ed.

nine. It was at that age I entered Rugby, my father having determined to live there for the education of his sons, in what Stanley used to call the 'Lanigerous days of Wooll,' or 'The days of the Jebusites,' before the Israel of Arnold entered Jerusalem. Wooll, however, had been a good Wykehamist scholar, and though Rugby was perhaps rather falling off in his last days, he even then sent several distinguished scholars to Oxford—T. L. Claughton, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, who gained almost every prize at Oxford, and some eminent Fellows of Oriel, being Rugbeians. It was doubtful, indeed, for the first four or five years of Arnold's time at Rugby whether in point of pure scholarship his pupils would equal those of Wooll; for Arnold (especially in versification) was not a finished scholar, and we had no honours, either at Oxford or Cambridge, to boast of in the way of scholarship till Stanley broke the spell by gaining the Balliol Scholarship in 1833, and C. J. Vaughan followed with an unbroken string of successes at Cambridge.

Arnold came to Rugby in 1828, and it was a school in many respects well suited to the great objects which he had in view, being well provided with masters of the old classical stamp, with boys mainly drawn from the upper classes of the Midlands, and with a constitution presided over by trustees, but very untrammelled, and open to changes of almost any description. Arnold would, as he has told us, never have gone there had not his freedom of action been secured, and had he gone to some of the great schools of the older foundation, such as Eton or Winchester, it may be doubted whether his work would have been equally complete; it would certainly have been much more difficult. As it was, the bold prediction of Dr. Hawkins, then Provost of Oriel, which led to his election, that 'if he were elected he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England,' was at least easier of fulfilment. His task was in many respects an arduous one, but it was in his own hands.

I do not know whether the present generation retains the same impression of Arnold's greatness, both as a schoolmaster and as a man, which made his influence so powerful for the twenty or thirty years before and after his death, and I am sometimes tempted to think that the admiration for his son Matthew, whose genius was of so different a cast, may have

rather thrown his father's name into the shade. But I believe that in the world of combined thought and action no character in this century has been greater, and, as I regard him in some respects in a different point of view from that of his eminent biographer, I will at once try to give a sketch of what the essentials of that character were.

Stanley's view was, as might be expected, almost absolutely eulogistic; equally as a teacher and as a theologian, Arnold was simply the 'guide and philosopher' of all his earlier, though not entirely of his later, life. As to Arnold's greatness I need not repeat my agreement with Stanley, but I have long felt that there were some slight drawbacks even to his teaching, and still more to his insight as a theologian. But whatever the value of these, I am convinced that he will always be looked up to as the hero-schoolmaster of English public schools.

A word may perhaps be said on the state of our public schools when he first began his work. There is a very strong letter on the subject in Arnold's Life from Dr. Moberly, then Head of Winchester, and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, in which he says that, before Arnold's day, 'the tone of young men at the University, whether they came from Winchester, Eton, Rugby, Harrow, or wherever else, was universally irreligious. A religious undergraduate was, . . . I think I may confidently say, hardly to be found among public school-men,' and he adds that 'a most singular and striking change has come upon our public schools, . . . and I am sure that to Dr. Arnold's personal earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying of this improvement into our schools is mainly attributable. He was the first, . . . and if there be improvement in the important points of which I have been speaking at Winchester, I do declare in justice, that his example encouraged me to hope that it might be effected, and his hints suggested to me the way of effecting it.'[1] If this indictment is rather too universally stated—and I have always thought it is so—there can be no doubt there was a strong feeling of the kind among religious men of the time, such as Wilberforce and the Thorntons, which led them to place their sons, often very unsuccessfully, under private tutors. Personal

[1] Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' vol. i., pp. 171, 172.

religion was not set before boys as a duty, and if the boys had brought with them strong religious principle or feelings, they mostly kept them to themselves. Dr. Keate, of Eton, a very good specimen of the old schoolmaster, 'never,' as Sir F. Doyle tells us in his amusing Recollections, 'minded his boys telling him a lie'; and on his making this remark to an old schoolfellow, Lord Blachford, 'Mind your lying to him?' he said, 'I should think not; why he exacted it as a mark of proper respect. I remember when in some trumpery scrape, I told him the literal truth; upon which he at once inquired of me with a great appearance of anger whether I had been drinking?'[1]

Stanley's account of Arnold's mode of dealing in this matter may be taken as a fair specimen of his general tone with boys. 'Lying to the masters, he made a great moral offence; placing implicit confidence in a boy's assertion, and then, if a falsehood was discovered, punishing it severely: in the upper part of the school, when persisted in, with expulsion. In the higher forms any attempt at further proof of an assertion was immediately checked: "If you say so, that is quite enough—*of course* I believe your word"; and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that "it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one."'[2]

If I were asked in what Arnold's power as the great headmaster of English public schools consisted, and what most affected us as boys, I should say it was the simple fact that he was a really great man, possessed of a moral strength and reality combined with some of the highest intellectual gifts, qualities which are seldom found together in a man, and which have never been equalled before or since in a schoolmaster. All this was, no doubt, mainly due to the religious enthusiasm, for such it certainly was, with which he had begun his work. We felt from our first direct contact with him that we were dealing with a strong religious man, someone quite different from any master we had known, and who really had our good at heart. I remember well the first occasion on which I felt this. In the Fifth Form I had been an idle boy, and was no favourite with my good, eccentric old master, Mr. Moor. I had known little of Arnold, except from a heavy punishment for being often caught

[1] Sir F. Doyle's 'Reminiscences,' p. 51.
[2] Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' vol. i., p. 100.

'slinging at the rooks,' and was in considerable awe of him at my examination for entrance into the Sixth. But on passing this successfully, Arnold said gravely: 'Now, Lake, I know you can do well if you choose, and I shall expect you to do so.' Those few words altered my whole character, intellectually, at all events. Whatever I was, I was never an idle boy again, and my one wish was to be well thought of by Arnold. This was, of course, increased by an intimate friendship with Stanley, who came into the Sixth rather later than I did.

All this feeling was increased by the general tone of the lessons, and by the sermons which were the finishing stroke of Arnold's power. The lessons in the Sixth were to many of us a real enjoyment, and all the more because they were so evident an enjoyment to himself. He inoculated us with his likings for his favourite books and characters, for Thucydides and Tacitus, for Alexander, and for some of the earlier Romans like Scipio, and his strong dislikes for Cæsar and Augustus; and when we came to his modern history lectures, there were no characters which he taught us more to admire than some of the religious characters of the Middle Ages, such as St. Louis of France and Pope Innocent III.

But certainly nothing produced a greater effect on his elder boys than his chapel services and his sermons. Short, but almost always dwelling on some point of deep interest, with nothing in them of excessive or exaggerated feeling, the sermons were leavened throughout with the deepest sense of earnest reality, which riveted the attention of all above the youngest of the congregation, and their effect may best be expressed by the description which Dean Stanley has given of them.

'To all,' he says, 'it must have been an advantage that for once in their lives they had listened to sermons which none of them could associate with the thought of weariness, formality, or exaggeration. . . . Even the most careless boys would sometimes, during the course of the week, refer almost involuntarily to the sermon of the past Sunday as a condemnation of what they were doing, and some, whilst they wondered how it was that so little practical effect was produced upon themselves at the time, yet retain the recollection (to give the words of one who so describes himself) that "I used to listen to them from first to last with a kind of awe, and over and over again could

not join my friends at the chapel door, but would walk home to be alone; and I remember the same effects being produced by them, more or less, on others whom I should have thought as hard as stones, and on whom I should think Arnold looked as some of the worst boys in the school." '[1]

Such were the sermons, and the same character was reproduced in the Scripture lessons, two regular courses of which were given weekly, besides a lecture by himself on the Sunday afternoons, and, in addition to this, we always read eight or ten verses of the New Testament before the morning lesson. There was nothing of exaggeration or of anything that could be called preaching about them; his comments, generally short and simple, were always 'given in a tone and manner which left an impression that from the book which lay before him he was seeking to draw his rule of life,' and the impression which he left upon us was that the one guide for this was Scripture.

In giving this account of Arnold as a schoolmaster, it is impossible not to feel the difficulty of fully describing one in whom reality and strength so completely pervaded the character, and I may therefore be permitted to extract a few passages separately which will bring out distinct points. Take, for example, his evening prayers in his own boarding-house (the school-house).

'One of the scenes which most lives in the memory of his school-house pupils is their night muster in the hall, whilst he stood at the head of the long table, where the prayers were read by one of the boys, and a portion of Scripture by himself. This last was a practice which he introduced soon after his arrival, when, on one of these occasions, after speaking strongly to the boys on the necessity of each reading some part of the Bible every day, he added that, as he feared many would not make the rule for themselves, he should for the future always read a passage every evening at this time. He usually brought in his Greek Testament, and read about half a chapter in English, most frequently his favourite chapters in St. John; when from the Old Testament, especially his favourite Psalms. He never made any comment, but his manner of reading impressed the boys considerably, and it was observed by some of them, shortly after the practice was commenced, that they had never understood the Psalms before.'[2]

[1] Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' vol. i., p. 154. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 157.

Or take the following description of the gradual manner in which the influence of his character worked:

'From the earliest period, indeed, the boys were conscious of something unlike what they had been taught to imagine of a schoolmaster; . . . but it was not till he had been in his post some years that there arose that close bond of union which characterized his relation to his elder pupils. . . . But as boys advanced in the school, out of this feeling there grew up a deep admiration, partaking largely of the nature of awe, and this softened into a sort of loyalty, which remained even in the closer and more affectionate sympathy of later years. "I am sure," writes a pupil who had no personal communication with him whilst at school, and who was never in the Sixth Form, "that I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say that I felt a love and reverence for him as one of quite awful greatness and goodness, for whom I well remember that I used to think I would gladly lay down my life. . . . I used to believe that I, too, had a work to do for him in the school, and did for his sake labour to raise the tone of the set I lived in."'[1]

I may be allowed to sum up our impressions in some words which I used, when his memory was very fresh, in an article in the *Quarterly Review* more than fifty years ago, in October, 1844: 'On the whole, in the power of winning young spirits to love him and to love goodness for his sake, Arnold, as Master of Rugby, can hardly be overrated. Nothing weak or inconsistent, no vanity or passion, ever marred the impression of his ability, his simple and manly earnestness, his high standard of duty, his devotion to what he felt was his appointed work. What wonder that many were formed upon his character and in a measure grew into it, looking on him with a mixed feeling of admiration and awe, as a father, teacher, friend, which no changes in after-years could alter!—a feeling so peculiar towards him who was their first impersonation of wisdom and goodness that no later examples can check the longing exclamation: "Heu! quanto minus est cum aliis versari quam tui meminisse!"'

It is, however, as I have already said, quite impossible to describe Arnold's work as a schoolmaster in so short a sketch,

[1] Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' vol. i., pp. 163-165.

and I can only hope that my attempt to do so may lead to a fresh study of Stanley's 'Life,' certainly the greatest record of an English public school master which was ever written. I will merely add that the points which I have wished to bring out have been mainly these: (1) That his great merit was simply that he was the first to attempt to raise the character of public schools in England; (2) that in doing this his aim was even more a moral and religious than an intellectual one. There was nothing like 'cram' in his teaching; he even aimed, perhaps, too little at University distinctions, and it was some time before his school gained any. But in the last years of his life they were abundant, and perhaps he valued them the more from not having directly aimed at them. (3) That he knew well the difficulties and failures of his task, and the vices of human nature in boys, which he could not extirpate.

It only remains to ask, Did he not aim at doing too much? Did he not put too high a pressure both upon the intellect and general character of the boys, leading them too early to consider themselves men, and, as has been amusingly said, to feel themselves 'bound to come of age in their teens.' 'Arnold,' it is added by the same lively writer, 'forgot that it was God Almighty's intention that there should exist between childhood and manhood the natural production known as a boy.'[1] I think there is truth in this, and that his clever boys rather overstrained themselves than were overstrained by Arnold. Stanley was an exception; he was a born 'book in breeches,' though a very charming one, and far more incapable than most of the girls of our generation of any boyish amusements;[2] but I have

[1] Sir F. Doyle's 'Reminiscences,' p. 48.

[2] 'No one ever preserved his character as a schoolboy during life more than Stanley did. As a schoolboy he was certainly the most delightful of companions, though in many respects he had an almost more than girl-like incapacity for doing things which almost every girl could now do. There was not a game of which he knew the rules. He could not fling a ball as well as a girl, and as for jumping!—— But for a charming, simple (very girlish) appearance, the most graceful and easy conversation and temper, not to speak of his goodness at his lessons, no one could equal him. I knew him intimately very early. . . . His absolute devotion for Arnold was the one very strong passion of his school life, if indeed it was not the strongest of his whole life, and it seemed almost to absorb all others, for I have letters by me from one of his most intimate friends lamenting the frequent coldness of his manner. It was, in fact, one form of that devotion to superiority in intellect which followed him through life.'—Article in *Good Words* by Dean Lake, October, 1895.

heard some of the ablest boys of our time—Arthur Clough, in particular—lament bitterly the overstrain of their Rugby life; and I have always thought that it was the average idle boy, such as those whom 'Tom Brown' describes, who were most improved, and more in their after-life than at school, by Arnold's training and example. I will only add that Arnold was fully alive to this danger himself, and repeatedly, both in his sermons and privately, warned his abler boys against the danger of 'injuring their health and exhausting their minds by an excess of early study.'[1] But this evil, which was evidently in some cases inevitable, was hardly to be compared with the general advantages of his system. The fact still remains that, as Bishop Moberly expresses it, 'it was to Dr. Arnold's earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence, and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, that the improvement in public schools is mainly attributable.'

Certainly, in most respects, no life could have been more happy than that which many of us spent at Rugby. But, especially to some who were naturally fond of games, it was rather prematurely intellectual. Thus, nothing could be closer than the friendship of Stanley, Vaughan, and myself; but to me it was the loss of what had been my earliest friends, the cricket-ground and football. These I gave up almost as a matter of course when I became an intimate friend of Stanley; and there were very few days when he, Charles Vaughan, and myself did not spend our spare hours in long walks and talks—a great mistake, and one which in after-life I have often bitterly regretted.[2]

Arnold was, however, not merely a schoolmaster; he was also an earnest politician, an historian, and a theologian, and though this versatility of interests sometimes brought him into difficulties, it is certainly no small proof of his power that in the fifteen years of his life at Rugby, with all his unsparing school-work, he should have produced an elaborate edition of Thucydides, three volumes of a Roman history (of which the third, at least, must always remain a model of historical writing), besides some

[1] Sermons, vol. iv., p. 19.

[2] Dean Lake in his earlier schooldays was an enthusiastic lover of cricket, and got his place in the Rugby eleven at the unusually early age of fourteen. In his later years he was fond of recalling his prowess in the cricket-field.—Ed.

important pamphlets and other periodical writings. Of these I will not now speak; but his character as a theologian certainly deserves attention, for though his writings and opinions may be now to a great extent forgotten, they are an interesting evidence of the religious tone of thought just before the middle of the century, and very illustrative, both in their agreement and disagreement, of the great religious movement of the time at Oxford.

The first point which will strike any reader of Arnold's writings and letters is the strength and absolute confidence of his own religious belief. Quite alive as he was to the various difficulties both of the Old and New Testament, they never interfered with his belief in the historical certainty of Christianity, and he would quite have agreed with Cardinal Newman that 'a thousand difficulties need not create one doubt.' No doubt Arnold understood both doubts and difficulties, and there are several interesting letters in his Life on the subject. His faith, in fact, rested equally on the moral and the historical evidence for Christianity, and of the last it may be as well to give at once a single example. Thus, after pressing strongly the certainty of every point in Christ's resurrection, in a sermon on Easter Day he concludes with the words: 'The time would fail to go through the whole tissue of moral impostures which we must believe if we refuse to accept the simple words of Christian truth that Christ died, and was buried, and rose again the third day, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father.'[1]

It would be easy to quote passages of this kind indefinitely, and to show how Arnold's historical and moral character helped to form his strong Christian convictions; but it may be even more interesting to observe the manner in which these same qualities were united on another point for which in his day he was better known—his intense, though very peculiar, sense of the importance of the Christian Church—and how they, in some respects, assisted what was his great antipathy, the Oxford Movement. The revival of the Christian Church in one form or other may indeed almost be called the necessity of the times, for it supplied that element of enthusiasm which had till then been wanting in the religious teaching of Oxford. The Oriel School had certainly produced, between 1820 and 1830, some very earnest religious

[1] Arnold's 'Sermons,' vol. iii., p. 154.

teaching in Whately and Davidson, and still more in the 'Christian Year'; but there was still a want of that appeal to the religious feelings which for the previous generation had been the strength of the Evangelical party, and had given them Wilberforce, and Henry Martyn, and the school of Simeon at Cambridge. But about 1830 a great change was at work amongst the most powerful minds at Oxford, and it showed itself in far higher conceptions of what had hitherto been in the background —the whole character of the Christian Church. The first utterance given to this appears to have been, strange to say, by Whately, in a pamphlet published in 1826, and entitled 'Letters on the Church by an Episcopalian,' the main position of which seems to have been 'the profanation of Christ's kingdom by the double usurpation, the interference of the Church in temporals and of the State in spirituals.'[1]

It must have been about the same time that Arnold's mind was working, not indeed in the same direction, but on the same subject; and having gradually realized the great truth that to found a universal Church had been one of the first, if not the first, of the objects of Christ, he was not slow both to see and to insist that its restoration to a more perfect form was essential to the full development of Christianity itself. His mode of doing this I will speak of presently, but he was certainly almost the first to feel its necessity, and Dean Church has done him no more than full justice when he says, in speaking of the early days of the Oxford Movement, that 'Dr. Arnold's view of the Church was a passionate attempt to place the true idea in the light. Of the difficulties of his theory he made light account. There was the vivid central truth which glowed through his soul and quickened all his thoughts. He became its champion and militant apostle.'[2] Certainly the conception of the highest form of Christ's Church was his leading idea in life, as it was the great thought of his last hours.[3] He was helped in this feeling by

[1] See the curious account of this in Newman's 'Apologia,' p. 12. The work was mentioned to him by Hurrell Froude as one 'which would make my blood boil.' It was ascribed at once to Whately. Newman adds, 'I gave eager expression to the contrary opinion, but I found the belief of Oxford in the affirmative to be too strong for me: rightly or wrongly, I yielded to the general voice, and I have never heard, then or since, of any disclaimer of authorship on the part of Dr. Whately.'

[2] 'Oxford Movement,' Dean Church, p. 6.

[3] He believed that the Gospel could never be a complete success without the thorough revival of the Church.

the largeness of his religious sympathies. In his Church Reform pamphlet of 1833 he had expressed the warmest admiration for the characters of Gregory VII. and Innocent III.; and Sir James Stephen quotes him as among the few writers who had done justice to the former; nor did he ever lose his sympathy for much in the Roman Catholic Church. There is an elaborate defence in his 'Sermons'[1] of the use of the crucifix, and he more than once expresses his wish for 'more of Christian confession amongst us,' though the idea of 'priestly confession' stirred up all his priestly antipathies. 'No man,' he says, in perhaps his strongest passage on this subject, 'no wise man doubts that the Reformation was imperfect, or that in the Romish system there were many good institutions and practices and feelings which it would be most desirable to restore amongst ourselves. Daily Church services, frequent Communions, memorials of our Christian calling continually presented to our notice in crosses and wayside oratories; commemorations of holy men of all times and countries; the doctrine of the communion of saints practically taught; religious orders, especially of women, of different kinds and under different rules, delivered only from the snare and sin of perpetual vows.'[2] Anyone reading passages like these might surely imagine that they were the words of a good High Churchman in the year 1895; they were far too strong even for Dean Stanley's belief in his infallibility.

Let me now turn for a few minutes to Arnold's view of what he seems to have considered the 'universal' character of the Christian Church. What was this? Simply that it would never be perfect till in every country Church and State were identical,[3] and till in our own country all religious bodies which could in any sense be called Christian could be fused into one all-embracing national community. The mere statement of such a view at the present time is enough to show its utter impossibility; for what would the 'Nonconformist conscience' say to such a union? But it is only fair to remember that it was broached in 1833, when the Liberal party, and even Lord Grey himself, seemed bent on the abolition of the English Church; and this was certainly Arnold's opinion. 'The Church as it

[1] Vol. iii., p. 40.
[2] Introduction to Dr. Arnold's 'Rugby Sermons,' vol. iv., p. 56.
[3] But in this matter the State (so to speak) was to take the lead.

now stands,' he says in 1832, 'no human power can save;'[1] and rather more moderately in a letter to Whately in January, 1833: 'Nothing, it seems to me, can save the Church but a union with the Dissenters, now leagued with the anti-Christian party.'[2] Arnold would no doubt have pleaded that his view was that of Hooker, and of the early Reformed Church of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; but it is extraordinary that a man of his historical insight should not have felt how enormous was the difference between that time and our own, and that the present difficulties which Dissent opposed to a united Church were insuperable. As it was, he found all his friends opposed to it—Whately, Bunsen, Hawkins[3]—while he himself admitted that any prospect of success was almost hopeless. But he clung to the main idea with characteristic tenacity, and his last written words expressed the fact that the restoration in some form of Christ's Church was the last hope of his life.

Such was our Headmaster, and it need hardly be repeated that his influence over his pupils in my own days was immense. He had only gained it by degrees, for during his first three or four years at Rugby he was not popular with the school in general, and our unbounded reverence for him was probably more due to Stanley than to anything else. There was, indeed, a kind of romance and 'first love' in Stanley and some others of us, who were perhaps the earliest thorough admirers of Arnold. In Stanley it was little less than worship, and it is amusing to read several of his letters[4] written to me in the

[1] Dean Church's 'Oxford Movement,' p. 1. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] See a characteristic letter to Hawkins in Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' vol. vii., p. 232: 'You think that Newman is one extreme and I the other . . . whereas the truth is that in our views of the importance of the Church, Newman and I are pretty well agreed.'

[4] Referring to certain libels on Dr. Arnold, Stanley writes, on February 5, 1833: 'If the author should have been whipped with whips for the first account, I think he ought to be whipped with scorpions for this . . . and that matter of the sermon is atrocious.' And a few days later, he says, February 11: 'If anything has appeared in the papers, by all means instantly send it, as I may be at home still, and it will do no harm. I am most deeply interested. We had a letter the other day from a friend near London desiring to know the truth. I wrote as good a statement as I could. . . . It is now abroad, and will serve the writers against the pamphlet as the Dutch war did the Tories in the election.'

Again, in 1835, he writes: 'The only person for whom I would gladly and with my whole heart and soul do anything, is Arnold. For the last three years he has engrossed almost all the earthly affections and sympathies that I have.' . . . (See letter of July 27, 1835, p. 156.)

holidays on the subject. Meanwhile, it would be a mistake to suppose that this influence materially changed the character of school-life in the ordinary schoolboy. 'I came to Rugby,' says Arnold himself, 'with all sorts of plans for the reform of school-life, but I soon found it a much harder matter than I had imagined;' and even ten years afterwards he speaks in a sermon of the six evils 'by which he supposed that great schools were likely to be corrupted, and to be changed from the likeness of God's temple to that of a den of thieves' (Arnold's 'Sermons,' vol. v., p. 74). For a full description of what this was we must turn to the pages of 'Tom Brown'; and it is a curious fact that Stanley is described in his own life as saying that they[1] were a complete revelation to him, but that Arnold never thought he had extirpated them or succeeded in changing boys' natures may be seen in a letter to myself.

But, though my remembrances of Arnold are certainly those of a great man and a still greater schoolmaster, it must not be supposed that I regard him as faultless, though his faulty side came out less as a schoolmaster than as a writer. There was a strong element of severity and vehemence in his character, increased by his being so little in contact with men of equal ability, which, combined with his confidence in his own convictions, led him occasionally into great violence of expression and injustice to his opponents. As far as his boys were concerned, there was a shortness, and at times awkwardness, in his address, due, perhaps, mainly to his dislike of wasting words on trivial occasions rather than to temper, and which was pretty well understood both by his elder boys and the school in general long before his death. But certainly his language about his opponents, whether ultra-Tories, or ultra-Radicals, or 'Newmanites,' was about as vehement as that of his contemporary, Lord Shaftesbury, with whom, indeed, he had many points in common, and 'loathing,' 'contempt,' 'abhorrence,' and 'detestation' are equally favourites with them both. 'His abhorrence,' says Dean Stanley, 'of the anarchical spirit of dissent . . . his detestation of what he used to call the antichristian view of the Church as ruled by a divinely-appointed succession of priests or governors, all combined to make him look to the nation as the fit sphere for the full realization of Christianity, and were all

[1] *I.e.*, Tom Brown's statements.

expressed in the same tone of vehement confidence and indignation,'[1] though it might excite some amusement to see that his intimate friends, such as Whately and Bunsen, who were utterly opposed to his Church views, escaped with a gentle remonstrance, while the full burst of indignation was reserved for the heads of the unfortunate Tractarians. The fact simply was that the Tractarians 'cut across his path,' to use again Stanley's words, at a moment when he was expecting to succeed, and though he really had many points in common with them, he could never entirely forgive, nor even till nearly the end of his life understand, them.

In concluding my sketch of Arnold's character and influence, I may be permitted to sum up the benefits which I believe we derived from his teaching, and which seem to me to be still conveyed by his writings. I should say, in two words, that he impressed upon us above everything the *blessing of high ideals* and of decided convictions. His ideal of Christianity, his ideal of Christ's Church, his ideals of great historical characters were all such as gave a noble view of life; and if they might be called exaggerated, they were at all events opposed to that pseudo-moderation which often means nothing more than looking after a man's own interests. The result was that, whether we consistently acted upon them or not, those of Arnold's pupils who knew him best were never afraid of expressing their convictions, and the only characters whom they admired in life were those who had distinct and manly convictions and carried them out. This was not exactly in the line of 'popularity' or of success, and, as I have already said, it led to very opposite results; but I believe that, especially through the influence of Arnold's own writings, this spirit has been instrumental in maintaining a high tone of earnestness both in thinkers generally, and particularly (what is greatly needed) in the writings of Churchmen.

[1] 'Life of Arnold,' vol. i., p. 207.

CHAPTER II

BALLIOL, 1835-1842

I WENT to Balliol as a scholar in 1835, and certainly cannot sympathize with the rather dismal account which Stanley's contrast of everything and everybody with Arnold and with 'the seventh heaven' which he had just left has impressed on his first term. But, in fact, his having been there for a year had created for him a very pleasant party of acquaintances, such as Ward, Roundell Palmer, afterwards Lord Selborne, Sir John Wickens, and Father Faber, and it is difficult to imagine a more pleasant society or more of both moral and intellectual interest than Balliol in those days presented. I must, indeed, preface my remarks by saying that they will necessarily refer more to Balliol than to any other college, and that in those days the difference between colleges was far more marked than it is at present. The fact of all the Fellowships being now open, whereas in 1835 none were so except those at Oriel and Balliol, will partly account for this; for certainly, combined with the theological activity of the time, it gave us a more energetic and able body of Tutors than could be found anywhere else in Oxford.

Perhaps I was exceptionally fortunate in the freshmen of my own standing. Goulburn (my brother scholar), Waldegrave, Benjamin Brodie, and Hugh Pearson were among them, and with the two first my intimacy was rapid and always delightful. Our chief tutors, too, were young men, and in their different ways remarkably able and ready to form friendships with their pupils, and certainly nowhere in Oxford were there better lectures than Tait's on Aristotle and Scott's on the Greek Poets, while Ward (our mathematical tutor), who was then in his Liberal days, was a sort of *omnium gatherum* of all the writings

of the two Mills, and of every kind of speculation which did not require an accurate knowledge of facts. Of Tait and Ward I have given a sketch in their Lives, and, though this is hardly the place to reproduce them, I may perhaps be allowed to make some extracts which will show the life we were leading with them, and the character of the best Oxford tutorships of those days, between 1835 and 1840.

I will take Tait first.[1] 'The first time I saw him was when he was reading the second lesson in chapel, as a young probationary Fellow of Balliol, in October, 1835. I had heard of his ability, particularly as a vigorous and sometimes a very fiery speaker at the Union, and, as I knew he was to be my tutor, I was naturally anxious to see him. A young and very good-looking man walked from the Fellows' seats to the lectern, and read rapidly and with great animation the second evening lesson. "Who was that?" I asked Stanley with some surprise, when chapel was over. "Oh, that was our new tutor, Tait." He gave me at once that impression of strength and spirit which I always associated with him through life. I soon became his earliest college pupil, and felt his genuine kindness and interest in his pupils. . . .'

'In those days at Oxford—I know not how it is now—intimacies between tutors and pupils ripened rapidly. I was his companion in a short tour in Belgium and Germany in 1837, and again in 1839, and during my last undergraduate year in 1838 was constantly with him; and this was, of course, still more the case during the years we were Fellows together, from 1839 to 1842. In 1842 Dr. Arnold's death caused a vacancy in the Headmastership at Rugby, and some of Arnold's old pupils, particularly Stanley and myself, were very anxious for Tait's election to the post, believing him to be the one person who was most likely to continue the work in the spirit and with something of the power of his predecessor. Owing to accidental circumstances it was rather a difficult election, and one which left behind it some important remembrances, and made Tait's Rugby career in some respects the most trying period of his life. It was also, in various ways, one of the most touching and interesting, and I cannot help hoping that you may be able to give a pretty full record of it, as it greatly developed his powers

[1] The extracts from Dean Lake's letter in Archbishop Tait's Life are given by permission of Bishop Davidson.—Ed.

of dealing with and governing men, especially in his tact, courtesy, and respect for the feelings of those with whom he was working.'

'I have ventured to give you this short outline of the earlier days of what I may call the dearest friendship of my life, as justifying me in my right to express some opinion on the character of one whom I loved so much and whose memory is so dear. Certainly no one out of the circle of his very nearest relations could have had greater opportunities for knowing him, and the interest of looking back on those days is even increased by remembering that our friendship was nowise diminished by strong differences of opinion, particularly on religious subjects. It was a feature in Tait's character, and one for which he often expressed thankfulness himself, that differences of opinion, though they necessarily diminished sympathy, did not diminish affection. Few men have had and retained through life such warm friendships with men from whom he differed widely, and whose differences he was glad to hear frankly expressed, and from which he even believed himself to learn much. It was the great secret of the real largeness and generosity of his character.'

My earliest acquaintance, then, with Tait was as my college tutor, and he at once gave me a deep impression of the excellence of some of his lectures, particularly—in fact, almost exclusively—of his Aristotle and Butler Lectures.

'Here he was entirely at home, very much more so than in either scholarship or history, and I well remember the pleasure with which Stanley, who was in the year before me, and who came in for Tait's first lecture on the "Ethics," ran into my room to tell me what a capital one it was. He was, however, in this, as in a great many other points, a real Scotchman. All Scotch scholars at Oxford in those days were more inclined what they called "Metapheesics" than to scholarship. . . . Tait was then, as I think he continued to be through life, far better in extempore addresses than as a writer, and his power of speaking was lighted up by a gift of humour, which he could use very effectively in his lectures when it was needed, as he did afterwards in the House of Lords. One or two *sets down* to some of our liveliest scholars are even now hardly forgotten. . . .'

'Meanwhile his intellectual character as a teacher often came

out in a lively hit at anything which he thought over-poetical or mystical. He was anything but fond of Plato, very impatient of his and Aristotle's discussions on "Ideas," and was currently reported to have called one favourite writer—I think his own countryman Brown—"a long-winded old ass!" while we retorted by humorous criticisms on a rather weary disquisition on the difference between the "fancy and the imagination" which he had crammed up for our benefit out of Wordsworth and Coleridge. . . .'

'Such, regarded as a lecturer, was the first view which we undergraduates should mostly have taken of Tait, as vigorous, acute, fluent, and felicitous in language, and, on the whole, as perhaps the ablest lecturer of his day in Oxford. And some of us soon saw far more than this, and as a certain stiffness which hung about him during most of his earlier life gradually thawed, we quickly felt the straightforwardness and manly simplicity of his character, combined with a thorough courtesy of mind and manner, and with a genuine warmth of heart, a little veiled by his reserve. In all these respects it is difficult for me to express my own sense of all that I owed to him in my undergraduate days, and I can hardly help feeling some surprise that while he was certainly influencing our characters he had so little hold on our opinions. It must not be forgotten, however, that he was throughout life rather a man of action than of the deepest thought; and, not to dwell here on one or two intellectual defects in this respect, his life at Oxford was passed at a very remarkable time, which made his position there a peculiar and a very isolated one. . . . He was almost the only tutor of a powerful intellect and high moral tone who was hardly in the least influenced by the spirit which moved almost every young man of thought in Oxford from 1835 to 1845, and which at the same time he felt that he had no power of resisting.'

Of that influence I shall say more hereafter, and will confine myself at present to Tait's more tutorial relations with his pupils, among whom he had fallen in with a rather remarkable set of 'scholars,' not very easy to manage intellectually.

'Sir John Wickens, Stanley, Goulburn, Jowett, Clough, Sir Stafford Northcote (Lord Iddesleigh), Lord Coleridge, Temple (Bishop of London), and Matthew Arnold, James Riddell, and

Edwin Palmer, all followed each other as scholars in the seven years of his tutorship, and the list of names will show that we were a set of young fellows very much disposed to take our own line—no doubt too much so—almost from the first days of our Oxford life. About half were Etonians, and most of the others had come fresh from Arnold, full of raw ideas, which we had got from our "Pop" and other debating societies, and looking forward to Oxford as a new world of life and thought. It certainly became so to many of us, and I cannot look back to any years so full of life and interest as my three undergraduate years at Balliol, when "Old Ward," as we called him, was inducting us into John Stuart Mill, John Austin, etc., and we were vainly endeavouring to imbue *him* with Coleridge and Wordsworth, both he and Tait being equally intolerant of poetry, while the successive works of Newman and his weekly sermons exercised a powerful sobering influence in the background. Meanwhile Tait's and Scott's lectures kept us to our regular work, and the very style of lecturing in those days served as a sort of moral link between them and their pupils. This old style is now, I believe, a thing of the past; and I have no doubt that the new one, where the number of hearers amounts to a hundred or more, is of a more learned and professorial character. But I much doubt whether, given a really able man, the lectures in a Tutor's own room to a class of some eighteen or twenty pupils, who were sure to be well *shown up* if they had not prepared their work, were not a thoroughly effective style of teaching; and I am disposed to agree with the dictum of a brother Dean, whose name would carry a great deal of weight were I to give it, that "they may talk as they like about their new styles of teaching, but my idea of a good education is what we used to get from dear old Tait and Scott." '

Of our other Tutors, Scott had the reputation, which was quite deserved, of being the most finished scholar in the University, and nothing could be better than his lectures on the Greek poets. I well remember his beginning with a very elaborate one on the 'Agamemnon.' He was amusing, rather satirical, but with hardly the same gifts of character and attraction (to those who knew him) as Tait, but he was a man of the utmost courtesy, kindness, and generosity, qualities which were not forgotten at the time of his appointment as master, though they were ill-

requited by one or two of those who had most cause to be grateful to him.

Of Ward, and his conversation, character, and influence over many of us, it would be easy to write volumes. Elected a Fellow of Balliol on the same day that I was elected a scholar, I found him the intimate friend of Stanley when I came to reside, a curious mixture of Toryism and Radicalism, but calling himself a thorough Benthamite, and devoted especially to the writings of John Stuart Mill, a great admirer, theologically, of Arnold, and still more of Whately, and somewhat scandalizing his more devout pupils in his earliest days as tutor by a reckless anti-bibliolatry. This has been vividly described by Dean Goulburn in an account of his description of David, given in my rooms in 1836: 'David, I dare say, was a great fool. . . . Oh, don't mistake me. I'm sure David was quite heavenly good; but a man who is superlatively good may, of course, be superlatively foolish.'[1] This, however, was a very early phase, and it is only fair to add Goulburn's words. 'Having asked me,' he says, 'to walk with him one day (after he had embraced with heart and soul the doctrines known as Tractarian), he adverted to his rashness and perverseness of speech on the occasion (three or four years ago) I have referred to, and expressed the deepest penitence for it. "I am afraid," he said, "you must have been greatly shocked, and with good reason, for nothing can excuse my having spoken in that way of a great saint, who wrote under the inspiration of God." May I add that I believe it was his deep religiousness which fenced off from him many spiritual dangers to which a man of so speculative a turn of mind, so subtle in argument, so brilliant in dialectical skill, might else have succumbed.'[2]

This anecdote, both in its religious and its rather reckless aspect, may perhaps serve as an introduction of Ward in his earliest tutorial days at Balliol. For the next ten years, from 1835 to 1845, he was certainly the greatest conversationalist and (excepting always Newman) the greatest centre of intellectual life of that description in Oxford. There was no subject he was not ready to discuss, from politics and moral and metaphysical philosophy to music of every description, from Haydn down to the last opera, even more than theology. I ought, however, to

[1] See Ward's Life, p. 129. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 130.

except two subjects, history and poetry; he believed as little in history as Sir R. Walpole's famous dictum implies—'Don't read me history, for that I know is false'—and he hated all poetry, except as embodied in the hymns and ritual of the Roman Church. In fact, he was the prince of talkers, perhaps the last of the great conversationalists since Coleridge. This would have been recognised everywhere, though no doubt it was more strongly felt in Balliol than in the rest of the University. It was the few who lived with him familiarly, whether as pupils or afterwards in the common room, who most appreciated his power, though large allowance was made even by them for his insatiable passion for paradox.

It may give, however, the liveliest idea of the teaching side of his character as a Tutor—and certainly none was ever like him—if I add a sketch of his lectures as they are described by the present[1] Bishop of London,[2] then his most promising mathematical pupil. It was his earliest lecture, and Mr. Ward received him warmly, looked through some mathematical exercises which he had given him, and the work went on for a quarter of an hour at highest pressure. 'Then Mr. Ward got up, stood with his back to the fire, and asked abruptly, "Have you been to London lately?" and then proceeded, "You should go to the Olympic and see 'Olympic Devils'; it is even better than 'Olympic Revels';" and forthwith the grave mathematical tutor commenced giving an accurate sketch of the plot of the burlesque . . . for example, Orpheus' monologue in "Tartarus," to the tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England"—

> '"'Tis said that marriages are made above,
> And so perhaps some few may be by love;
> But from the smell of brimstone, I should say,
> They must be making matches here all day."'[3]

Thenceforth, according to the Bishop of London's account, 'the hour set apart for his coaching was about equally divided between the differential calculus and the drama or opera, but later on, as Ward attached himself more and more to the Tractarian party, was more often spent on theology and the prospects of the Church of England.' Such was the lecture with a lively pupil, then of strong High Church proclivities.

[1] Now Archbishop of Canterbury. [2] See 'Life of W. G. Ward,' p. 41.
[3] Ward never entered a theatre for seven years after joining the Roman Church.

His quieter pupils were not equally favoured. I can imagine the horror with which Sam Waldegrave would have listened to such a strain; but when the luncheon hour was passed, always an important one with Ward, the almost daily walk with Stanley from 1835 to 1838, and with Clough from 1838 to 1841, followed, and the character of both has been described by Archbishop Tait and by Clough himself. Stanley, indeed, and Ward, during their period of greatest intimacy, were pretty much one in their opinions. It was otherwise with Clough; and Ward, in a very touching letter, has described his sorrow for having tried 'to force prematurely my own convictions on the attention of a young man just coming up to college, and to aim at making him as hot a partisan as I was myself. The result was not surprising; I had been prematurely forcing Clough's mind, and there came a reaction. I cannot to this day think of all this without a bitter pang of self-reproach.'[1]

These were the engagements of the afternoon. After dinner the Balliol common room was, in those days, the scene of the liveliest conversation in Oxford; and many of his friends describe in his Life the daily and most friendly battle between Ward and the future Archbishop of Canterbury. The following is a specimen: 'Your opinions,' was Tait's remark, at the end of an argument, 'are at all events not the right ones for a Fellow of this college to hold.' 'I should like to know,' was the instant reply, 'whose opinions, yours or mine, agree most with those of the Founders of the college.'[2] His reading and opinions were, indeed, for some years a rather curious mixture. In philosophy he was for long a thorough Benthamite, and devoted especially to 'young Mill,' whose articles in the *London Review* of those days we all eagerly devoured. Without ever having been an Arnoldian, he was a warm admirer of Arnold, as well as of Whately, and on a visit to Arnold so plied him with his pitiless logic, and on every sort of question, that he left him in a fever, which actually confined him for some days to bed. But all this was temporary: the man who really enthralled him, as his subsequent life showed, was Newman.

It was thus that Ward for his ten years as Fellow and Tutor at Balliol roused, amused and taught us, but more by his con-

[1] See letter from W. G. Ward to Mrs. Clough, quoted in his Life.
[2] 'W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement,' p. 33.

versations than his lectures, whether as pupils or as brother Fellows. Of his later history, both in the English and the Roman Church, this is not the place to speak. His pamphlets, his publication of the 'Ideal,' and the animated struggles which followed it, must some day form a chapter in the history of the English Church in the nineteenth century; and equally so must the extreme line which he took for the last twenty years of his life in the Roman Church, in opposition, it may be added, to the hero of his earlier days, Cardinal Newman. When, on a last visit, I asked the Cardinal what was his position, his answer was a smile, and 'Oh, Ward is what Ward always was!' and Ward himself gave a characteristic description of their differences when, after receiving a severe letter from Newman on some extravagant assertions, he remarked: 'Well, I must take a double dose of chloral to-night, if I am to sleep after such a letter as this.' I may add as a closing remark the words of Archbishop Tait in a paper in *Good Words*—the last thing he ever wrote—that Oakeley and Ward, both in different ways his intimate friends at Balliol, were 'two of the best men he had ever known.' He had a few years before remarked to me that he 'must indeed be the most ungrateful of men if he could forget Oakeley's kindness to him when he came up as a raw Scotchman, hardly knowing anyone in College.'

EXTRACTS FROM 'RECOLLECTIONS OF W. G. WARD AT OXFORD.'[1]

By the Very Rev. W. C. Lake, Dean of Durham.

October 1, 1886.

Dear Mr. Ward,

When you asked me last year to give you some of my impressions of your father's character and influence in the days when I best knew him at Oxford, I felt at once that the person who would have been incomparably the most able to do this was the late Dean of Westminster, especially from his graphic power and from his early intimacy with your father. I was never on exactly the same terms with him as Stanley was. But as he and others who knew your father well, such as Archbishop Tait and Dr. Oakeley, have now passed away, I will do my best to put together a few notes which may help to recall the remembrances of a time now equally dear and touching to me.

[1] The editor is indebted to Mr. Wilfrid Ward for permission to reprint portions of this letter, which appeared in the 'Life of W. G. Ward.'

From the year 1835 to 1840—*i.e.*, during the whole period of his tutorship at Balliol—no Tutor in Oxford seems to me to have had so much intellectual influence over his pupils as W. G. Ward. It was no doubt in some respects an influence of a peculiar kind, and was perhaps mainly due to his extraordinary intellectual activity and animation, for these were so great that, even when his friend or pupil entirely declined to follow him to his practical conclusion, he was for a time held, as it were, in the tight grip of his logic; and his points were always so forcibly and unhesitatingly put—though sometimes, it might be said, paradoxically—that they left their traces upon many of us for life. I ought, however, to add that this was more strongly felt in Balliol than in the rest of the University. It was the few who lived with him familiarly over whom he obtained this strong intellectual influence; on the rest of the University his influence was rather that of the ideas which he scattered broadcast. He himself was regarded by most of those, even among his theological friends (who met him only casually and in general University society), as recklessly paradoxical.

The first time I ever heard of him was in a letter, which I was reading lately, from Stanley to myself (I was then a boy at Rugby, in the year 1834). 'Last night,' he says, 'a large, moon-faced man, Ward, formerly of Christ Church, now of Lincoln, rushed into Faber's rooms (Father Faber), and, seeing me, inquired at once when the new volume of Arnold's sermons was to be out'; and he went on to describe him as an ardent follower of Archbishop Whately and admirer of Arnold. This was Ward's 'phase' for two or three years till about 1837; and while his 'Arnoldism' was acceptable enough to some of us who were still under the rod of the same magician, we could not quite stand his 'Whatelyisms,' which startled not a little some of my own intimate friends, particularly S. Waldegrave, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, and then and always a most zealous Evangelical, and E. M. Goulburn, now Dean of Norwich.[1] Goulburn, whose keen humour played, though in a very kindly manner, with everything and everybody in college, very soon knew Ward by no other name than the 'Fat Fellow'; and Ward, on the other hand, had a malicious pleasure in assailing Goulburn, sometimes not over-reverently, for his intense bibliolatry. With Waldegrave, who had no touch of humour in his character, and who regarded Ward with a comic mixture of liking and horror, he never ventured to approach the subject.

Coming to Oxford as I did some four or five years after your father, I can give you no full account of his undergraduate life, of which you will probably have heard from others. But his reading had been rather idle and desultory, and, unless I am mistaken, it was only some loss of fortune by your grandfather which determined him to stand for a Fellowship. He was not ready to go into the schools at the time prescribed by Christ Church (which then, together with Balliol, was strict in allowing only *three* undergraduate years), and by some luck managed to get a late scholarship at Lincoln, where he resided two or three terms before his election to Balliol. He was elected to an open Fellowship, when he rather startled his competitors by stretching

[1] Died in 1897.

himself on the floor of the Master's dining-room and going to sleep for an hour before he began his essay.

He always spoke as if during his undergraduate days the Union was the great stimulus of his intellectual life, and his conversation was rich in stories of the debates. 'Here comes old Ward, the walking incarnation of the Union!' exclaimed once Lord Cardwell, as he saw him sauntering in to a late breakfast-party at Balliol. He always maintained that for life and energy of discussion the Union was in its best days in his time—better than even in the preceding generation of Mr. Gladstone, when it had scarcely attained its maturity. . . .

His Union career was too great a feature in Ward's Oxford life to be omitted; but I pass on to a period when I knew him much better, having come up to Balliol as a scholar in 1835, and found him just beginning work as mathematical tutor. I was in a certain sense his pupil, though for a very short time, as I was not reading mathematics; but his relations with some of his pupils, especially Stanley and myself, and afterwards (still more closely) with Clough, were almost solely those of an intimate friend. Both Stanley and Clough he indeed absorbed to an extent which was far from popular with their friends. His whole life may then be said to have consisted in his conversation, and to us younger men it was to a wonderful extent powerful and attractive. . . .

I have some difficulty in saying what first drew him to Newman—probably simply attendance at his sermons, and perhaps a habit of discussing all matters human and divine with Stanley, who for a time was rather Newmanistic himself, and of whom Ward once told me that he was kept by him with difficulty from joining Newman altogether. I suspect, however, from Stanley's whole character, that the adhesion would have been a very temporary one.

But the fact is that Newman's influence, direct and indirect, over nearly all the more thoughtful of the undergraduates for the four or five years when he was at the zenith of his power was a thing which it is difficult now to describe, looking back at it at the distance of fifty years, without either the appearance or the reality of exaggeration. This, however, I may say, that I cannot imagine a higher tribute to Cardinal Newman than the high tone of moral feeling which, so far as I can judge (and I had large means of judging), prevailed in the Oxford society of young men during the period of his influence. No doubt it was rather a peculiar time, with something perhaps of the 'torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.' Sceptical questions had not come on; Coleridge and Mill were still our only philosophers; Arnold, who was regarded with something of horror by many of the High Church, had never held any language than that 'belief in Christ was simply identical with moral goodness.' But, allowing for all this, I cannot but think that the high and unworldly tone of University life in Newman's day was a remarkable phenomenon, and was chiefly due to him. Ward was only one of many to whom he may be said to have been a spiritual father.

I hope you will forgive me this digression, for which my only apology is the remembrance of some of the happiest days of my life. I do not at all speak as if the young men of those days had anything

like a dead uniformity of *opinion*. Ward's chief sphere of talk, for instance, was the Balliol common-room. . . . He and Tait were in different ways equally able, and, I may add, to their old pupils equally lovable. Tait, a born Scotchman, was perhaps of all men in Oxford the most distinctly antithetic to Newmanism, and we some of us charged him with being too unimaginative to understand Newman's character. He saw, too, better than most of us, how things were really going, and was by no means happy in finding that many of his attached pupils were drifting away from him. This might in ordinary men have led to feelings of theological bitterness between him and Ward; but it is a proof of the large and generous character of the two men that nothing of the kind ever occurred. And even after Tait had first roused the University anthorities to attack Newman by his protest against Tract No. 90, and Ward had been turned out of his tutorship in consequence of his pamphlet on the occasion, the friendship of the two men continued as before—each really admired and valued the other. I have met Ward on visits to Tait both at Rugby and at Fulham; and the last publication of the Archbishop contains an affectionate tribute to both Ward and Oakeley.

I am afraid I have been led on to write at greater length than I intended, and yet I feel that there is much in your father's intellectual life and character which I must have omitted. What I have mainly wished to convey to you is, that he was a great centre of intellectual life to us as undergraduates and as Junior Fellows; and if I cannot but think that his influence was somewhat alloyed by his love of paradox and the haste with which he jumped at his conclusions, I feel also that this was in great part compensated by his candour, his singleness of purpose, and the honesty and courage with which he followed out his convictions. It was no ordinary charm to young men to be in constant contact with one who had so thoroughly the courage of his opinions. May I add that I hope we were equally influenced by his high example of purity and religious sincerity?

I am, dear Mr. Ward,

Yours very faithfully,

W. C. Lake, Dean of Durham.

Such were our three Tutors, and if I have described them correctly, I think it will be felt that in everything which could make a college life useful or pleasant we were singularly happy. Each of us was under the care of a separate tutor, though we attended the lectures of all, and the result to many of us was the most valuable friendship of our life. Nor were we less fortunate in our contemporaries, in Stanley, Goulburn, Waldegrave, Brodie, Hugh Pearson, and many others who lived almost entirely together, and whose life in common I must try shortly to describe. Of Stanley, one of the most delightful of friends, I need say little, as the features of his character must appear

again and again in these remembrances. He was certainly for most of his time the most distinguished undergraduate in Oxford, and though we were perhaps rather provoked by his being so entirely absorbed by Ward, we almost always had his company at our small gatherings after dinner, which were mostly in the rooms of Goulburn, Waldegrave, Stanley, and myself. Of Goulburn I have always said that he was the pleasantest and wittiest companion I have ever known,[1] the more marked perhaps from his contrast with his and my own most intimate friend, Samuel Waldegrave, who, brought up in the strictest school of Evangelicalism, kept us all in good order, though a most cheerful and affectionate friend himself. Ben Brodie, too, was in those days a very constant companion, though he left Oxford and we lost sight of him soon after his degree; and Hugh Pearson and Stafford Northcote were both warm friends, though chiefly living in rather different 'sets.' There was also, as there always has been at Balliol, a very able Eton set of Hobhouses, Farrers, and afterwards Coleridges, many of them great men in the boats and cricket-field, to which distinctions few of *us* could aspire. Our own chief amusement was one which, I am told, is less common now than it was in our days—riding—and for a great part of our time Goulburn, Waldegrave, and I rode together nearly every day.

My own riding days lasted through the whole of my Oxford life, and I might perhaps boast that for ten or twelve years I was the favourite riding Don with the horsekeepers in Oxford. I was much amused by hearing that my own horsekeeper, G. Simmonds, had backed me heavily when I was standing for a Balliol Fellowship, and some thirty years later, when I was looking out for a horse in Oxford, and said to his son 'I prefer a chestnut,' 'Ah, sir,' he exclaimed, 'the old colour!' Rather late in my Oxford days I fell in with two very good riders, Chrétien and Buckle, both Fellows of Oriel, and the last now Archdeacon (I hope he won't object to my naming him). I am afraid we were rather reckless, in spite of the grave remonstrances of some of our friends.

I must not forget what to many of us was a great and independent source of all sorts of interests and amusement—our

[1] Dean Lake intended to have written a sketch of Dean Goulburn and other friends.—Ed.

debates at the Union, a capital school, as I have always thought, for public speaking of every kind, whether lay or clerical. In my days it was still in its youth, and sometimes the youth of such a body is its most vigorous time. It was only a few years old in 1829, when Gladstone made a famous speech against the Reform Bill, long remembered for its vigorous defence of rotten boroughs, and which Sir F. Doyle describes as the best speech he ever heard him make. But he spoke seldom, and Manning was in those days the great Unionist. This was in 1831, but the best Union generation was long thought to be that which immediately followed, both from the number of its eminent speakers and its battles. The great speakers then were Tait, Ward, Lowe, Cardwell, Palmer, and, though less known afterwards, Massie and Trevor; and the battles were first on an attempt to expel a small society called the Ramblers, celebrated in a lively doggerel poem—'Uniomachia'—describing the conclusion of the row in its last line:

Πλείους δὲ ψήφων φυγάδες Ῥάμβληροι ἔχουσιν.

The other was a still more furious one, long called the 'Trevor Row,' due to some charge of Trevor's against the committee, of which, being still a boy at Rugby (1835), I used to receive a full weekly account from Stanley. What was called 'private business' was indeed always our chief occasion of vehement and stormy, though usually good-natured speaking; it turned on such points as to whether a questionable newspaper or book should be taken in and the like. In my days *Bell's Life* was our grand *cheval de bataille*, which the purists among us were determined to keep out, and this we managed to do for two or three years, though the sporting party at last, I believe, brought it in. It is amusing to recall both the fight and the actors, some of my best friends of later years being dead against what *we* called the cause of decency, and they gravely described as 'the cause of truth and justice'—the cause of *Bell's Life in London*. One of them, Canon Rawlinson, is fond of reminding me that once, after reading some extracts, I hurled the paper in a burst of indignation (in humble imitation, I suppose, of Burke and his dagger) on the floor, when, he adds dryly, 'I took it up and began to read it.' It was on a similar occasion, perhaps, that I remember withdrawing some strong expression as 'imprudent,'

and finding, when I looked at the report the next morning, that some amiable friend had been beforehand with me and adroitly dropped a blot of ink on the 'r' in the 'imprudence,' and had left me convicted of 'impudence.' The '*Bell* party' had no doubt a large preponderance of the rowing men, and we used to say, 'Well, we shall never be afraid of any mob after such a row as to-night'; it was generally followed by a large breakage of windows at Christ Church. At Balliol, on an earlier occasion (the Sunday Closing question, I think), 'Father' Faber had been nearly killed by a bottle flung through his windows.[1] Such were our 'Uniomachiæ.'

Meanwhile the ordinary debates, though not equal in life and fire to those of the previous generation of Wards and Lowes, were not to be despised. I have heard a very good judge of such matters, Lord Coleridge, who came in the last days of my Union time, say more than once, 'Well, I have never heard better speaking anywhere than I heard at the Union'; and I have never forgotten two very brilliant speeches which I heard there at different times. The first was when I was president, and an unknown gentleman commoner made a striking and very poetical speech. I forget the subject, but remember a specially vivid description of the scenery of the Alps. 'Who is this?' I asked. 'Ruskin, a gentleman commoner of Christ Church,' was the answer. He joined our committee. The other occasion was some six or eight years later, when, for the sake of 'auld lang syne,' I had looked into the Union to see how they were going on, and again heard a very brilliant speech of quite a different character. 'Who was that?' 'A young gentleman commoner just come up to Christ Church, Lord Robert Cecil'; and I never from that time doubted that he would be a great figure in public life.

* * * * *

[2] 'In 1841 Jowett and I took a joint reading-party to Schwalbach (the chief member being Lord Coleridge, who was a pupil of Jowett's), where we were fortunate in making the friendship of

[1] We were generally greeted on rising by some such cry as 'Does your mother know you're out?'

[2] The remainder of this chapter has been taken by the editor, with slight alterations, from Dean Lake's article in *Good Words*, December, 1895, entitled 'More Oxford Memories,' and is given by kind permission of Messrs. Isbister and Co.—Ed.

Baron Mackay, a Scotchman by descent, whose son succeeded to the family title as the present Lord Reay; his father, a man of great ability and strong religious principle, was for some time Prime Minister of Holland.'

'The next year (1842) was one of deep interest, both to myself and indeed to Oxford, for having gone in the summer to stay with Dr. Arnold, I was with him at the time of his sudden and most unexpected death. He was then just recovering from a severe attack of illness, caused no doubt by an inherited disease of the heart; but he was to all appearance well, and we had spent the week in pleasant walks, and *more suo* in every kind of discussion; he was preparing on Saturday to leave Rugby on Monday for his holidays at Fox How. We had generally avoided theology, on which he felt rather sorely that I inclined to Newman's views; but in a short stroll on Saturday evening he had spoken very touchingly on the Eucharist. He then received a party of his Sixth Form at supper, and after a short conversation we parted for the night. On entering the breakfast-room the next morning, I was met by the butler with the words, "Oh, sir, Dr. Arnold is dead!" He had been seized at about five o'clock with a violent attack of angina pectoris; and the last moments of his life may be read in Stanley's touching description. It is difficult to imagine a death more entirely in accordance with his noble and earnest life. Matthew Arnold and two of his sisters were then at Fox How; and I can never forget my journey there to bring them to their mother, nor the splendour of the early summer morning in one of the most beautiful of English valleys as I neared the house.'

'The week of the funeral and the weeks succeeding it were necessarily very anxious ones to myself and Stanley, who had at once joined me at Rugby. The question immediately occurred, "Who can succeed Arnold?" and the very difficulty of finding a successor was perhaps the best tribute to his genius. We had, however, very little doubt from the first that the right man would be Tait, who had been our own tutor at Balliol, and I believe the result confirmed our judgment. Though Tait had had no experience whatever of an English public school, he had already given indications of that tact in dealing with men which distinguished him through life. The only real difficulty in the election was Stanley's extraordinary vacillation—a quality which,

according to his own belief, he carried with him through life, and which was then a curiously predominant feature in his character. It was evident that the trustees would give great weight to the opinion of Arnold's warmest friends and pupils, and a short visit which Stanley and I paid to the leading trustee, Lord Denbigh, in which we dissected all the testimonials, practically settled the matter. In spite of a complete *volte face* at the very last moment from Stanley, Tait was elected.'

'I lately came across an interesting description of our Balliol staff, where one would hardly have expected to find it, in the "Life of John Hamilton," of St. Ernan's, Donegal, or "Sixty Years' Experience as an Irish Landlord."'

'I had known Mr. Hamilton intimately in Germany just before and after my degree, and I had asked him in 1841 to come and stay with us at Oxford. He was a man of the highest character, who in the great famine of 1847 devoted a large fortune almost too recklessly to assisting his tenantry, and he was also a man of strong, though rather eccentric, ability; a thorough Protestant, but very large-minded in his views. Nothing delighted him more than his talks with Ward, "often," as he says, "for hours together," on the *pros* and *cons* of what we then always called "Newmanism." He spent some time with us in the last days of Ward and Tait; and his opinion was that "nothing was more delightful than to see how the Fellows of Balliol lived together like a brotherhood in great harmony, though holding every shade of religious opinion which men who loved the Lord could hold."[1] If there was any change in this respect afterwards —and for a considerable time there was none—it was caused not by any strong expression of differences, but by the fact that after Newman's secession and the comparative break-up of his party in Oxford men kept their opinions much more to themselves; and the great differences which were gradually marking out the "Broad Church" party (a name, by-the-by, which I first heard in a joke of Clough's, but which was early adopted in a sermon of Stanley's) were better known to the pupils of a tutor from his lectures than to his brother Fellows. I hardly ever remember to have spoken on the subject with Jowett, who was indeed always reticent on matters of religious opinion.'

[1] 'Sixty Years' Experience as an Irish Landlord,' p. 192.

'When Tait, Ward, and Scott had left us, Jowett, Temple, and myself succeeded to their vacant places, where for several years we worked together in entire harmony, and with perhaps an almost exaggerated feeling that no work could be more important, both intellectually and morally, than that of our tutorships. Roughly speaking, the philosophy lectures were divided between Woolcombe and Jowett, the mathematics were in the hands of Temple, and afterwards of Henry Smith, and the historical lectures, first in ancient and afterwards in modern history, were assigned to me. On looking back upon the ten years, from about 1846 to 1856, I think it would be difficult to find a body of men who were more entirely devoted to their work, or who, upon the whole, were more successful in it. It would sound like boasting if I were to speak of the great successes in the schools which began about this time; but I remember an amusing speech of Mark Pattison's, who was walking with me when we were told that three out of the four First Classes had gone to Balliol—I think it was in 1849—and Pattison grimly remarked, "I cannot walk with you any longer; all this success *must* bring down a Nemesis."'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER II

A LETTER on Dean Goulburn, written soon after his death, may in some measure supply the omission of what Dean Lake had intended to write about him had he been able to complete his Reminiscences:

DEAN GOULBURN'S EARLY OXFORD DAYS.

To the Editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'

8, EATON PLACE,
June 12, 1897.

SIR,

Agreeing with you entirely in your estimate of the character of Dean Goulburn, I believe that some of his older friends would be interested in a rather fuller account of his Oxford days than was given at the time of his death; and as I am almost the only remaining intimate companion of his career at Balliol, I may perhaps be allowed to describe some qualities which always formed a marked feature in his character, and made it as charming to his friends in early life as it was afterwards admired and respected by all who knew him.

The time when Goulburn and I were elected scholars of Balliol together—in November, 1834—was a period of rather marked interest in the scholarships of the College, of which there were at that time only two [competed for] annually; for between 1831 and 1841 the majority of the scholars had an almost unbroken series of successes in their after lives as well as at Oxford, numbering among them two Archbishops of Canterbury, two Lords Chief Justice, and two Cabinet Ministers (one being Leader of the House of Commons), besides two eminent poets in Arthur Clough and Matthew Arnold, with the distinguished careers of Stanley, Goulburn, and the late Master of Balliol. It may be curious, too, to observe that the large majority of these were from the great public schools, Eton and Rugby having supplied twelve out of the twenty who were scholars in ten years. Of the scholars of my own time, none was so well known to myself as Goulburn, who was the life of a small party comprising Stanley, Samuel Waldegrave (Bishop of Carlisle), Goulburn, and myself, who generally met together in each other's rooms after dinner; and certainly I have known no intercourse in after life on which I can look back with greater pleasure. Of the charm of Stanley's society I need not speak; but much the most amusing and witty of our party was Goulburn, who never lost an

opportunity of describing any little event in college or lectures in an amusing brochure of verse or prose. I have still a copy or two of a series of 'Letters from Thomas Carlyle to A. P. Stanley, Scholar of Balliol,' written in the most correct Carlylese, 'on the state of Oxford in 1836'; and the descriptions of the grief of the Master on the theft of the offertory money by his footman, beginning:

> 'By all the pangs which rent the Master's breast,
> When yellow-belly stood a thief confessed.'

Or, again, of Waldegrave's schoolboy fights with 'Dubby' (Lord Buckinghamshire), ending:

> 'Ah! Samuel, Dubby then did batter thee,
> *ἢ ὅτι καλὸν ἢ αἰσχρὸν τὸ μή.*'

Many such are still fresh in my memory, though Waldegrave (who was rather too matter-of-fact) collected and made a bonfire of most of them on the idea that they might make Goulburn unpopular. Meanwhile, we all met once a week at a small debating society called the 'Decade,' which was founded by Benjamin Brodie and myself, where we discussed rather graver subjects than were common at the Union, of which, however, most of us were members, Scott, Moncrieff, Lord Coleridge, and myself, having been presidents.

The small society of which I have spoken may have been open to the charge of being rather narrow and exclusive—perhaps it was so; but I am simply wishing to describe Goulburn's most intimate College friends, and certainly none were more so than Samuel Waldegrave and myself, though we all had some intimate friends from other Colleges, such as one I deeply valued, Henry Burrows, from St. John's, while Golightly (or Go Golly) became later a warm theological ally of Goulburn and Waldegrave. We were all in our ways theologians, Goulburn and Waldegrave being Evangelicals, and Stanley (in his earlier days) and myself strong admirers of Newman. Goulburn's tendencies were always conservative, in theology as in other matters, and he afterwards showed this feeling in his Life of Burgon, to whom, I am afraid, we should none of us have assigned the same eminence as a leader of thought which he has done.

I have little to add to the later account of Goulburn's Life, as it has been so well given at the time of his death, by Archdeacon Sandford and others, nor to their description of his many beauties of character, of the fervency and definiteness of his faith and teaching, and the religious power of all his writing. I agree, indeed, that it was not one of his gifts to deal as a teacher with either boys or young men, and his career at Rugby may in some respects have been a failure, though I believe with Archdeacon Sandford that his religious teaching must have left on many a powerful impression; but his wit and humour were in many ways of a character which suited men and friends better than boys and strangers. Of the failure in some of his teaching there is an amusing instance in the life of Lord Bowen; but as a preacher, whether in Oxford, London, or Norwich, there were few who equalled him. Nor can I doubt that his writings will long strengthen religious earnestness and rouse religious feeling into life.

Feeling with you that the retirement, though it was far from inactive, in which the last years of his life were spent may have led to his death having attracted comparatively little public attention, I feel also that it is much to be desired that there should be some public memorial of his many labours. And I cannot doubt that this will be felt at Norwich, where his devotion to the cathedral and its services is fresh in the memory of everyone.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. C. LAKE, late Dean of Durham.

CHAPTER III

NEWMAN AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

I HAVE tried in the last chapter to give some idea of the intellectual life of Oxford as I knew it, partly as an undergraduate, and partly for a few years after my degree; but it must not be forgotten that this was the time of a moral and religious movement which exercised a powerful influence over the greatest part of the able men of the University. The Tractarian Movement was due, indeed, partly to the increased mental activity which had been stirring in Oxford, and principally in Oriel, almost from the beginning of the century; and in its particular form it was the expression of principles of great power in the English Church, but which had hitherto never been fully developed. It was thus a movement which affected the whole Church, even more in later years than Oxford itself; but its birthplace was undoubtedly Oxford, and its force and energy were due, as those of great movements generally are, to one or two great men, but above all, I believe, to John Henry Newman. It was he who, touched by a striking sermon of Keble's, began it by the issue of the 'Tracts for the Times,' which at once took a powerful hold upon the clergy; it was he whose untiring vigour and force of character kept it alive under many difficulties and mistakes during its first ten years; and, above all, it was he who, by the extraordinary power and beauty of his sermons and his lectures, won for his cause and equally for himself the admiration of the heart and intellect of Oxford. And this power was perhaps felt most strongly by the men who had come to Oxford most opposed to it, and who in point of opinion never agreed with Newman. I could quote a remarkable instance of this in Stanley, but I think the most striking is that of Principal Shairp, of St. Andrew's, who does not hesitate to

describe Newman as 'perhaps the most remarkable man whom the English Church has ever produced.'[1] This statement may, no doubt, be put aside by many as extravagant, and his influence may be called theological and superstitious. But was this the fact? Is it possible to point to any greater genius in our Church, or anyone who has produced more remarkable results, and was not this due to a combination of intellectual qualities (though not without some singular deficiencies) which few even of the greatest men have possessed? It is on this combination, more than on anything else, that I should lay stress; for I believe that it was this union of power and beauty in everything that he wrote and in his whole character which made Newman, whilst he was among us, the greatest force both morally and intellectually in the University, and was the beginning of a new and distinct life to the English Church.

If we ask by what means this power was gained at Oxford, the answer must certainly be that it was entirely by his sermons and lectures, expressing as they did his whole character; and these have been so vividly described, and by men of every variety of opinion, that it is difficult, and may seem superfluous, to attempt the task once more. Sir Francis Doyle, Principal Shairp, Professor Mozley, Dean Church and Dean Stanley, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Froude have each struck a different note of admiration, and it is indeed difficult to describe their character without exaggeration, and without feeling that no one could entirely appreciate them who did not hear them. There was first the style, always simple, refined, and unpretending, and without a touch of anything which could be called rhetoric, but always marked by a depth of feeling which evidently sprang from the heart and experience of the speaker, and penetrated by a suppressed vein of the poetry which was so strong a feature in Newman's mind, and which appealed at once to the hearts and the highest feelings of his hearers. His language had the perfect grace which comes from uttering deep and affecting truths in the most natural and appropriate words. Then, as he entered into his subject more fully, the preacher seemed to enter into the very minds of his hearers, and, as it were, to reveal them to themselves, and to tell them their very innermost thoughts. There was rarely or never anything which

[1] 'Studies in Poetry and Philosophy,' Principal Shairp, p. 244.

could be called a burst of feeling; but both of thought and of suppressed feeling there was every variety, and you were always conscious that you were in the hands of a man who was a perfect master of your heart, and was equally powerful to comfort and to warn you. Is it too much to say of such addresses that they were unlike anything that we had ever heard before, and that we have never heard or read anything similar to them in our after-life?

It may perhaps convey an idea of the character of these sermons if we merely look at the subjects of some of them. 'Unreal Words,' 'The Ventures of Faith,' 'Warfare the Condition of Victory,' 'The Invisible World,' 'The Cross of Christ the Measure of the World,' 'The Church a Home for the Lonely'; but perhaps their most powerful side may be best seen in the concluding words of his last Anglican sermon, preached in the chapel at Littlemore. It was in December, 1843, when he was seeing his way more clearly to join the Church of Rome; its title was 'The Parting of Friends,' and the text, 'Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening.'

After quoting the words, 'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate,' he proceeds:

'A lesson surely and a warning to us all, in every place where He puts His Name, to the end of time, lest we be cold towards His gifts, or unbelieving towards His Word, or jealous of His workings, or heartless towards His mercies. . . . O mother of Saints! O school of the wise! O nurse of the heroic! of whom went forth, in whom have dwelt, memorable names of old, to spread the truth abroad or to cherish and illustrate it at home! O Thou from whom surrounding nations have lit their lamps! O Virgin of Israel, wherefore now dost thou sit on the ground, and keep silence like one of the foolish women who were without oil at the coming of the Bridegroom? Where is now the ruler of Sion, and the doctor in the Temple, and the ascetic in Carmel, and the herald in the wilderness, and the preacher in the market-place? . . . O my mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them? and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in

purpose and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom, and finds no home within thy arms? . . . Thou makest them stand all the day idle as the very condition of thy bearing with them, or thou biddest them begone where they will be more welcome, or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by, and what wilt thou do in the end thereof?'

This passage may be taken as a fair example of the occasional strong feeling of Newman's sermons, and it would be easy to produce numbers of a less passionate, and indeed more characteristic, tone, but I feel that a better idea of his power may be derived from the descriptions given either by persons who disagreed with him or by impartial hearers, such as Sir Francis Doyle or Principal Shairp, or Dean Stanley or Mr. Froude the historian. I will begin with Shairp, who may well be regarded as the fairest possible judge. His description of Newman's whole character, and especially of his preaching, though too lengthy to quote, is the most striking which I have ever read. 'To the outer world,' he says, 'Newman was a mystery. But what were the qualities that inspired the ardent devotion and intensest faith of his friends? There was, of course, learning and refinement, there was genius, not indeed of a philosopher, but of a subtle and original thinker, an unequalled edge of dialectic, and these all glorified by the imagination of a poet. Then there was the utter unworldliness, the setting at naught of all things which men most prize, the tamelessness of soul, which was ready to essay the impossible. . . . This deep and resolute ardour, this tenderness yet severity of soul, were no doubt an offence not to be forgiven . . . by the wary and worldlywise; but in these lay the very spell which drew to him the hearts of all the younger and the more enthusiastic. Such was the impression he had made in Oxford just before he relinquished his hold on it.' And then he describes with greater fulness than I can venture to do his sermons. 'What there was of High Church teaching was implied rather than enforced. . . . His power showed itself chiefly in the new and unlooked-for way in which he touched into life old truths, moral or spiritual, which all Christians acknowledge, but most have ceased to feel, when he spoke of "Unreal Words," "The Individuality of the Soul." . . . As he spoke, how the old truth became new! How it came home

with a meaning never felt before! He laid his finger—how gently, yet how powerfully!—on some inner place in the hearer's heart, and told him things about himself he had never known till then.'[1]

I have in a great measure preferred giving Principal Shairp's impressions to my own, because he may well be regarded as the fairest possible example of Newman's moral and intellectual power for ten years at Oxford. A pupil for a short time, and always an intimate friend of my own, born and bred a Presbyterian, and remaining such to the end of his life, he was known and loved by many friends for his high and attractive character, and for his beauty of feeling and imagination. A friend of Stanley's, he had for a time been inclined to the same opinions, but he completely threw them off as life went on, and his description of Newman may be taken as the thorough expression of his mind in his maturer years. That such a man, disagreeing on so many points, should have come to the conclusion that Newman was 'perhaps the most remarkable man that the English Church has produced in any century' is an evidence which cannot easily be set aside, though some may be inclined to make light of it on the ground that Newman was merely 'a bigot and a theologian.'

But a still stronger evidence remains, and doubters may be disposed to listen to one who certainly cannot be accused of being swayed by theological sympathies of any kind. Mr. Froude begins by repeating Mr. Shairp's account of Newman's superiority. 'Far different,' he says, 'from Keble, from my brother, from Dr. Pusey, from all the rest, was the true chief of the Catholic revival—John Henry Newman. Compared with him, they were all but as ciphers, and he the indicating number. The times I speak of are far distant, and Newman for many years had dropped silent, and disappeared from the world's eyes. . . . Himself of most modest nature, he never sought greatness, but greatness found him in spite of himself. To him, if to any man, the world owes the intellectual recovery of Romanism. . . . Mr. Buckle questioned if any great work had ever been done in this world by an individual man. Newman, by the solitary force of his own mind, has produced this extraordinary change. What he has done we all see; what will come of it our children

[1] 'Studies in Poetry and Philosophy,' Principal Shairp, pp. 245, 248.

will see. Of the magnitude of the phenomenon itself no reasonable man can doubt. Two writers have affected powerfully the present generation of Englishmen: Newman is one, Thomas Carlyle is the other. But Carlyle has been at issue with all the tendencies of his age; Newman has been the voice of the intellectual reaction of Europe, which was alarmed by the era of revolutions, and is looking for safety in the intellectual beliefs of the ages which it had been tempted to despise. The "Apologia" is the most beautiful of autobiographies, but it tells us only how the author appeared to himself. We who were his contemporaries can alone say how he appeared to us in the old days at Oxford.'[1]

It is impossible to give at length Mr. Froude's full description of Newman, beginning with some extracts from his poetry, which he regards, I think justly, as one of the most marked features of his character. But much of it is too characteristic to be omitted.

'Greatly,' he says, 'as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that the poetry was, and something far beyond. I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him . . . he was interested in everything that was going on—in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light on the central question what man really was and what was his destiny. . . . He had read omnivorously, and studied modern thought in all its forms, and with all its many-coloured passions.'[2]

Lastly, Mr. Froude's opinion of Newman's sermons is almost identical with that of Principal Shairp. 'No one who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. They were seldom directly theological. We had theology enough and to spare from the select preachers before the University. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about

[1] 'The Oxford Counter-Reformation' in 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' pp. 189-191, J. A. Froude.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 196, 197.

ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us, as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome! —from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion; and to others who wished to be religious, but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of a rock.'[1]

After some extracts from the sermons he concludes with the following passage: 'Newman had described closely some of the incidents of our Lord's Passion; he then paused. For a few moments there was a breathless silence. Then in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said, "Now I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God." It was as if an electric stroke had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries.'[2]

I have quoted both Mr. Froude and Principal Shairp at great length because I wish to show how powerful was the influence which Newman wielded over men of the most opposite opinions for the ten or fifteen years of the century in which religion may justly be described as the predominant power in Oxford. I will speak elsewhere of the charge which is so often brought that it destroyed the intellectual character of the University; but meanwhile I will conclude this sketch of Newman by a few lines of Stanley's, written to me at Rugby in the first fortnight after his arrival at Oxford, in 1834. 'The point which most occupies my thoughts,' he says, 'just now is Newman. I heard him preach in his parish church on Sunday. There were things which reminded me that he was the High Churchman, but the general tone, the manner, the simple language, reminded me of no other than Arnold himself. There was the same overpowering conviction conveyed that he was a thorough Christian—I had

[1] 'The Oxford Counter-Reformation' in 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' pp. 199, 200, J. A. Froude.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 201.

almost said a man of the purest charity. I have also had a long talk to-day about him with Faber, who, with Marriott, worships him as we do Arnold; and from what he says of him (I think rightly), he does appear to be a man of the most self-denying goodness that can be conceived, and to do good to a very great extent. I have spoken to Price about his sermon as strongly as I well could, for I dread more and more a collision between Arnold and the High Church. At present he and Newman seem to be almost antagonistic powers, whereas they are really of the same essence, so to speak.'[1]

It can hardly be necessary after such passages to say how it was that Newman was the ruler, both religiously and intellectually, of the University. It may be worth while, however, to add that what has been sometimes thrown in his teeth as his 'scepticism' really increased his power. He never shrank from facing a doubt. Mr. Huxley has stated, and many others have expressed the same sentiment, that 'if he wanted to construct a Primer of Infidelity' he could easily do it from Newman's writings; but this is merely to say that no man understood the difficulties of all religion better than he did, and no man less shrank from facing them. He has told us so himself, and repeatedly. 'I am far,' he says, 'from denying that every article of the Christian Creed, whether as held by Catholics or Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties, and it is a simple fact that, for myself, I cannot answer these difficulties. Many persons are very sensitive of the difficulties of religion; I am as sensitive of them as anyone, but I have never been able to see a connection between apprehending those difficulties and multiplying them to any extent, and, on the other hand, doubting the doctrines to which they are attached. Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate;' and his practical way of meeting them is simply the question of the conscience: 'What or where is man without God, and when

[1] It is a great mistake, though it is one often made, to regard Arnold's principles as in all respects opposite to those of Newman; for, as he himself observes in a letter to Hawkins, his idea of the position of the Church in Christianity was almost the same. It can hardly be wondered at therefore that several of his ablest pupils, even for a time A. P. Stanley and Arthur Clough, as soon as they saw how untenable Arnold's Church opinions were, became admirers and almost followers of Newman.

has God spoken to man distinctly excepting in the teaching of Christ?' '*Solus cum solo*,' was his motto, and he had never, as he tells us, from very early life had any conviction so strong as 'the thought of two, and two only, supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator;' and while fully admitting that 'of all points of faith the being of a God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty,' he adds that it is 'the one which is borne in upon our minds with most power.' 'If I looked,' he says,[1] 'into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into the living and busy world and see no reflection of its Creator. This is one of those great difficulties of this absolute, primary truth to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and heart, I should be an Atheist, or a Pantheist, or a Polytheist, when I looked into the world.'[2]

The Oxford Movement was perhaps at its highest point during my Oxford days, and no account of Oxford from 1835 to 1845 would be complete without some notice of it. The difficulty in speaking of the subject arises mainly from the number of books which have been written about it, from its importance to the Church of England, and from the deep interest of some of the characters whom, in writing of it, it is almost a necessity to describe. There is no doubt it had a powerful influence upon many of us, not, as I have endeavoured to explain, *directly*, but as affecting our religious opinions in many cases for life. One

[1] 'Apologia,' p. 241.

[2] This feeling was exactly the same in Arnold, *i.e.*, the same keen sense of intellectual difficulties, and of their being entirely overcome by the conviction of the conscience. Arnold, if I remember right, uses almost identically the same expression, that the existence and sense of difficulties in religion need not affect belief, and that belief in Christianity, though resting on the strongest historical and intellectual grounds, is even more a matter of the conscience than of the intellect. 'I wish to make the main point not the truth of Christianity *per se*, as a *theorem* to be proved, but the wisdom of our abiding by it, and whether there is anything else for it but the life of beast or of devil' ('Life of Arnold,' vol. i., p. 275. See 'Sermons,' vol. ii., p. 17; vol. iii., pp. 18, 19). His method may be called almost a supplement to that of Newman, treating it, as he usually does, not metaphysically, but historically. . . . Nor is it less interesting to trace Arnold's relation to Newman with regard to the great movement which has so much changed the character of the Church of England. There is hardly a letter of Arnold's which does not repeat his conviction that the Church of Christ could scarcely be said to exist amongst us. 'Easter Sunday,' he used to say, 'I keep as the memory of a living friend, Whit Sunday as that of a dead friend.'

of my friends, as I have already stated, has pronounced its influence to have been educationally bad. I cannot think so. It is seldom a bad influence in education to be brought into contact with men of the highest ability, nor do I believe that this would have been the opinion of several of those who were most opposed to it—for instance, of Stanley.[1] But this is one of the points on which the great difference between colleges in those days affected us. No college had an abler set of tutors than Balliol, nor tutors who were more sensible of all their duties to their pupils, and thus, although two at least of our tutors, Tait and Ward, were actually engaged on opposite sides in the Tractarian contest, it did not in the least affect their educational influence. We ourselves, too, while undergraduates, were a very divided body in religious opinions, and all these reasons led us rather to laugh at men in other colleges who allowed their premature theology to interfere with their degrees. This, indeed, was the view of all sensible men. I remember that an ardent young Newmanite, who was supposed to talk of nothing but 'baptismal regeneration,' was plucked for his 'little go,' and Newman's remark was, 'He must go twice round Christ Church meadow on his knees repeating the "As in Præsenti."'

Still, there can be no doubt that the movement was affecting many of us religiously. The great agent for this, and one which was perhaps the most powerful instrument of the movement in other respects, was, as has been already said, Newman's sermons. They were exactly the appropriate means to tell upon the undergraduate mind of Oxford—at all events, upon the Oxford of that generation; but I have little doubt that if a second Newman were to arise now his influence would be much the same. It was, indeed, at once the intellectual and, I hope, also the great religious enjoyment of many of us to attend St. Mary's four o'clock service on Sundays, and although Tait made some very serious attempts to spoil our dinners by altering the dinner hour,

[1] Most of the earlier Reformers of the century were theologians, Arnold and Whately no less than Newman and Pusey. This, as I have ventured to think, both as regarded the greatness of the men and the general character of the teaching, was no injury, but rather the reverse, to the University. Few eminent men, indeed, have ever influenced the opinions of others into whose system of thought, in some form or other, theology has not largely entered; and I must therefore doubt the wisdom of the attempts which are sometimes made to depreciate the teaching of the earlier part of the century as too theological.

as a penalty, they were only received with amusement and indifference.

I question whether, as suited to a University audience, England has ever known a preacher of equal power. Certainly Mr. Simeon, at Cambridge, may be said to have established the Evangelical party for the first thirty years of the century by his sermons, but, with very few exceptions (H. J. Martyn is the most remarkable), his followers, as well as his sermons, were incomparably inferior in power to those of Newman, whether *in* or *out* of Oxford.

As time went on we came to study the man and his opinions more carefully. But with many of us this only increased our admiration. The singular beauty of his character, and the peculiarity of his position, were equally calculated to influence a University, particularly perhaps one such as Matthew Arnold has described when he calls Oxford 'the home of lost causes.' He stood in many respects alone, even amongst his own party. We felt, indeed, instinctively that he was their leading spirit. Much as Pusey and Keble might be respected, they were, especially to us undergraduates, nothing in comparison with Newman. Deficient as he strongly felt himself to be in some of the practical gifts of a leader, and unwilling to assert anything like superiority, he could not prevent what Archbishop Whately early predicted, 'a party gathering round him'; and he was, in his love and fearless following of truth, and in the courage which his whole conduct exhibited, the one great man, the hero, of the movement.[1]

Such was Newman as he spoke to us at Oxford from 1832 to 1842.

What has been said will be enough to show his greatness, the beauty and poetry of his character and of his language, his perfect unselfishness and uprightness, his religious convictions, at once so intense and so thoughtful; his most remarkable

[1] There can be no question that the tone of religious feeling which pervaded all the higher type of young men—we will say from the years 1835 to 1845—in Oxford sprang from Newman as its centre. Take, for examples of this, the late Dean of St. Paul's, and J. B. Mozley, Lord Blachford, and James Hope (afterwards Hope Scott), Wood, Hamilton (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), and at Balliol Oakeley and Ward—I might add, to a great extent, the set of men with whom I was myself closely connected, and of whom Newman sometimes speaks with apprehension, though with great kindness, the friends and pupils of Dr. Arnold.

feature, in my opinion, being his extraordinary grasp of religious truth in its application to the conscience and character, and in this I hold his influence to have been unequalled.

For myself, I did not know him at any time intimately, though a few days spent with him at Littlemore in the summer of 1844 confirmed the impressions I have described. My warm admiration for him had begun in my last year as undergraduate. I had been, as became a pupil of Arnold's, a strong Liberal, and had owed much in point of religious conviction to the Evangelicals, so that my feelings with regard to Newman had always been comparatively impartial. I then thought, as I think now, that, gifted as he was with many of the highest qualities of a leader, he had also both difficulties and defects which influenced his whole career. His excessive self-consciousness, leading as it did to a frequent distrust of himself, his want of absolute confidence in his Anglicanism, his position rather as a searcher after truth,[1] and, above all, his extreme sensibility, all militated against that confidence which is essential to the character of a leader. In one sense, no doubt, he had showed his greatness as a man of action; but in firmness and coolness, and in determination, he was wanting. At once a great poet and a great metaphysician, he was far more a leader in thought than in action. It was an over-sensitiveness to both the feelings of his friends and the attacks of his enemies, particularly to those of his Bishop, which led in a great measure to his early retirement from St. Mary's, and, we may even think, to his leaving the English Church. Had he possessed the firmness of Dr. Pusey, and even of many of his ritualistic successors, and retained for many more years his position at Oxford, he would have had, no doubt, a still more extraordinary influence than he actually had on the religious thought of the University, and of the whole Church of England.

Nor, again, is it right to omit that he was sometimes wanting in fairness to his opponents, that his attacks both on Hampden and Arnold had been over-vehement; and I have always thought that a fuller sympathy with the Evangelical party, to whom so much of his early religion was due, would have strengthened his own position in the Church. I believe him to have felt much of this in his later life. He mentions more than once his *tender-*

[1] 'I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me.'

ness towards Scott,[1] and in my last visits to him in Birmingham he expressed almost enthusiastically his admiration of Arnold, and his sense of the great work done by the Evangelicals.

But whatever deductions may be made from the practical side of his character, I do not believe that anyone who fairly studies his 'Apologia' and his greatest sermons will doubt that he to whom above all others the nineteenth century revival of the English Church was mainly due was John Henry Newman.

The history of Newman up to 1845 is, in truth, that of the Oxford Movement, and in considering that movement it is well to bear in mind that the period of doubt had not then yet begun.

It is curious to remember how little religious doubt there was in Oxford among the abler men previous to about 1845, and to contrast it in this respect with Cambridge, where there had been a good deal of religious scepticism from—shall we say?—about 1820, in sharp antagonism to the religious spirit of the Simeonites, and having its chief seat in the club commonly called the 'Apostles',' to which some of the ablest men of Cambridge, such as Sterling and Tennyson, Charles Buller, as well as others like Maurice and Trench, who were most zealous Christians, belonged. It may reasonably be doubted whether, if Newman had spent the greater part of his long life at Oxford instead of leaving it in 1845, he would not have materially influenced the present spirit of the University, as, indeed, might have been the case if he had been allowed, instead of being thwarted by Archbishop Manning, to found a Roman Catholic college there in 1860. It was a bitter disappointment to him, as he expressed to me on one of the last occasions when I saw him, that he was prevented 'by his enemies,' as he said, 'from doing so.'

Newman has described himself in his earliest days as a strong Evangelical, and it has always seemed to me that he owed even more than he acknowledges to a party which in the days of the Venns, Wilberforce, and Simeon had been the regenerator of the English Church. If anyone doubts this, let him remember the manner in which John Wesley (whose early teaching was not so different from Newman's) was treated by the Bishops and clergy of the Church before the days when Evangelicalism had really begun, and he will feel how great a debt in matters of religious feeling and enthusiasm we owe to the Evangelical

[1] Thomas Scott, 1747-1821, author of a Commentary on the Bible.

party. It is not wonderful that Newman, springing from an Evangelical family, should have felt that to them he owed his conversion, and the intense conviction which he so often expresses of the reality and the necessity of God to his soul; and in his later days as an Anglican, when his favourite name for his old friends was the 'Peculiars,' he never seems to me to have done justice, even historically, to the religious influence of their best men upon the Church. It must, however, be remembered that both in doctrine and in practice the Evangelical party had lost much of their power, especially in Oxford, when Newman began his career. The Oriel school, and perhaps especially Whately, Pusey, and Arnold, were rapidly taking their place in the rising generation of thoughtful religious men in 1830.

CHAPTER IV

GENERAL LIFE AND TEACHING AT OXFORD FROM 1845-1855— A FRAGMENT ON FOREIGN TRAVEL

I HAVE touched on the chief points of interest in Oxford from 1832 to about 1845, and more particularly on its religious teaching; but I ought perhaps to give a more detailed account of the general state of University life, of the work and interests, particularly in the latter part of the time, and of the principal actors in it. Mr. Pattison has remarked that, if he had gone to sleep at Oxford in 1845 and waked in 1850, he should have found himself in a new world; and as far as University interests were concerned this is true, though the change in Pattison himself was probably greater than in most of his contemporaries.

I have always thought that the remarks of my friend Mr. Goldwin Smith on the general inefficiency of the teaching were too sweeping, and indeed incorrect, when he says that 'only clerical studies and interests could find a place in the education, and that in times of religious controversy the University became an ecclesiastical cockpit'; and I believe the evidence of Mr. Froude, a very impartial witness, to be much nearer the truth when he says that 'the scheme of teaching for the higher class of men was essentially good, perhaps as good as it could be made,' adding, whether correctly or not, that it was 'incomparably better than the universal knowledge methods which have taken its place.'[1] It is necessary, indeed, often to repeat that there was an immense difference in this respect between different colleges, and, speaking generally, I should say that up to 1830 Christ Church and Oriel (and perhaps Corpus might be added) were the leading educators—Christ

[1] 'Oxford Counter-Reformation' in 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' J. A. Froude.

Church from its old prestige and its comparatively open Studentships, and Oriel from the men of remarkable ability, especially Davison, Whately, and afterwards Keble, Newman, and Hurrell Froude, who succeeded each other as Tutors. Oriel, however, had greatly fallen off about 1830, owing, I am afraid, to the bad management of a man of high character and ability, but strangely wanting in judgment, Dr. Hawkins; and the result of this was to place Balliol, where the Fellowships were also open, in the highest educational position, which from that time it has never lost. There has been ever since I have known it a strong teaching *esprit de corps* in Balliol, and, though there was plenty of ability scattered about in the University, such a combination of good Tutors as began with Tait, Scott, and Ward could hardly have been found anywhere else. One result was that it was a disgrace for a scholar to miss his 'first class,' and there were few men of real ability among the scholars who did not afterwards distinguish themselves in life. Cardinal Manning, C. Marriott, Archbishop Tait, Lord Cardwell, Lord Justice Wickens, Stanley, Goulburn, Samuel Waldegrave, Jowett, Clough, Lord Iddesleigh, Lord Coleridge, Lord Hobhouse, Bishop Temple,[1] and Matthew Arnold, all succeeded each other in the space of ten or twelve years from 1830 to 1841, at a time when there were only two scholarships vacant annually. At the same time, there was great activity in other colleges; I should be inclined to mention especially Exeter, Wadham, and Trinity which had a record of distinguished scholars from Roundell Palmer onwards, nor do I remember any reading man who could have fairly said that he was neglected. Private tutors, no doubt, did a good deal, and they were supposed to be so well up with the 'dodges' of the schools that it was never quite safe to neglect them, but they were not used at Oxford to anything like the same extent as at Cambridge.

I may complete this account by a short notice of the ablest Tutors in Oxford from 1845 to 1855. At Christ Church the two best known were Liddell and Osborne Gordon. Liddell, afterwards Dean, had been a distinguished Tutor there for nearly ten years, and in 1846 left for the Headmastership of Westminster. He was succeeded by Osborne Gordon, a man of great ability as a scholar, but who never seemed to be sufficiently interested in

[1] Now Archbishop.

either college or University work to make a really good tutor. Had he been so, no college would have offered a nobler field than Christ Church; for there can be little doubt that the teaching of the upper classes of England is materially affected by a good Headmaster at Eton and good tutors at Christ Church. But the scholastic reputation of Christ Church had certainly much declined in 1850 from what it had been in 1830, and when I sometimes remarked to my Christ Church friends that they sent us capital men to Balliol from Eton, the answer generally was a laughing one: 'Yes, and they send all the idle ones to us.'

I have spoken already of Balliol, where Temple had left us in 1849, and had been succeeded by Henry Smith; J. Riddell and E. Palmer being our classical lecturers. Of the other leading Tutors in the University, Stanley, Goldwin Smith, and Conington at University, Mark Pattison at Lincoln, and Mansel at St. John's, were probably the most distinguished, though G. Rawlinson, A. W. Haddan, and Congreve had at the same time a great influence at their respective colleges. I should also mention the names of R. Michell, Clough, and Kaye.

They were all of them devoted to their tutorial work, none, perhaps, more than Mark Pattison, who has given a lively description of the difficulties under which, in his earlier character of a strong Tractarian, he managed to get himself elected a Fellow of Lincoln; but his merits as a teacher were soon felt in the increase of 'first classes' from Lincoln, and he threw himself into his work so heartily that he long upheld the superiority of the tutorial system as a teaching power over the professorial. He describes himself as 'still wearing the college blinkers' when he sent the ablest defence of the tutorial system to the Oxford Commission of 1850. After Pattison, perhaps the best known of the names I have mentioned was Mansel, a warm and generous friend of my own in my later Oxford days, whose early death, as Dean of St. Paul's, deprived us of a man of great philosophical power; but, though afterwards Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, he was perhaps better known at Oxford as a private than as a college tutor. And certainly, not to speak at present of Jowett, inferior to none in reputation were our three junior Tutors at Balliol, Henry Smith, James Riddell, and Edwin Palmer, who were as able men as could be found in any college. The first was

in all respects, both socially and intellectually, about the most brilliant and popular man of his day, an admirable scholar, having won the Ireland as well as the Mathematical Scholarship, and the pleasantest, most witty, and most amiable of companions. The Balliol Common Room, if it is still what it used to be, must retain many recollections of him. Devoting himself after his degree to mathematics, he carried off a great international prize, and may fairly be described as one of the first mathematicians of Europe. Knowing him intimately from the time when he was an undergraduate, I had travelled with him in the Tyrol in 1850, and we were, almost by accident, the discoverers of what was then wholly unknown in England, the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. No one had heard of it in Oxford, and I remember Stanley's excitement on my describing it to him, and his exclamation, 'Well, if I live till 1860 I will be there'; and in passing through Paris in 1860, one of the first persons I met was Stanley, who at once exclaimed, 'I have been to Ammergau, and it exceeds all your description.' I knew Henry Smith still better when we were tutors together for some years.

The main points in Pattison's character have been already alluded to, but it may be worth while to make a few remarks on his strange and in some respects very interesting, although undoubtedly painful, autobiography, a great feature of which is its curious and minute account of the growth and formation of a powerful mind, left at its most important period almost entirely to itself. Of his early life he says little, but leaves us to infer that it was that of a spoilt child, the only boy of the family, looked upon as its genius. But no one that I know, excepting, perhaps, Newman, has described his own Oxford life so minutely —its remarkable isolation; his position for seven or eight years as a devoted follower of Newman; then his sudden change into a violent opponent; his work for four or five years as a college Tutor; and the painful bitterness of feeling which marked his later years. No doubt his case was a very peculiar one, and much is to be set down to qualities which he always frankly acknowledged—a very sharp temper to begin with, and an awkward and shy coldness of manner which made him many enemies; but it is still astonishing that a man possessing so much both of what he believed to be religious conviction

and also of religious feeling for many years should, for the last twenty years of his life, entirely have thrown them aside, and contented himself with the belief that 'the idea of the Catholic Church is only a mode of conceiving the dealings of Divine Providence with the whole race of mankind.'[1] At the same time, I must add that, while I do not remember what led to our first intimacy, I always felt during my last years at Oxford a warm affection for Pattison. I did my best to assist him at the time of his unfortunate rejection for the Rectorship of Lincoln, which he has acknowledged very heartily in his 'Memoirs';[2] and I was able, when a member of the first Education Commission, to procure for him an appointment as Assistant-Commissioner to Germany in 1860. Our friendship continued unabated till his death in 1882. There is no history of mental growth and struggles which is to me more touching and interesting, though it is impossible not to feel that the results were very painful.

I have reserved to the last the names of the two most distinguished Tutors, whose influence, though a peculiar one, was probably the most felt in the University. Of both of them, indeed, I speak with some reluctance, for Stanley was my oldest and always a dear friend, though our intimacy was no doubt affected by our differences of opinion; and for Jowett I had always a sincere respect and regard, though his peculiarity of manner and sharpness of language prevented his being ever popular with the majority of his contemporaries.

With Stanley, on the other hand, his charm of manner and temper was no small part of his power, and this makes it difficult

[1] 'Reflection on the history and condition of humanity, taken as a whole, gradually convinced me that this theory of the relation of all living beings to the Supreme Being was too narrow and inadequate. It makes an equal Providence, the Father of all, care only for a mere handful of the species, leaving the rest (such is the theory) to the chances of eternal misery. If God interferes at all to procure the happiness of mankind, it must be on a far more comprehensive scale than by providing for them a Church of which far the majority of them will never hear.' (Mark Pattison's 'Memoirs,' p. 327.)

[2] 'I could set about no work. If I read, it was without any object beyond self-forgetfulness. Friends were very kind, and did what they could in the way of consolation and sympathy. I can never forget four who especially stood by me to cheer me at this trying moment—J. M. Wilson (afterwards President of C.C.C.); Manuel Johnson, of the Radcliffe Observatory; W. C. Lake (now Dean of Durham); R. W. Church (now Dean of St. Paul's). (*Ibid.*, p. 291.)

o dwell on—what he so strongly felt himself—an indecision of haracter which rendered him almost incapable of holding a ositive view on any subject of importance. This, indeed, had een Stanley's characteristic from his earliest years, and it con- inued through life, showing itself at Rugby, as I have already nentioned, by an absolute devotion to Arnold and to all his pinions; and afterwards by his singular friendship with Ward, nd his union, if not his entire agreement, with Jowett. He had lenty of opinions, but they were always of a negative character; nd Dr. Pusey's view of him was in this respect just, that his bject was always to support persons who in their religious elief differed from everybody else, or, as his friend Mr. Goldwin mith has expressed it, 'that he was wanting in force to grasp, lmost in desire of grasping, positive and definite truth; he ould scarcely even understand the need of positive and definite ruth felt by ordinary natures.'[1] Thus, in his later life at West- minster, Mr. Voysey, Bishop Colenso, and M. Renan were his avourite heroes, in defiance alike of Bishops and of the feelings f all definite believers. It is evident that such a person could ardly in the common sense of the word be called a leader; and, ndeed, his life was a succession of changes from one leader to nother—first, and above all, Arnold, then Ward, and, lastly, owett. He had plenty of courage in following them, but I oubt whether anyone, strictly speaking, followed *him*.

Stanley's 'Life and Letters' supply abundant instances of his indecision, of which, indeed, no one was more aware than imself, for, he remarked to Pearson in his last years, 'his ndecision would make it impossible to write his life.' Thus, he nd Jowett seem each to have suggested to the other the desir- bleness of a definite line of thought or action. Stanley's dvice, which was a good deal the strongest, was given as early s 1850, viz.: 'That it might be worth while to give people ome kind of notion of what your views really are . . . for when ne is Tutor of a college, I think that self-defence is not only ustifiable, but a duty.'[2] Whether Jowett acted upon this does ot appear; but his advice to Stanley (given as late as 1880) is hat he should contribute something 'towards the great work of

[1] See article on Dean Stanley in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1894, . 222.

[2] Stanley's Life, p. 387.

placing religion on a rational basis.' It might certainly have been well if either of these suggestions had been acted upon, for we should at least have had some idea of what their respective opinions were.

What is said here of Stanley might in many respects be repeated of Jowett, who was probably the more influential of the two, from having been for nearly fifty years first the Tutor and afterwards the Head of a powerful college. But admiring him as I do for his unselfish and entire devotion to his pupils, I have always felt that, partly owing to what Stanley speaks of, his religious influence was nil, or rather always tended to unsettle the minds of his pupils.

Of his influence over their characters and principles various opinions have been expressed, which it is not necessary to discuss. Mr. Tollemache's account of him is perhaps the fullest that has been written, and it certainly rather confirms the short notice which was given of him by Mr. Goldwin Smith, who knew him intimately for more than twenty years at Oxford, and was, I believe, the most distinguished of his private pupils. 'Jowett,' he says, 'was a doubting philosopher, and it was difficult to advance any proposition in his presence without his putting in a demurrer. But he was a thinker of energy, and it cannot be doubted that he came to conclusions, it may be to some which would account for his reticence as a theologian during the last years of his life.'[1] Thoroughly appreciating as I do *his perfect uprightness* of character, I cannot doubt—no one, indeed, can after reading Mr. Tollemache's work—that his influence had always a tendency to unsettle anything like definite religious opinions; or that, with two men like Stanley and himself, the one a model of indecision and the other of doubt, much of the religious thought of 'Young Oxford' must for the last thirty or forty years have been of an indefinite character. It must not, however, be forgotten that the influence of Dr. Pusey, combined with that of Dr. Liddon, soon began to assert itself, and gave rise to a strong orthodox party, which has always held its own. And although subsequent changes have diminished the theological character of the University (which was certainly in some respects excessive), it cannot be doubted that the party of belief at Oxford will always be powerfully represented, and that it will be long before

[1] Professor Goldwin Smith, *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1894, p. 225.

we can believe that Oxford will become what some, both of its friends and of its enemies, assert it to be, 'a home of unbelief.'

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A few words may be said on the general character of Oxford society in my time, differing as it did in many respects from what it is at present. Of course, in its extent it was infinitely smaller than that of Oxford now. There were, in fact, only two classes of society—that of the Heads of Houses and that of the Common Rooms—and they were curiously separate from each other. The 'Heads' with their wives were the grandees, to whose parties we were seldom invited, and when we were, we found them, I am afraid, rather dull. They constituted, up to perhaps 1850 or 1855, the leading social circle, which was exclusive to an almost ludicrous degree, and there were too few resident families to make anything like a second general society.

The first break-up of this state of things was, indeed, quite an epoch, and may well deserve a few words of grateful remembrance. It was the achievement of Dr. and Mrs. Cradock at Brasenose. Mrs. Cradock had been a Maid of Honour to the Queen, and was the sister of the first Lady John Russell. Being fond of society, and knowing most of the leading members of the Liberal party, she had some of them constantly staying with her; she had also the good (or bad) taste to prefer the company of some of the resident Fellows to that of the Heads: certainly her house was by far the pleasantest in Oxford, and she, in fact, almost put an end to the old 'Heads of Houses' exclusiveness. Many of the friends who met there most frequently are no more; but I am sure that Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. E. Wodehouse, and Lord Halifax would agree with me in saying that the constant reunions at the house of the Principal of Brasenose are amongst the most pleasant remembrances of Oxford.

The Common Room type was a very varied one. No doubt, owing to the quantity of close Fellowships, especially in the larger colleges, the ordinary social, as well as intellectual, life was dull; and I am afraid Mark Pattison's description of the 'fossil specimens of Queen's and Magdalen, Jesus, St. John's, and Lincoln' was true of other colleges also. But the society of what were then the most intellectual colleges was of a very different stamp. Oriel, in the days of Copleston, Whately, and Arnold, had taken the initiative, as a body, of encouraging a higher and

more animated style of conversation; the disputes, however, of the early days of Hawkins had rather broken this up, and in the days of Tait and Ward, Balliol had certainly, if I may say so, taken up the running. Merton, too, was at that time in its palmy days, electing, as it usually did, young aristocrats, but generally men of great ability; and nothing could surpass the pleasantness of a Common Room which numbered among its members Manning, with the 'three Jems,' as they were called—Bruce (afterwards Lord Elgin), Stuart Wortley, and Hope (afterwards Hope Scott). University also should be mentioned in the same category. But nothing could be more animated than the Common Room of Balliol when first I knew it in the days of Tait, Ward, and Scott. No subject of interest, unless it was one which required a knowledge of facts, was ever likely to escape the notice of Ward, and conversations in which he took part have been well described in his son's 'Life of W. G. Ward,' and elsewhere. His discussions with Tait were, perhaps, all the pleasanter from facts being a weaker point with each of them than either logic or humour. The general society of the Balliol Common Room was also more varied than was usual in Oxford, for Mr. Gladstone, Roundell Palmer, Robert Lowe, Stanley, Goldwin Smith, Dean Church, Mark Pattison, Montalembert, and Lord Stanhope, had all their friends amongst us; and, moreover, men who were then our juniors, as Lord Salisbury (then Lord R. Cecil) and Lord Dufferin, were among our not infrequent visitors. I have heard men of distinction in their after-life bear the heartiest witness to the pleasantness of the Balliol Common Room in those days. It was certainly no slight advantage in this respect, equally to undergraduates and to resident Fellows, that all our Tutors resided within the walls of the college. I have spoken of the care they always showed us, and I cannot conceive that the loss of resident Fellows can be otherwise than a very severe one.

Meanwhile we had among ourselves the most delightful of conversers in Henry Smith, and also in Edwin (afterwards Archdeacon) Palmer, whom we have recently lost, and who was one of the pleasantest members of our Common Room in the 'forties.'

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Any reader of Stanley's Life must be struck with the extreme

importance which he attaches to the influence of Newman, and especially to his rather exaggerated apprehension of the effect that his secession in 1845 would have upon the whole of the English Church. I was myself at that moment absent from Oxford, having been obliged to go abroad for nearly two years from an attack of illness, affecting chiefly my eyesight, and preventing me from the full use of my eyes for several years. It was at the time a great trial, but I look back upon it with the less regret as it was the accidental means of my forming some very valuable friendships, particularly during a stay at Paris in 1845 and at Rome in 1846. Perhaps the person whom I knew most intimately during my stay abroad was Lady Elgin, who was then living in Paris, the mother of Lord Elgin, afterwards the Governor-General of India, and of Lady Augusta Stanley. She was a woman of remarkable but peculiar talent, rejoicing in the highest mathematical studies, in religion a very strong Irvingite, and with great sympathies for the Roman Catholics, of whom one met many of the most distinguished at her salon. Montalembert, their greatest and most active layman, I did not meet during this visit; but having seen him some years afterwards at Lord Stanhope's, in London, I had great pleasure in his society when I spent some time in Paris in 1856 as member of a Commission for inquiring into the teaching of the military schools on the Continent.

My visit to Rome was equally interesting. Travelling there in the autumn of 1845, I had fallen in accidentally with Mr. (afterwards Professor) Grote, a brother of the historian, and Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, and we determined to travel together in the slow vetturino fashion of those days, stopping for some time at every interesting place in the north and centre of Italy, and spending a fortnight in seeing every considerable town (Assisi, Perugia, Terni) between Florence and Rome. At Rome itself it was the fashion in those days to spend nearly the whole winter, and you had time to make pleasant friendships, such as I formed with Mr. Erskine of Linlathen and many others. Grote and I lived together in a house well known to Oxford men, belonging to a brother of the Captain of the Pope's Swiss Guard, whose family gave us good practice in Italian; and Grote being never tired of exploring every corner of Rome, I saw and heard much by his assistance of

the habits, especially in religious matters, of the lower classes, and was certainly much struck by the zeal and ability of the clergy in adapting themselves to their wants. The sermons in Lent, particularly in the Jesuit Churches, the Gesù and St. Ignazio, were of a very vigorous and sometimes of a very lively character. One course at the Church of the Gesù used to amuse us much. It was in the form of a dialogue conducted on a stage between a good man and a sinner, and the repartees of the sinner in answer to the remonstrances of the good man were often rather telling. On the whole, it certainly struck me that the Roman Catholic clergy had all the power of dealing with the lower classes which our Methodists have, and in which our own clergy (at that time, at least) were very deficient. Another point I thought remarkable was the character of the tracts which I was fond of collecting in the bookshops of the lower parts of Rome, and which almost always referred entirely or were addressed to our Lord, and seldom either to the Virgin or to the Saints. The position occupied both by the Saints and the Virgin, more especially in Italy, has always seemed to me the strongest argument against the claims of the Roman Catholic Church, and I was surprised at finding, in reading Newman's 'Apologia,' that he had never entirely got over this difficulty, and that the very fact which I have now mentioned had had considerable weight with him. Dr. Russell, then the President of Maynooth, had, it appears, sent him 'a large bundle of penny and halfpenny books of devotion, as they are found in the booksellers' shops at Rome'; and, on looking over them, he says, 'I was astonished to find how different they were to what I had fancied, and how little there was in them to which I could really object.' He states, however, that with regard to the 'devotions to the Blessed Virgin . . . they were always my great crux as regards Catholicism. *I say frankly, I do not fully enter into them now*' ('Apologia,' pp. 195, 196).

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER IV

Amongst the Dean's papers is a passage in which he says that 'Jowett was gradually gaining a great influence over Stanley, with whom up to 1843 or 1844 his acquaintance had been very slight. In a letter written in 1844, after a tour with Jowett in Germany, Stanley mentioned to me that he had never known Jowett's great ability till they travelled together, and I think it may be said that he was up to this time but little known in the University. In College his ability and devotion to his pupils were felt from the first, though I never remember to have heard that he was a brilliant lecturer. . . . I remember with great gratitude his kindness to me during a long period of ill-health, which obliged me to leave Balliol for two years; and though later on our intimacy gradually diminished—I suppose from a sense that we differed widely on religious subjects—I never ceased to admire his devotion to work and his ability.'

The following account of the election of Dr. Scott to the Mastership of Balliol appeared in the *Times* of October 13, 1893. It was written with a view to correct an erroneous impression with respect to the non-election of Mr. Jowett:

A BALLIOL ELECTION—FORTY YEARS SINCE.

To the Editor of the 'Times.'

Deanery, Durham,
October 9, 1893.

Sir,

I am sure that all Balliol men of whatever standing will feel that the account which you have recently given of the life of the late Master is in no respect overdrawn, and that no College or University has ever had a son who more entirely devoted the highest goodness and talents to its service. And this will be felt all the more strongly because you have directed attention with equal truth to the fact that, in points of belief and opinion, many of those who most appreciated Mr. Jowett's excellence differed from him entirely, and even thought that the influence which his opinions must have exercised over the minds of many may have been a drawback to the benefit of his high example. But, however this may be, it is scarcely possible to imagine a person the object of whose life was more entirely the moral and

intellectual good of his pupils; and as the head of a College, he may in this respect be justly compared, though on the highest points of belief they differed widely, with the greatest head of a public school—Dr. Arnold.

There is only one statement on which I believe you to have been misinformed, though you make it doubtfully, and which, in justice both to others who are no longer with us and to myself, I will ask to be allowed to correct. You say that Mr. Jowett's 'opponents are believed, rightly or wrongly, to have excluded him for sixteen years from the Mastership of Balliol' on account of his opinions. This event was no doubt a great disappointment in Mr. Jowett's life, and one which he felt perhaps too keenly; but it is an entire mistake to suppose that it was mainly (I doubt if it was at all) due to Mr. Jowett's opinions, which were then very little known, for it was long before the days of 'Essays and Reviews,' nor were questions of religious doubt as yet prominent. The history of the election was a very simple one. The person whom some of us were at first desirous of electing was Mr. Temple, now Bishop of London, whose opinions were then generally supposed to be the same as those of his friend Mr. Jowett; but this proposal was at once declined by Mr. Jowett's chief supporter, and, though the numbers were very close, Mr. Jowett's election seemed most probable. There was very little discussion before the election, each person judging for himself, and much surprise was felt on the appointed day by an apparent change of opinion in a distinguished scholar and friend of Mr. Jowett, the result being that the majority combined to elect another eminent scholar, Mr. Scott. I avoid entering into needless details, but certainly a very large majority of the Tutors and lecturers voted for Mr. Scott; and if I must give the real reason, it had nothing to do with opinions, but may be expressed in your own words, that 'Mr. Jowett was a first-rate man to work under, but not a first-rate man to work with,' and that 'when it was not found possible to carry his proposals, no little friction was the result.' The Tutors of Balliol were then an active and independent body of men, who had worked long for their College and were much attached to it; and it can hardly be a matter of surprise that they declined to place at its head one from whose election 'no little friction' might be expected. This I believe to have been the general impression at the time, though possibly some of Mr. Jowett's friends may have given it a different colour. But I may repeat once more that, in point of 'religious opinions,' there was then supposed to be little, if any, difference between those of Mr. Temple, whom Mr. Scott's chief supporters at first wished to elect, and those of Mr. Jowett himself.

I hope that in this account of an important election of forty years since I shall not be thought to have betrayed *secreta domûs*, any more than Cardinal Newman has done in his account of Dr. Hawkins's election at Oriel, though I have not referred to the subject at all without hesitation and pain, and have deferred doing so as long as possible at a time when our minds are naturally occupied with the many and great lessons of Mr. Jowett's life. But history should not be left to chance or uncertainty, nor would it be fair to assign motives which then scarcely existed as the cause of Mr. Jowett's non-election in 1854.

For myself, I may perhaps say that, having been elected a brother Fellow with Mr. Jowett in 1838, and begun work with him as Tutor in 1842, I worked with him for twelve years with no break in our intimacy, and have a deep and grateful recollection of many occasions on which I was indebted to his advice and kindness. With his later opinions, indeed, I have already expressed my entire disagreement, and have always much regretted their possible effects upon his Balliol pupils. But as regards his personal character and genius, I hope I have said enough to show how cordially I have always admired his generous self-devotion, his unceasing efforts for improvements of almost every kind, and that fatherly attachment to his pupils which has met with its just and ample reward, and which I believe to have been the absorbing feeling of his life.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
W. C. Lake.

CHAPTER V

FRIENDS, CONTEMPORARIES, AND PUPILS AT OXFORD, 1835-1855—OXFORD REFORM

I HAVE already mentioned cursorily most of the friends to whom I owe much of the happiness of what I have always thought the most interesting years of my life—my undergraduate years at Oxford; but I may perhaps give a better idea of what was certainly a very remarkable period at Oxford if I bring together the various persons, whether friends, contemporaries, or pupils, with whom I was connected, and of whom I have hitherto said little. The attempt to do this will be at once a record of some very dear friendships and of some important events of University life. I will deal with some of my senior friends first.

Coming up to Oxford in October, 1835, almost the first person of distinction whose acquaintance I made was Roundell Palmer, afterwards Lord Selborne, who mentions in his Life that Dr. Arnold had introduced to him Stanley and myself as two favourite pupils. He was just leaving Oxford for the Bar, with a higher amount of distinction than anyone else had then attained to, a very pronounced High Churchman, whom Stanley describes as having shocked him in the highest degree by being the first person to announce to him 'orally the monstrous doctrine of the Apostolical succession. I own,' he adds, 'I was quite thunderstruck for a moment.'[1] Palmer's absence from Oxford deprived me of the pleasure of any intimate acquaintance, and I believe the time when I saw most of him was on the vacancy in our representation in 1854, when many of us were very anxious that he should be our member. Perhaps I was at that time almost the warmest of his supporters, and I was deputed (as he mentions in his Life) to carry him an appeal from a large meeting in his favour. He was certainly anxious

[1] Stanley's Life, vol. i., p. 129.

to stand, but, for reasons which are fully described in his Life, he declined to do so in favour of Sir William Heathcote, being unwilling to divide the sympathies of the High Church party. I saw both him and his brother William afterwards, the latter having been for many years a Tutor at Durham. He was a man of great but rather eccentric ability, conspicuous chiefly for eight or ten years, both at Oxford and in Russia, for his attempts to unite the Greek and English Churches, but ultimately becoming a strong Roman Catholic, in which character I met him for the last time at Rome. The youngest of the family, Edwin, I knew well, both as his Tutor in 1843 and afterwards as a brother Fellow and Tutor for upwards of ten years, and certainly I have known no family which had such a combination both of talent and the highest moral qualities. The latter have been brought into still greater prominence by the 'Memoirs, Personal and Domestic,' written by Lord Selborne in his last years, and published since his death. So complete a family history is almost unexampled, and if it is perhaps a little open to the charge, which might be brought against nearly all recent biographies, of excessive length, it would be almost impossible to find such another tribute to the charms of moral and religious excellence which, commencing with the parents, may be said to have created the character, both moral and intellectual, of the whole family. Such a picture of domestic life may well be held to be both a blessing and an honour to their country.

Another person from whom I received great kindness during the whole of my undergraduate life was Walter Kerr Hamilton, then Fellow of Merton, and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. He was also at that time Vicar of St. Peter's, and was in opinion an earnest Evangelical, though he afterwards became one of the strongest members of the High Church party. He had been a pupil of Arnold's at Laleham, was always deeply attached to him, and consequently very kind to Stanley and myself as undergraduates. My first acquaintance with Cardinal Manning, then one of our favourite preachers, was at breakfast in his rooms. Hamilton kindly offered me his curacy in 1839, when I was too young to take Orders, and I only wish, on looking back, that I could have been brought into closer relations with him, for it is impossible to imagine a more beautiful or devoted character. Dr. Liddon has given an excellent sketch

of his life, but I have always regretted that there was not a fuller account of him, whether at Oxford or, still more, at Salisbury. At the latter place he was almost the first person in England, so far as I remember, who seems to have had an idea of a thorough Cathedral reform. He had been appointed Canon and Treasurer by Bishop Denison, and at that time—it was nearly twenty years before the great restoration of cathedral work was begun at St. Paul's—cathedrals were almost universally the least effective part of the Church's system. 'No sermon,' we are told, 'had been heard in the nave of Salisbury for more than eighty years,' and the congregations were, of course, of the scantiest. It may give some idea of the difficulty of infusing life into cathedrals when we hear that Hamilton, so long as he was a Canon, had been 'unable to attempt this most moderate measure of improvement,' and that it was not till he was Bishop in 1861 that he was able to carry it through. It is needless to say that both in Bishop Hamilton's time and under the active régime of the present Dean of Salisbury[1] the cathedral was and is a real centre and example for the work of the diocese.

This is not the place to describe the rest of Hamilton's life, but certainly his episcopate for fifteen years, whether as regards his absolute devotion to his work or his influence alike over rich and poor, over the clergy and the laity, offers as high an ideal as any which our times, or perhaps any other, have known. He was, indeed, occasionally attacked for the extremely High Church tone of some of his Charges. On one occasion especially his Charge of 1867 was vehemently assailed by Lord Portman in the House of Lords. But he would retract nothing 'with regard to points of doctrine, such as the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Absolution, Confession, the Ceremonial or Ritual of the Church; he adhered to every syllable he had expressed, and would withdraw no single statement.'[2] The discussion, which had no definite result, was closed by some generous words from Tait, then Bishop of London, who, while he had but little agreement with Hamilton's views, had always from his Oxford days been his warm admirer.

The only other senior members of the University out of my own college whom I knew at all intimately were Thomas Legh Claughton, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and Henry Halford

[1] Dean Boyle, died 1901. [2] 'Walter Kerr Hamilton,' by H. P. Liddon.

Vaughan. The first was my private tutor for a time when I was reading (unsuccessfully) for the Hertford Scholarship, and I can certainly endorse all Lord Selborne's praises of his charms both of character and manner. He justly calls him 'the glory of Rugby,' for he had gained almost every prize and honour in the University; and if, as I should think, there was a slight want of strength in his character, it was more than compensated by his sweetness of temper and power of sympathy, which made him deeply beloved as a Bishop. We were both riders, and our long rides together were great opportunities for intimacy. Henry Halford Vaughan was also a Rugbeian, and him I knew far more intimately when he returned to Oxford as Professor of Modern History. His introductory lectures, and, indeed, his whole character, then gave promise of great literary distinction; but he professed an extreme dislike of publishing, and having, possibly from this cause, resigned his post, he has left no memorials, and his name is now probably forgotten in Oxford. On the question of our first reforms, he was an active member of the extreme advance party. I perhaps ought to add to these names that of Dr. Gilbert, Principal of Brasenose, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester, who had been an early friend of my family before I went to Oxford. He showed me much kindness when I first came up as a freshman, and at his house I occasionally met others of the senior members of the University.

Among the friends in my own college I have already spoken of Tait, and shall have to do so again in respect of the days of his Bishopric of London and Archbishopric of Canterbury. I will not here repeat what has been already said of the friendships and delightful society of my undergraduate life, with Goulburn, Waldegrave, and Stanley for my daily companions.

Later, though not such intimate, friends were Lord Coleridge and Principal Shairp, and amongst my brother Fellows Temple, now Bishop of London,[1] and Constantine Prichard. Temple's connection with 'Essays and Reviews,' though almost accidental, made his first appointment as Bishop of Exeter a very unpopular one; but, knowing how little he agreed in opinion with most of the other writers,[2] I had done my best to defend him in the

[1] Since Archbishop of Canterbury.

[2] It may be added that Temple formally withdrew from his connection with the 'Essays and Reviews.'

Times and elsewhere, and had the honour of defending him to the best of my ability in his consecration sermon, which I had been appointed to preach by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Constantine Prichard, though, from ill-health and from his retiring character, he was little known in his after-life, and who died early, was one of those persons who, both from his ability and from his charm of character, was universally loved by his friends.

Of my remaining friends of this date, it may be enough to mention the names of Arthur Clough and Matthew Arnold. The latter, with his brother Thomas, had been sent to me by their father as private pupils in a small Long Vacation party in the summer before Matthew was elected scholar at Balliol, and it is needless to say that, from my intimate connection with his family, we were very close friends during the whole of his Balliol days. He showed us both the strong and the weak sides of his character as a scholar, for he was certainly equally brilliant, desultory, and idle, and his want of knowledge of his books lost him his 'first,' when he was obliged, by the strictness of the college rule, to go into the Schools at the end of his third year, his examiners and his tutors being equally disappointed. I remember Liddell in particular expressing his annoyance that so able a man should have excluded himself from the highest honours. One other of my pupils, and perhaps the most intimate friend that I ever had amongst them, I should wish to mention—Edward Pollexfen Bastard, the heir of a distinguished Devonshire family, and himself conspicuous, both at Eton and Oxford, for his ability and the beauty of his character. He was not a 'scholar,' but he took his 'double first' with ease. Within two or three years he became a very devoted Roman Catholic, but he did not survive long; his family was a delicate one, both his father and his mother having died early.

Soon after his election at Oriel I became, and always continued to be, on very close terms of friendship with Church,[1] whose character is so universally appreciated that it is needless for me to speak of his beautiful and attractive qualities. I believe we were always entirely agreed in opinions, both at Oxford and afterwards during his life at St. Paul's; but at

[1] Richard William Church, Dean of St. Paul's 1871-1890.

Oxford, after the secession of Newman, he had very much retired from public life, being no longer a Tutor, and thus our active intercourse was less frequent than it would otherwise have been. When he was at St. Paul's we were completely at one on Church questions, and I had the pleasure more than once of bringing him and the Archbishop together, which, I think, tended to peace. But both he and, still more, Liddon had always a distrust of Archbishop Tait.

Of friends out of my own college I need not speak at any length. The society at Balliol was itself so delightful in my undergraduate days that there was certainly no necessity to seek friends elsewhere, though my interest in the Union carried with it a large circle of acquaintances. I believe that of these the friend that I knew best and valued most was Henry Burrows, then scholar of St. John's; but our friendship as undergraduates, dating from an excellent speech which he had made at the Union, came on late, and he left Oxford soon after his degree, to work as a curate. In his Life by Miss Wordsworth I have alluded to my later intimacy with him when he was curate, in company with Trench, to Samuel (then Archdeacon) Wilberforce, at Alverstoke, near Portsmouth, and I may perhaps be allowed to quote the following description of him in a letter from myself to Mrs. Burrows: 'Our Oxford acquaintance was almost accidental, and was due, I think, to an earnest and striking speech at the Union (where, however, he spoke very little), and I believe that I then induced him to join a small debating society, "the Decade," consisting chiefly of Balliol men, where the familiar terms on which we met soon made the members well acquainted. But whatever may have been the origin of our friendship, I soon came to know Burrows very intimately, and what principally struck me in him was the entire simplicity and reality of his character. He had no doubt very considerable intellectual gifts, which were shown afterwards in his preaching, but the one striking and pervading feature to anyone who knew him well was his goodness and modesty, combined with what was his character through life—a complete forgetfulness of self.'[1]

[1] The letter goes on to say:

'We paid the Bishop (Wilberforce) a very interesting visit together soon after he was appointed to Oxford, at Lavington, where there was a large gathering of the Wilberforce family—Archdeacon Robert, and Henry, who both of them joined the Church of Rome some years later, and Cardinal

Among the younger men, probably the most active in University matters were Goldwin Smith, Conington, and Henry Smith, who, between 1850 and 1855, became the centre of a very distinguished circle. In general intellectual power I should place Goldwin Smith at the head of them, from the vigour of his writing and the brilliancy of his conversation, both marked occasionally by effective satire. He was afterwards for some years Professor of Modern History, and it has always been a matter of great regret to me that he never chose any great subject to write upon, but spent his strength in small though interesting treatises. His short sketch of Irish History is a specimen of the power which he might have shown had he dealt with a far larger subject. Conington's life was an interesting, and, in his later days, a very touching one. An ardent Liberal for the first six or seven years after his degree, and a votary of the new religious views which were then beginning to show themselves, he suddenly, in 1854, experienced a complete change in his opinions and convictions, to the great astonishment of his friends. He never returned to them, and for the last fifteen years of his life, according to the account of Mark Pattison, voted almost uniformly on any disputed questions with the High Church and Tory parties. Pattison's account of his religious change is a very painful one; nor do I quite believe his words, that there was 'no single academic of his time against whom there existed such a bitter feeling as was felt towards Conington by the Liberals at that date.'[1] If this is true, it is a painful proof of the bitterness of the non-religious party. But undoubtedly he had left them, religiously, if not politically, and was, in fact, doing in one direction what Pattison had himself done in the opposite, he was changing from doubt to religious conviction. I have always agreed with Pattison in regretting that his executors should have thought it their duty to destroy the daily journal to which, for all the latter

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Manning, then Rector of Lavington. We were a very mixed party, for Stanley, who was staying in the neighbourhood with Archdeacon Hare, had been brought over by the Bishop, whose object seemed to be to show his friends some specimens of the young Oxford of those days, who were never entirely in harmony with him. But some of the theological conversations were very interesting. Manning was very guarded, but there was no mistaking Henry Wilberforce's strong inclination to follow Newman.'—Ed.

[1] See Mark Pattison's 'Memoirs,' p. 250.

part of his life, 'he had committed the whole current of his thoughts and feelings.' One of these was Henry Smith, whose judgment and sense of duty may convince us that he thought it impossible to act otherwise; but Pattison was right in saying that 'the loss of this document to University history, and as a genuine psychological study of a remarkable mind, can hardly be overrated.'[1]

I had left Oxford early in 1845, and did not return to my college work till 1847, spending much of the interval, as I have described, abroad, and much of that which was passed in England, partly with the family of Dr. Arnold, with whom I had always been on terms of the closest friendship, and partly with Dr. Tait at Rugby, with whom my relationship, at that time particularly, was like that of a brother. Newman's secession to Rome had taken place in October, 1845, but I had for a year or two previously looked upon it as a matter of certainty, and, with all my warm admiration for him, its effect upon myself had not been great. Of the effect upon Oxford I will speak presently. I think, upon looking back on that time, that my friendship with Tait was not without a sobering influence, for he was the most distinctly religious friend that I had, and it was always a feature in his character, more perhaps than in any man I had known, that difference of opinion was not the slightest bar to friendship. I was far more assured with him of a general religious sympathy than I could have been with any other of my Oxford friends. In Oxford itself I found the effect of Newman's loss less marked than might have been expected, owing, no doubt, partly to its having been so distinctly anticipated, and partly to Newman being the only distinguished person at Oxford who at that time seceded. Its immediate effect, and, indeed, its effect for some years, was rather that of causing a lull than that of producing any very obvious change or shock. His most intimate friends, Pusey, Church, James Mozley, and Johnson (the 'Observer'), had none of them followed him, and most of them had withdrawn from the active life of the University; nor had he been followed by Mark Pattison, who, to all appearance, and, as he has himself told us, had been, or, at least, believed himself to be, his devoted follower for several years.

Thus, I found on my return in 1847 that the excitement of

[1] See Mark Pattison's 'Memoirs,' p. 252.

Newman's loss was over, and the most energetic men in the University, who were all very young, were addressing themselves to what had long been an ideal, viz., University Reform, or perhaps I should rather say the revival of the Professoriate. Tait had, as early as 1839, written a pamphlet on the subject, and many of us, who were pretty well acquainted with Germany, anticipated great results from the introduction of a powerful body of professors into Oxford, greater, I imagine, than has been found to be the case, as an instrument of undergraduate teaching. This, and the opening of Fellowships and Scholarships, were the principal objects which the first great University reform, that of 1850, had in view.

Here, however, we had considerable differences, many of us who wished for an extension of our studies, so as to embrace history, law, and physical science, and for a total abolition of close Fellowships, being opposed to any great alteration in the religious tests. This divided the reformers at once into two sets, one consisting of the more advanced party, such as Stanley, Jowett, Goldwin Smith, Conington, and Halford Vaughan; the other, a much more numerous body, of which Mansel, Rawlinson, and myself were perhaps the most active members, and which may be termed the Moderate Reforming party. We called ourselves the 'Tutors' Association,' embracing as we did a large majority of the then existing Tutors, and I here append a list of our Committees, which, together with the names I have already mentioned, will give a good idea as to who were the leading Fellows and Tutors at this time, viz., from 1848 to 1855. Two of the most influential were Rawlinson and Mansel.

Rev. R. W. Church, Fellow of Oriel.
Rev. J. R. T. Eaton, Fellow and Tutor of Merton.
Rev. J. E. Espin, Fellow and late Tutor of Lincoln.
Rev. O. Gordon, Student and Senior Censor of Christ Church.
J. R. Kenyon, late Fellow of All Souls, Vinerian Professor of Law.
Rev. J. W. Knott, Fellow of Brasenose, Junior Proctor.
Rev. W. Hedley, Fellow and Tutor of University.
Rev. A. W. Haddan, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity.
Rev. W. C. Lake, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, Senior Proctor.
Rev. H. L. Mansel, Fellow and Tutor of St. John's.

Rev. C. Marriott, Fellow and late Tutor of Oriel.
Rev. G. Marshall, Student and Junior Censor of Christ Church.
Rev. H. Moberly, Fellow and Tutor of New College.
Rev. J. B. Mozley, Fellow and Bursar of Magdalen.
E. Palmer, Fellow and Lecturer of Balliol.
Rev. H. Prichard, Fellow and Lecturer of Corpus Christi College, Junior Proctor.
Rev. G. Rawlinson, late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter.
Rev. T. Shadforth, Tutor and late Fellow of University.

We were very zealous in the line we adopted, holding constant meetings, producing several pamphlets, and exciting considerable wrath amongst some of our more advanced friends. We had, however, one enormous advantage, the support of Mr. Gladstone, who, having at first opposed altogether the University Reform Bill, supported our more moderate scheme, and the result was the passing of the first Reform Act in 1854.

Perhaps the most amusing record of a Reform which, though it may appear to our more advanced friends of the present day a very poor flash in the pan, was still the inauguration of the reforms most necessary, is to be found in a poetical effusion of Mansel's,[1] of which the following is a specimen:

Commissioner. Who calls so loud?
John. I John, the Minister;
Teach me, I beg, your mode of raising money.
'Twill help our budget wondrously. That Wood
Is a mere stick at figures, and Joe Skinflint
Bothers us with his items and his tottles
Out of our very places. Can't you teach me
A good exchequer trick? You'll find me apt,
A ready pupil. Will you be my tutor?
Comm. Tutor, benighted wretch! Didst thou say tutor?
Who talks of tutors now? The coin's not current.
Professors, man, professors are the thing.
They'll mould and model English education
On the best German plan; 'tis quite delightful
To see how German students learn of them—
No bigotry, no narrow-minded feeling,
Nothing sectarian. In their very songs
They praise the Pope, who leads a jolly life,
And wish to be the Sultan.
John. Can I see them,
These wonderful professors?
Comm. I'll invoke them.
Listen, august professors; ye who teach

[1] Afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

Physics with Oken, and proclaim to man
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose from the eternal nothing. Ye who scan
The universe of Being, and reveal
How Werden, eldest born of Seyn and Nichts,
Gave birth to Daseyn, whence in long succession
The world of thought and substance. Ye who fathom
The hidden myths of Scripture and the essence
Of worship, function of psychology—
I summon you, appear.

(*Enter chorus of* Professors. Strophe *or* Twist.)

Professors we,
From over the sea,
From the land where professors in plenty be;
And we thrive and flourish, as well we may,
In the land that produced one Kant with a K,
And many Cants with a C;
Where Hegel taught, to his profit and fame,
That something and nothing were one and the same;
The absolute difference never a jot being
'Twixt having and not having, being and not being,
But wisely declined to extend his notion
To the finite relations of Thalers and Groschen.
Where, reared by Oken's plastic hands,
The eternal nothing of Nature stands;
And theology sits on her throne of pride,
As arithmetic personified;
And the hodmandod crawls, in its shell confined,
A symbol exalted of slumbering mind.
Bacon, be dumb,
Newton, be mum;
The worth of induction's a snap of the thumb.
With a bug, bug, bug, and a hum, hum, hum,
Hither the true philosophers come.

The immediate cause of the movement was, I think, a motion on the subject brought forward by Mr. Heywood, proposing a Commission. This was strongly opposed, and it occurred to three or four of us, Stanley, Jowett, Goldwin Smith and myself, that a private letter to Lord John Russell might be the best means of achieving our object. The letter was accordingly written and signed by us,[1] and the result was the Commission of 1850, with Stanley and Goldwin Smith for its two secretaries, and the next two or three years were devoted to plans for University reform.[2]

[1] 'We naturally at the time did not speak of this letter, nor have I often seen it referred to; indeed, it seems to be supposed in Stanley's Life that it originated from himself alone. But the fact is what I have stated, and it was known at the time to have influenced Lord John Russell, in spite of Mr. Gladstone's strong opposition, to appoint the first Oxford Commission of 1850' ('More Oxford Memories,' W. C. Lake, *Good Words*, December, 1895).

[2] See the account of this in 'Memorials of Lord Selborne,' vol. ii., chap. xlii.

The Commission of 1850, followed by the Act of 1854, was undoubtedly the commencement of modern Oxford, and inaugurated in principle most of the changes which have since taken place. It changed the government from that of the old board of Heads of Houses to an elected body of eighteen members, taken in equal proportions from the Heads of colleges, the professors and the other graduates, together with the Vice-Chancellor and the two Proctors; it opened all, or nearly all, the Fellowships and Scholarships; it was contemporaneous with great alterations in the examinations; it increased considerably the numbers of the professorships; and the principal point which it left undone was the admission of Dissenters to the University.

These changes did not go nearly so far as those of the last Commission of 1877, for which, whether they have been good or bad, the University was not then prepared; but it is interesting to observe that they at that time reflected the feeling of the University as it was expressed by the large body of the 'Tutors' Association.' The pamphlets on the subject are very numerous and interesting, and they are written by many of the ablest Oxford men in public life, such as the late Lord Selborne (then Mr. Roundell Palmer), Sir Stafford Northcote and Professor Freeman. Most of the points which I have mentioned were generally accepted, the leading point in dispute being, I think, the proposed increase both in the numbers and the work of the professors; and here the principal disputants were Dr. Pusey and Professor Halford Vaughan, of whose great but rather eccentric reputation I have elsewhere spoken. There was no doubt, then, a mania on the part of most of the reformers in favour of professorships, the objections to which Dr. Pusey, from his acquaintance with Germany, knew to be strong, and which he perhaps over-estimated. His strongest point was, as he expresses it himself, that 'any discipline which professorial, *i.e.*, delivered, lectures may give to the faculties was *beyond measure inferior* to the complex discipline involved in catechetical instruction';[1] and he added his own experience that, 'remembering the catechetical lectures he had himself received either in the ethics or from Bishop Lloyd in the Epistle to the Romans,' he was 'satisfied that catechetical lectures might be a much

[1] 'Collegiate and Professorial Teaching and Discipline,' in answer to Professor Vaughan's strictures, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., p. 28.

higher discipline to the mind than any delivered lecture.'[1] The only support which Pusey received from the Liberal party came from a very unexpected quarter—Mark Pattison, whose own experience of successful work as a college Tutor had left him with the belief that nothing could equal the power of the 'personal influence of mind upon mind, the mind of the fully instructed upon the young mind which it seeks to form.'[2] He was always, too, as he repeatedly says, incapable of more than one strong impression at a time, and therefore 'charged in this direction with all the force of which he was capable.' More professorships, however, and the proposal for 'unattached students' were among the chief recommendations of the Commission, and though the latter was not carried till sixteen years later, the Commission was certainly the commencement of a new life in Oxford. It is interesting to remember the amount of discussion to which it gave rise at the time, especially in respect of what many of us regarded as the best of all its suggestions, the general opening of Fellowships; and I have before me at least ten or twelve pamphlets[3] which discuss the proposed Bill very fairly, though some of them, like Mark Pattison's report, object to the large amount of teaching which it was proposed to place in the hands of professors; others to the implied, though not distinctly expressed, recommendations of the Commission for the removal of religious tests and the admission of Dissenters to the University. But on the leading reforms suggested we were mostly agreed.

[1] 'Collegiate and Professorial Teaching and Discipline,' in answer to Professor Vaughan's strictures, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., p. 29.

[2] Pattison's 'Memoirs,' p. 260.

[3] Perhaps the ablest of these was a very vigorous series of replies sent by Mr. Roundell Palmer to some questions addressed to him by the Tutors' Association, in which he strongly endorsed their objections to the excessive power which it was proposed to place in the hands of the professors. It may be as well to quote his words, and indeed there is much in all his answers which would throw great light on the University of that day. 'In the objections,' he says, 'very temperately stated by the Tutors' Association to the extraordinary preponderance of power assigned in this scheme to the professorial body, I fully concur. The professors have hitherto established no title to an ascendancy in the councils of the University; they have as yet had no part whatever in its government; and to transfer to them suddenly the practical control over its whole legislation would be a violent revolution wholly (as it appears to me) without cause or reason' ('Answers,' p. 6). It may be added that the whole reform as it was carried out by the Act of 1854 was a compromise between the proposals of the Commission and the plan suggested by the Tutors, who certainly on the whole represented the great body of the University.

The principal opponents of the measure were, as might be expected, the thorough Conservative party, and especially the Heads of Houses. I happened to be Proctor in 1852-1853, and as such had a good opportunity of studying the tactics, if they can be called such, of the latter. It was certainly, as might have been expected, an extremely bad body for government, containing very few men of real ability, and being at that time entirely in the hands of Dr. Hawkins. Dr. Jeune, then Master of Pembroke, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, a member of the Commission, was on the Board, but observed a discreet silence, and the opposition to the Bill would have been unanimous if the Proctors had not thought it right to speak out. This was in those days very unusual, for they were rather expected to be silent members of so august a body; and I remember with amusement the astonishment which was created by our delivering ourselves of some rather decided speeches. The only answers, I think, were from Hawkins, and they generally consisted in some such questions as 'Where did you get all this information?' or, 'Who told you all this?' as if we were very impertinent young men. I always found, however, that he rather liked the novelty of a little opposition, for he soon began to enter into the debate, gave a friendly and favourable account of it to Church, and though I had known nothing of him personally before, we became when my proctorship was ended very fast friends.

The result of the Commission was generally felt to be a satisfactory one. It had run a narrow risk of abolition in Lord Derby's short Ministry in 1852, but Lord Aberdeen's coalition Ministry of 1854 introduced a large measure of reform, particularly in the opening of upwards of 300 Fellowships, and in the extension both of the professorial system and of the studies of the University. One point of importance was omitted in the Bill, the abolition of tests, and consequent admission of Dissenters; but this was proposed in June, 1854, by Mr. Heywood, and in spite of the strong opposition of Mr. Roundell Palmer, and to a certain extent of Mr. Gladstone, it was carried, chiefly by the support of Lord Stanley, speaking as a Conservative.[1] Other measures, affecting more directly the education of the

[1] See an interesting account of this in the 'Life of Lord Selborne,' vol. ii., p. 202.

University, particularly the creation of the two new Schools of Modern History and Law—they were at first combined—and of Physical Science, had been carried by the University itself, and the value of both, but more especially of the Modern History School, was at once recognised. I was an examiner at the opening of this school, having as Proctor secured the assistance of the great name of Mr. Hallam, and I well remember the interest he took both in the work and in the men. He was heartily cheered in Convocation as the 'Middle Age' man. I also have a lively remembrance of the ability of some of our earliest pupils, particularly Lord Lothian (the most brilliant of them all, who, alas! died prematurely), Lord Egerton of Tatton, Mr. J. F. Bright and Mr. R. C. Christie. It was from this School, indeed, that we had always the highest expectations, and I do not think they have been disappointed, for not to speak of the large honour-lists for forty years, it is probably more to this School than to any other cause that is owed the great amount of writing that issues from the existing University.

Meanwhile the creation of the Moderation School had a good deal altered the character of the final Classical School. Here, too, were new examiners, my brother Proctor and myself having appointed Wilson of Corpus Christi College, Jowett and Pattison, as being the best representatives of the education movement; and, having been examiner myself two or three years later, I was rather startled to find how much both scholarship and the requirement of a very accurate knowledge of books were diminished. Good Latin prose, an absolute *sine quâ non* in the old system, had been entirely deposed from its dignity, and 'firsts' had to be given where this part of a man's work was hardly above the standard of an old 'third.' I do not think, however, that there was any material change in the character of the final 'firsts' when I was last in the schools as examiner in 1855.

The commencement of a large academic reform, marked as it was by the Bill of 1854, was in many respects the beginning of a new life to the University. The opening of the Fellowships, the increase of Professorships (though this may not have been so successful as was expected), the formation of the new Schools of History and Physical Science, the gradual rise of some of the richest and oldest colleges, which for centuries had lain almost dormant—New College and Magdalen, for example—into great

schools for teaching: all this has made Oxford during the last twenty or thirty years infinitely more literary and more national, and probably in both these respects a constantly increasing development may be expected. No doubt the loss of religious influence for a time was in many respects a very serious one. A religious movement always brings with it great men; and the result of the loss, both of Arnold and Newman, was the withdrawal of any great religious power and of nearly all religious interest from the University for something like a quarter of a century, a loss which was hardly diminished by the publication of one or two works of Stanley's, and one of Jowett's, on St. Paul's Epistles. These works, particularly the latter, may be described as marking the beginning of the period of religious doubt, and were looked upon by Stanley as such; and thus the University was left without the guidance of any powerful religious mind. The effect of this was obvious to me as long as I remained in Oxford. There was no great preacher, and no one in the colleges who was identified with any distinct line of religious conviction.[1] And though Pusey was working indefatigably, his influence was far more felt out of Oxford than in it, in the formation of sisterhoods and the foundation of churches, such as that of St. Saviour's at Leeds. Nor had the teaching of the more influential of the Ritual party, such as Lowder and Mackonochie, begun as yet to be felt at Oxford. But Oxford was not a place where religious life could ever have died out; and the first and most vigorous form of its revival was in a somewhat unexpected quarter. The teaching of Professor Green was no doubt of a different character from that of the Oxford Movement. But there is a general agreement as to its effect in raising the religious tone of the University, and the social efforts which have marked Oxford in the last fifteen years are, many of them, due to it. There is said to be still a large amount of scepticism in many colleges; but, from such accounts as are given in 'Oxford Life' and other works, the religious condition, particularly of the undergraduates, is very different now from what it was twenty-five years ago. It is quite possible, however, that the college chapel has no longer

[1] 'Mr. Maurice had been staying with Arthur Stanley at Oxford, and seemed very depressed by the state of things there. "All," he said, "was stagnant, and lifeless, and hopeless. . . . There might," he said, "be some infidelity, but if there were, it was quite stagnant and listless"' (Maurice on Oxford, 1851, Dr. Hort, vol. i., p. 184).

the same place in the religious life of an undergraduate that it had in the best colleges from 1830 to 1840.

But whatever Oxford may have been, say from 1860 to 1880, there can be no doubt that the last twenty years have witnessed a real religious reaction. If the worship in some of the colleges has been of a careless character, there are others, such as Keble, Magdalen, and New College, where it has never lost its power, and the churches—St. Barnabas, to take but a single example—are far more frequented by undergraduates than in early days. Also the Pusey House has been in the hands of men of real ability. The result has been a strong religious revival, independent to a certain extent of both colleges and Tutors.

In many respects I doubt whether any period of the life of the University has been more interesting, either in events or in the character of its leading men, than the twenty years from 1835 to 1855 which it was my happiness to pass there. It was the time of Keble and of Arnold, of Newman and Pusey, of Tait and Ward, of Stanley and Jowett; and certainly no men could well be imagined who were more capable of influencing the minds and characters of others, especially the members of a University, and, most of all, of a University with the peculiar character and history which its constitution and its connection with the Church of England have given to Oxford. I do not know whether he so intended it, but Matthew Arnold's description of the 'beautiful city,' the 'adorable dreamer,' the 'home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs,' certainly applies to no time in the history of Oxford so well (if it applies at all) as to the years of what was pre-eminently the Oxford Movement; though lasting only some ten or twelve years, it has in many respects stirred the English mind to its depths.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER V

Sketch by Lord Lingen

The Dean's 'Reminiscences of Oxford' may perhaps be fitly closed by a few words from Lord Lingen, in which he gives his recollections of Mr. Lake as an Oxford Fellow and Tutor:

I was elected in 1841 to a Fellowship in Balliol College, where the late Dean of Durham was already a Fellow. If I knew him except by name and reputation before that date, it could only have been in a very slight degree; I remember no particulars of it. I was resident at Balliol during 1842, and again in the first half of 1844, and in those periods I used to meet him pretty constantly in the Balliol Common Room. The time was one to remember, for the daily frequenters of the Common Room included, among others, Tait, the late, and Temple, the present, Archbishop of Canterbury; W. G. Ward; Jowett, the late Master of Balliol; and Lake.

Lake was not only one of this remarkable association, but his residence in Oxford (1835-58) coincided with that of his Rugby schoolfellows, Arthur Stanley and Arthur Clough, and with the great ecclesiastical movement which is popularly connected with the names of Newman and Pusey. . . .

Lake, as a Balliol Fellow and Tutor, had many points in common with all his college contemporaries, but he was identical [so to speak] with none of them. I should say he most resembled the late Archbishop Tait. Both had in them from their undergraduate days an element not simply academical, but of the outer world. Both were noted speakers at the Union; both were presidents of it; both retained through life their oratorical powers, and had they followed a secular career might have been famous as orators at the Bar or in Parliament. Their style in the pulpit was their style on all occasions where they had to persuade men. They appealed to experience, to reason, and to conscience, rarely to passion, and, given the difference of subject, they preached largely as great advocates or great statesmen might have spoken. In Lake this temperament no doubt reflected the teaching of his great master, Dr. Arnold; but the circumstances of his own early life pointed the same way. The son of an officer, he always seemed to me to carry a good deal of the military character about him—its *savoir faire*, its readiness, its self-possession in all circumstances and in all companies. Had I had to dress my friends for private theatricals, I should have dressed Lake as an abbé of the French Court. His

address was polished, his conversational power remarkable—easy, natural, without sign of preparation or effort, yet equal to all demands which varying society might make upon him, the outcome of keen observation and of natural tact. . . .

Lake was famous as a college Tutor; he took a leading and active part in the discussions which arose in Oxford out of the report of the Royal Commission to inquire into the state of the University in 1852. . . . I have not proposed to myself to narrate Lake's public service, which was great, . . . but only to sketch the man himself as he personally lives in my memory, and is never thought of but with pleasant associations.

LINGEN.

March 12, 1900.

CHAPTER VI

EDUCATION COMMISSIONS[1]—HUNTSPILL

Most of the work of what may be called the earlier part of the 'fifties' has been already described as the commencement of a change which was decidedly beneficial to the intellectual life of Oxford. Of the later changes I know little, nor can I express an opinion on such points as the marriage of Fellows and the non-residence of Tutors in their own colleges, although these must seem to an older Oxonian to be of doubtful advantage; but the opening of some three hundred College Fellowships was itself an act which was enough to change the whole character of the University. I have said enough, however, both of the proposed reforms and the manner in which they were fully discussed before they were passed; and, as I was an examiner both in the classical and the modern history schools under the new régime, I had full opportunity of seeing their effect upon University studies. Oxford, moreover, was naturally content for some years to occupy itself with no other additional subjects. Some of us, indeed, who had been most interested in the new Schools were at this time removed from any active part in working them out, for Stanley had in 1851 been appointed to a canonry at Canterbury, Goldwin Smith had withdrawn for some years from Oxford, and I had myself been chiefly occupied by the work of two important Commissions—the first, beginning in 1856, on the Education of Officers in the Army; and the other, in 1858 (which is commonly called the Duke of Newcastle's Commission), on the Education of the Poor—and, leaving Oxford in 1859 for a college living, I had little opportunity of observing the working of the new alterations.

The training of young officers for the army has now become

[1] On Military Education and on Popular Education.

so important that it may be worth while to give a short sketch of what was, I believe, the first step in the movement, the Commission to which I have just alluded, in 1856. It was, indeed, hardly in the full sense of the word a Commission, for it was not appointed by the Crown, but by the heads of the War Office, and more especially by Mr. Monsell (afterwards Lord Emly), with a view to raise the standard of army education, and more particularly that of the staff, in which various defects had been apparent during the Crimean War. An examination for army candidates had been established in 1855 by Mr. Monsell, for which Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. (afterwards Archbishop) Trench, and myself had been appointed examiners; and I suppose it was on this principle of enlisting University experience in the work that I was asked to join with an officer of the Engineers, Colonel Yolland, and one of the Artillery, Colonel Smyth, in an inquiry into the education given in some of the great military schools of the Continent, particularly the colleges for the staff.

The inquiry turned out a much longer one than we had expected, from the great number of the colleges in France, Prussia, Austria, and Italy; and, after spending several months of 1856 in what was almost a tour of Europe, we had to pass the remainder of the year in drawing up our Report. But it was a time of singular interest, and having secured the most accomplished of secretaries in Arthur Clough (and for a time Sylvester), we found it easier work than we had expected to estimate the character of the different great military schools; our stay, moreover, at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Turin brought us into contact with many great educational authorities, both military and civil.

Our stay at Paris was in many respects our most interesting time, and perhaps its most remarkable feature was that we found many of the most distinguished French writers so thoroughly conversant with the education of the army. The whole education of the country had, in fact, been at first upset and then remodelled by the Revolution; and the leading feature in the remodelling of the army education had been the formation, partly for general scientific objects, and partly for the artillery and engineers of the army, of the École Polytechnique, which was then, and probably is still, the greatest educational institution for scientific purposes in France. It was very

interesting to us as Oxford men to observe the contrast between the French and English, and also the French and German, modes of work—the immensely hard work of the French scientific soldiers being almost entirely accomplished by cramming, and hardly anything left to their own private reading, while the examinations were almost solely by *vivâ voce*. One result of this was, as we were assured by all our French literary friends, that 'the love of science in French officers was nil—money and a position were everything.' When we came to Germany, we found the system essentially different, the work being of a much more literary character, and much more being left to the men themselves. The general character of our French friends' remarks was very much opposed to the extensively scientific education then given to the French Army, and indeed widely prevalent throughout France.[1] M. de Barante, who had written the ablest work on the Revolution then known, was very strong on this point, the general tone of education having been, in his opinion, much higher *before* than it was after the Revolution. 'In this respect,' he said, 'the youth of France have very much fallen off, and it has made society much less pleasant; they only talk now of racing and railways.' We had the assistance in all our inquiries of a young Artillery officer, the Prince de Polignac, and his impression was, on the whole, much the same; he was a strong advocate for mathematics, but thought that the work required was excessive, and prevented any real liking for study. The same was the idea of M. Villemant and M. Cousin, two of the greatest *littérateurs* of that time in France, the latter of whom gave us an interesting account of the French military studies in the days of Condé and Turenne, and of the complete destruction of that and all other study in the days of the Revolution.

From Paris we passed on to Berlin, stopping for a few days at Heidelberg, where the Chevalier de Bunsen was then living, a conversation with whom on any subject was sure to draw out a great deal of information. I cannot say that Berlin was, in point of society, anything like Paris, and, excepting some pleasant parties at the Embassy and a visit to Ranke the historian, we found little to interest us beyond our studies of the military

[1] A marginal note shows that M. Guizot and M. de Witt were among those with whom Mr. Lake had been brought into relation, and whom he had intended to mention.—Ed.

schools. Here, however, we had the advantage of very intelligent officers as guides, and it was instructive to see the contrast in point of national character between the French and German studies, for the study of literature, which was almost entirely ignored in the former, was almost excessive in the latter—as a young officer from the staff college complained to us, 'there was too much political science and philosophy' ('Allgemeine Bildung über Kant, Hegel, etc.'). The general system, however, appeared to us a very good one, and better suited to English ideas than what we had seen in France, its main point being that, 'after serving three years in their regiment, officers might go in for a strict examination for the Staff School' (Krieg-Schule); and this, which was much the same in the Austrian and, I think, in the Italian service, is the principle of our own staff college.

Perhaps the point which interested us most in the Prussian military education was the account given us of the manner in which it had been originally created. This was due to Scharnhorst, one of their greatest officers, in about the year 1810, when Napoleon, after Jena, had almost crushed Prussia by forbidding it to maintain a standing army of more than 40,000 men. Scharnhorst's mode of meeting this was to change the 40,000 every three years, and thus to train the whole population to the use of arms. He began the staff or war school at the same time, for Scharnhorst, finding the existing staff very defective, is said to have felt that by making the whole population soldiers he was introducing a number of intelligent men into the army who would not be satisfied unless their officers were well-educated soldiers. He therefore created a complete system of education for the officers, in what were called the cadet houses, and a war or staff school; and, though he was himself killed in 1812, his plan was carried out in 1816, with the result that the Prussian officers are now the most generally educated body of officers in any European army.

From Berlin we went on to Vienna, and found the system of a fair amount of military education for all officers much the same, though perhaps not so vigorously carried out as at Berlin. Both here, and afterwards at Turin (which I visited alone), we were very careful in our inquiries about the staff school, which we found everywhere in a state of activity. We were amused, I

may add, at hearing surprise expressed in all quarters at the very small amount of scientific knowledge which was then required from English officers. 'An English officer's *métier*,' was a common remark, 'is to do nothing but fight bravely, and leave all the work to the sergeants.'

At the time of our return, in May, 1856, we found that the attention of Parliament was beginning to be occupied by the subject of Military Education, and though the War Office, of which Mr. Monsell was no longer a member, was somewhat alarmed by the extent of our recommendations, the principal of them—the creation of a staff college—was adopted in the course of a year or two. It took the place of the senior department of the College of Sandhurst, and an account, substantially accurate, of its commencement is given in the 'Life of Sir E. Hamley' (p. 118), where the work of the Commission is described, and it is added that 'the Report spoke so strongly of English deficiencies, and its recommendations were so sweeping, that the Secretary at War (then Lord Dalhousie) hesitated to accept it; but its recommendations were in the end substantially adopted.' One of the first appointments made was that of Sir E. (then Colonel) Hamley to the Professorship of Military History; and the Commission gradually, though slowly, led to the present system of examination for entrance to the army, which is still surrounded with many difficulties.

The army was the subject of another and very interesting Commission ten years later, of which Dr. Butler, the present Master of Trinity, Cambridge, and myself were the University members. But the difficulty of adjusting the education of our public schools with that required for entrance into the army has not yet been entirely overcome. It was an axiom with us in the Commission of 1869 that our main business should be 'to baffle the arts of crammers,' but I cannot say, judging from the present state of the examinations, that we seem to have succeeded. The difficulties of the case are obvious, partly from the apparent inability of the public schools to establish anything like a department which may prepare for the army, and partly from the immense amount of competition which makes something of systematic cram almost a necessity. But I will say more on these points in speaking of the Commission of 1869.[1]

[1] The account of the 1869 Commission was never written.—Ed.

I have already mentioned that the two Commissions of which I was a member, that of Military Education in 1856, and of Popular Education in 1858, had necessitated my resignation of my tutorship at Balliol; and the offer of a college living in 1858 led me also to begin the work of a parish clergyman in that year.[1] I cannot speak of this work, which lasted for more than ten years, without deep interest, or without a most affectionate remembrance of a parish which was in some respects a peculiar one.

Huntspill, in Somersetshire, is situated in what is called the 'Marsh'—a large tract of country extending almost from Bristol to Taunton, and, as its name implies, having been in great part redeemed from the sea. It was a country of rich dairy farms, containing some of the richest land in England; and though the fact of it having had to be drained was supposed to make it in parts unhealthy, I never found it so myself. This was perhaps in a measure owing to my change of residence for three months at different times of the year to London, as I was then a preacher at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. I found Huntspill in many respects a delightful parish. There was little of distressing poverty. My leading parishioners were mostly wealthy yeomen, including many of the finest types of yeoman character; one of their traits was a strong sense of humour, which I have always thought the best intellectual mark of Somerset. Our chief and friendly difference was on politics, for they were almost all strong Tories, and could hardly believe that their Rector could be what they called 'yallow.' The best of them were strongly attached to their Church, though I am afraid that our services were not what I should now wish them to have been; and I was amused by a story, which I heard from Ben Symons, the well-known Warden of Wadham, who had a good deal of property in East Brent, and who told me that if he ever objected to some of George Denison's doings to his parishionors, the answer was, 'Oh, sir, for all that the Rector be responsible for we!' Meanwhile, our Sunday worship was well

[1] The Dean says elsewhere: 'I was also at this time anxious for some directly clerical work, and accepted the college living of Huntspill in Somerset, which gave me for over ten years an experience for which I have always been most thankful of the actual work of a parish. And thus, though not without many deep regrets, I bade "Farewell, a long farewell," to Oxford.'—Ed.

attended, and I soon found how popular and effective unwritten sermons were in a rural population. In spite of many defects, I cannot but look back on my relations with my parishioners for over ten years as having been very happy ones; and I feel that the whole diocese was, and has long been, most fortunate in its rulers: Lord Auckland, to whom I owed the appointment of Honorary Canon of Wells, and his successors having all been amongst the most courteous and active of Bishops. Nor can I forget some delightful friendships which date from those days, especially with two of my neighbours, who, though very different, were both in their way remarkable men. One of these, Mr. Sadler, then Rector of Bridgwater, whose commentaries on Scripture are so widely known, and at whose church I often officiated, was perhaps my most intimate friend; the other was George Anthony Denison. Though we were more separated in politics than we should have been now—nor did I always think his dealings with Church questions very judicious—it was impossible to be otherwise than warm friends with one of such heartiness, energy, and fearlessness of character. In later life we became still warmer friends; and I felt it equally an honour and a pleasure to be asked, in his last years, to write the inscription for a cross which his parishioners had erected as a memorial of him during his lifetime.[1]

There was an additional charm in the beauty and poetical character of our surrounding country. The Quantocks, where I had some dear friends, offer some of the finest scenery in the West of England, and were long the chosen home of Wordsworth and Coleridge at Nether Stowey. Moreover, the whole country near Huntspill was the scene of the last days of King Arthur, Glastonbury being supposed to be 'the Island-Valley of Avilion,' and the River Brae (certainly no very beautiful river) having been the stream down which was floated the barge to receive the dying King.

[1] The sketch of Huntspill is very slight and unfinished. The names of Lord Taunton and Buller in the margin of the manuscript show that Mr. Lake had intended to write about others of his Somersetshire friends. Among those whom he delighted to receive at Huntspill were the Rev. C. and Mrs. Church. Mr. Church, now Canon of Wells, was then Principal of the Wells Theological College, and Mr. Lake often stayed at their house when he had occasion to visit the beautiful old cathedral city.—Ed.

'I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.'

TENNYSON: *The Passing of Arthur*, '*Idylls of the King*.'

My principal public work in my early years at Huntspill was as a member of the first Education Commission, appointed in June, 1858, and whose work was continued till June, 1861. It consisted of seven members, the Duke of Newcastle as president, Sir John T. Coleridge, Mr. Nassau Senior, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. W. Rogers, myself, and Mr. Miall, a very able representative of the Nonconformists. The work was necessarily extensive, and in many respects important, as being the first attempt to deal with the rapid growth of Popular Education since the subject had been placed in the hands of the Privy Council in 1839, and it was therefore requisite to appoint a large body of Assistant-Commissioners, who gave a full report of the state of Popular Education throughout England as well as a shorter account of it in France and Germany. The names of a few of these Commissioners will show that great care was taken in their selection, Matthew Arnold and Mark Pattison having sent us very able reports on France and Germany, while that of Mr. Fraser, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, at once brought him into prominent notice as an educationist. He was wedded to his parish, and it was at first difficult to induce him to accept any important extraneous work; but the Bishop of Salisbury (Hamilton), to whom he was chaplain, was good enough to assist me in overcoming his scruples, and he became the ablest of our Assistant-Commissioners. The work of the Commission lasted for upwards of three years, the Report being presented in 1861. Our proposals may be summed up as being—

1. The appointment of a County Board of Education (and one also in towns of more than 40,000 inhabitants), to consist of six or, in some cases, of twelve members (Report, p. 330).

2. A moderate grant from the rates (p. 337).

3. Non-interference with Religious Education.

The whole Report was fully discussed in Parliament, particularly

in two remarkable speeches by Robert Lowe on July 11, 1861, and February 13, 1862; but no Act was proposed till that of W. E. Forster in 1870. I remember Mr. Forster complaining to me that, chiefly owing to some differences with the Prime Minister, it gave him at first much trouble. Ultimately, I believe, Mr. Gladstone took the direction of the Bill into his own hands.

As this Commission is, I believe, the only one which has yet sat on the subject of Popular Education, and as most of its proposals were either immediately adopted by the Privy Council on Education, or in the Act of Mr. Forster which followed about ten years after, in 1870, it may be worth while to show some of its bearings, both on the existing state of education in 1860, and on the educational system which has prevailed in the country since Mr. Forster's Act. It must be remembered that up to the time of that Act all Popular Education was *voluntary*, and was conducted either by the clergy or by influential dissenting bodies, the pecuniary support of the Government being dependent at first on the examination of individual children, and afterwards (by the Revised Code of 1861) upon the average number in attendance. The report of the Commission, however, established the fact that neither the numbers nor the efficiency of the schools educating children under this system were adequate to the growing needs of the country, and accordingly Mr. Forster, who was at first much disposed to make the voluntary system the national one, came, rather unwillingly as it appeared, to the conclusion that compulsion in some form or other must be added. His original plan for doing this was as follows: He began by accepting the voluntary and denominational system as it existed under the Revised Code of 1864, with no further change in the position of the schools established under it than lay in requiring that they must comply with the definition of 'Public Elementary Schools' set forth in Section 7 of the Act he was introducing. This definition included:

1. The effective conscience clause.

2. Inspection by any of H.M. inspectors without denominational distinction, it being no part of their duty to inquire into any instruction in religious subjects.

3. Voluntary schools were thenceforth to be open to all children in respect of the secular instruction afforded in them,

with liberty of withdrawal from religious instruction if their parents desired it.

Thus far the voluntary system was apparently at first intended to become national, and it was perhaps only the unequal degree in which it took effect in different parts of the country, with the absence of any public means of supplying the deficiency, which determined the Government of 1870 to supply, side by side with the existing voluntary schools, another class of schools, to be supported by compulsory local rates; so that there were to be thenceforth, first, the old system of voluntary schools where they already existed or could be created, and secondly, in default of them, schools under School Boards, which might be supported (as the voluntary schools could not be) by local rates. The attitude of the State towards both classes of schools is summarized in Sections 96 and 97 of the Act of 1870:

No Parliamentary grant is to be 'made to any elementary school which is not a "public elementary school" within the meaning of that Act; and no such grant is to be made in respect of any instruction in religious subjects, nor is the school to be required to be connected with a religious denomination, nor is religious instruction required to be given in it. Nor, again, is any advantage to be given to any school on the ground that it is, or is not, provided by a School Board.'

This was the original proposal of Mr. Forster's Bill, which placed the voluntary schools and the board schools on exactly the same footing; but after much vehement discussion in Parliament it was supplemented by one important clause, commonly called, after the name of its author, the 'Cowper Temple' clause, which made a difference between them, and has been the cause of all the educational controversies ever since, and continues to be so still. The words of the clause (clause 70) are these: 'No religious catechism or religious formulary, which is distinctive of any particular denomination, shall be taught in the school appointed by a School Board.' By this sub-section it is obvious that an important restriction is imposed upon the mode in which religious instruction must be given, if it is given at all; and there can be no doubt that the practical interpretation put upon it in the great majority of cases has been to adopt a scheme in which religious instruction, if given at all, is confined to topics on which there is no distinction between any bodies describing

themselves as Christians. In some cases it is feared it has led to no religious instruction being given at all.

Meanwhile, whatever may be the merits or demerits of this scheme, there is no doubt that the general result of Mr. Forster's Bill, which was mainly based on the Duke of Newcastle's Commission, has been substantially to make education national. Thus, the schools, both the voluntary and the board schools, have risen in numbers from 8,281 in 1870 to 19,848 in 1896; and the numbers of the children for whom accommodation is provided have increased from 1,878,584 in 1870 to 6,072,374 in 1896. The average number in *attendance* has risen from 1,152,389 in 1870 to 4,447,179 in 1896. Of this number, 2,468,491 were in voluntary schools — a considerably larger number than the 1,978,688 who attended in board schools.

Mr. Forster's Bill was not proposed till 1870, and the delay which intervened between it and the report of the Duke of Newcastle's Commission was probably due in great measure to the political excitement of the time between 1860 and 1870, the constant changes of administration, and the excitement caused by Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Bill. At the same time there were two other important Commissions on Education, the first that on middle-class education, and the second that on the education of officers for the army.

CHAPTER VII

ARCHBISHOP TAIT

I HAVE always felt through life that my dearest and most intimate friend was Archbishop Tait, and having probably known as much of his feelings on public matters as anyone (for he always spoke to me with the greatest unreserve), I may be allowed to give my opinion of his character, both private and public, openly. I can do this the more freely because on many ecclesiastical questions we differed widely.

No one who knew him as I did, as a friend and in his private life, could doubt of the singular beauty and strength of his character, whether we look at him in his earliest life as an almost helpless cripple, or in his schooldays at Edinburgh, or afterwards at Oxford, at Rugby, and in the time of his great domestic afflictions at Carlisle.[1] There was always the same tone of affection and of mental vigour; always the same fondness for action joined with a comparative indifference for study; always as he grew older a strong touch of ambition, but ambition in its best form of desire of action rather than of personal advancement. He was, in fact, eminently a man made for public life, and desirous to deal with the great questions of his day, and I always considered him to have been in this respect more suited for a leader as a statesman than as an ecclesiastic. He had very little of the genius or of the enthusiasm which has marked the leaders of thought in the Church even in our own day; nothing of the power over men's minds which Newman or Arnold or Pusey possessed, and he naturally disagreed with all

[1] The trials of his early life, and the great afflictions, together with the constant suffering from illness of his later years, add a touch almost of heroism to the devoted labours which marked the last twenty-five years of his career.

of them; but the result of his line of action, whether he intended it or not, was to allow their influence to take a strong hold upon the English Church.

Tait's earliest work as Bishop of London was of a very practical character—the establishment of the Bishop of London's Fund, some vigorous efforts at open-air preaching, and the institution of evening sermons at Westminster and St. Paul's and in Bethnal Green. In most of these he was successful, but he was unfortunately unable to avoid the difficulties with respect to ritual, which had begun before his appointment, and continued through the remainder of his life. They formed, no doubt, the most marked feature in his whole career, both as Bishop and Archbishop, and are so important a point in the history of the Church of England for the last thirty or forty years, that it is desirable to give some account of his mode of dealing with them and its results. If there were considerable mistakes and some painful events on both sides, they will, I believe, be felt to reflect no discredit either upon the Archbishop or on what may justly be called a very distinctive movement in the Church of England. With this movement there is no doubt that Tait had, both from his early training and the whole character of his mind, very little sympathy; but his mode of treating it, though not without grave mistakes, was marked, especially in his later life, with great consideration and generosity.

The Ritual movement, as it is somewhat inadequately called, has now been active in the Church of England for upwards of forty years; and though in some respects differing from the Oxford Movement in its outward form, it is undoubtedly due to it, and has developed many of its leading principles in the Church of England. It is perhaps unfortunate that it should be simply called the Ritual movement, for its aim has unquestionably been to supply what Newman speaks of as the great want of the Church of England. 'I considered that the *Via Media*, to be concrete and substantive, must be much more than it was in outline; that the Anglican Church must have a ceremonial, a ritual, and a fulness of doctrine and devotion which it had not at present, if it were to compete with the Roman Church with any prospect of success.'[1] When Newman

[1] 'Such additions would not remove it from its proper basis, but would merely strengthen and beautify it; such, for instance, would be confra-

left us in 1845, there were many persons who, like Dean Stanley, believed that the Church must be broken up; few, if any, of his followers expected anything like the Ritual movement to ensue, and the feeling at first was by no means in its favour. Many of us, indeed, who had been warm admirers of Newman and his teaching, viewed at first with a good deal of suspicion the developments of high ritual, which about 1850 were beginning to show themselves in London. But anyone who studies the life of either Father Lowder or Alexander Mackonochie will see at once the secret of its origin. It began, in fact, as so many great religious movements have begun, in the enthusiasm of one or two men, of no very remarkable ability, perhaps, but whose power lay in their strength of character and their devotion; and the life of Mackonochie is enough of itself to assure us that such a movement could not be suppressed. To anyone who had facilities for studying the subject, the thirty years from 1850 to 1880 are a remarkable epoch in every way for the Church of England. My own opportunities, from my close intimacy with Tait, both as Bishop of London and as Archbishop of Canterbury, were considerable; for seeing him constantly, and having talked over with him almost every important case in which he was concerned, or which was brought before the Courts, I was thoroughly acquainted both with the history of the Ritual movement and with his own mind concerning it, and I have already said that he was always anxious to have the opinion of a friend which differed from his own.

Ritual had itself formed little or no part of the Oxford Movement, and there is a very interesting letter from Dr. Pusey,[1] written in 1860 to Dr. Tait as Bishop of London, in which he strongly disavows any sympathy with changes in ritual, adding that both he and the 'writers of the Tracts had always deprecated any innovations in the way of conducting the service, anything of ritualism, or especially any revival of disused vestments. Of late years,' he adds, 'when ritualism has become more promi-

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ternities, particular devotions, reverence for the Blessed Virgin, prayers for the dead, beautiful churches, munificent offerings to them and in them, monastic houses, and many other observances and institutions which I used to say belonged to us as much as to Rome, though Rome had appropriated them and boasted of them by reason of our having let them slip from us' ('Apologia,' p. 167).

[1] 'Life of Archbishop Tait,' vol. i., p. 249.

nent, I have looked out for a natural opportunity of dissociating myself from it, but have not found one.' There is a similar letter of Dean Church's, written rather later, in which he describes 'a strange gathering at Keble's funeral of old converts and new—a crowd of younger men, Mackonochie, Lowder and that sort—excellent good fellows, but who, one could not help being conscious, looked upon us as rather dark people';[1] and it it evident from the two letters, combined with many statements from Archdeacon Wordsworth and the Lower House of Convocation during the next eight or ten years, how little the older High Church party sympathized with ritualism in its earliest forms. Such, in fact, was the common feeling with such men as Dean Church and other leaders of the older High Church party, and although at All Saints', Margaret Street, and elsewhere there were occasional disputes, the case which caused the Bishop most anxiety was certainly that of Mr. Mackonochie at St. Alban's, of which more will be said hereafter. It must, indeed, be allowed on all hands that, in spite of occasionally contemptuous language about 'frivolous' practices, etc., the Bishop, both in words and acts, except in the matter of St. George's, was careful to avoid anything like a violent attack upon ritualism. Of Mr. Mackonochie he constantly spoke to myself and others with warm admiration; and the following testimony of the *Record* may be taken as unquestionable evidence of his moderation: 'The Bishop of London is, to a qualified extent, decidedly Anti-Ritualistic, but he is one of those who has planted new ritualistic churches in his diocese, and who would widen the platform of the Church of England, and does not fully go with the Evangelical school in following the old Reformers of the Church.'[2]

Such was the state of things up to the time of Tait's appointment to be Archbishop of Canterbury in 1868 and the following years; and it may be fairly said that till that time neither he nor the more moderate of the High Church party had quite realized the position of the most zealous of its younger members, who had been, so to speak, gradually collecting their forces for a new development both of important doctrines and of practice. There had no doubt been several cases of disputed ritual,

[1] The date of this letter was 1860, soon after the violent disturbances at St. George's-in-the-East.

[2] 'Life of Archbishop Tait,' vol. i., p. 440.

beginning with the painful disturbances at St. George's-in-the-East, and including those of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and All Saints', Margaret Street, and the Ritual Commission had been issued in 1867; but perhaps no case of great importance occurred before that of Mr. Purchas in 1871, when Tait was still prevented by illness from taking active work as Archbishop, and although the last of these had excited a very strong feeling in the High Church party, the really important cases were those of which Mr. Mackonochie was the centre and representative.

The best representative of this advance, for such it was, is perhaps Mr. Mackonochie, for ritualism may be said to have come to the front on his appointment to St. Alban's in 1863; and for twenty years he was the subject of at least seven or eight suits, which occupied all the leading ecclesiastics and Bishops, with constantly varying results, in the Court of Arches, the Privy Council, and the Court of the Judge appointed by the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874. These were almost always decided against him, and, of course, the tenacity of his resistance was considered to be stubbornness; but he, in fact, felt himself throughout to be struggling for a great principle—the Reform of the Worship of the Church—and above all for placing the Celebration of the Eucharist in its right place at the head of its services. Unquestionably, his wonderful work as a parish priest was of no small importance in this struggle. Placed in what was then, perhaps, one of the most degraded and miserable parts of London, he had won all hearts by his absolute and unceasing devotion, and the sight of such a man, repeatedly suspended for months and years, threatened with imprisonment, and with the loss of his post by 'deprivation'—the sight, in fact, of a continued martyrdom had the effect which martyrdom always has. No argument could have a tenth of the value for the Ritual cause as that which was obtained by the life and death of Mackonochie.

No person felt this more strongly than Archbishop Tait.[1]

[1] See answer to Bishop Whipple (Minnesota), 'Life of Tait,' vol. ii., p. 586. 'One night,' he says, 'as I was sitting in my room, Bishop Tait rapped at the door, and came in to ask me some question about a recent conversation. As he was leaving again, I said, "Will you pardon me if I ask you a question? I know your theological views. Why do you permit the ritualism of those clergy in East London?" I shall never forget the deep feeling he showed,

I was with him, I believe, on the first occasion (in 1867) when a suit was brought against Mackonochie, and I well remember the extreme suddenness of his remark, 'Here is a man who is doing the noblest of work, in the most degraded part of London, and yet I cannot refuse my assent to a suit for his suspension.' Even in the midst of the attacks made upon him, we find a letter from the Bishop asking for his assistance in a case of extreme difficulty; while at the time of his appointment as Archbishop he was doing his best to mediate in one of the many cases when the two highest courts, the Court of Arches and the Privy Council, were disagreeing in their verdicts (in December, 1868), and the letters which then passed between them are among the many proofs of their mutual respect and attachment. The fact is, there was throughout Tait's career, both as Bishop and Archbishop, the curious but also generous combination of two or three opposite feelings—a natural antipathy to every form of decided High Churchmanship, with an incapacity to understand it, and a warm admiration of many leading High Churchmen. In his Oxford days I remember him always a warm admirer of Pusey (not at all of Newman), and he always felt the same towards Mr. Lowder, Mr. Mackonochie, and Mr. Carter. In his earliest London days, perhaps, his antipathy came out most strongly, and this led to the numerous Parliamentary movements to 'put down ritualism,' and to their climax in the Public Worship Regulation Bill of 1874; but when he found that this move had been—partly at least—a failure, his desire was, and continued unceasingly to be, simply for peace. I may mention two or three instances of this of which I was witness. The first was on his coming to stay with me at Durham, immediately after the passing of the Act, when, almost as soon as he arrived, he said, 'Now let us come and talk over the effect of the Public Worship Act'; and on my asking him what he expected the results to be, they seemed so slight that I said laughingly, 'Oh, if that is all you expect, it will be just what Gladstone prophesied, a mere *brutum fulmen*'; to which he answered at once, 'Well, I don't care if it

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as, with tears in his eyes, he answered, "Bishop, those men realize that those poor lost souls can be saved, and that our blessed Lord is their Saviour as He is ours. Who am I to meddle with such work as they are doing, in the way they think best, for those who are going down to death?"'

is a *brutum fulmen* as far as the present state of things is concerned; what I want to prevent is its going much further, for in that case we should really become Roman Catholics.' I am afraid the prophecy was not a very correct one, but the tone quite agreed with a letter which, some years after, he read to me before it was sent, on the prosecution of Mr. Enraght, which he strongly discouraged. He expressed, however, in very amusing terms, his belief that the letter would produce no effect on the Bishop to whom it was sent, nor had it any. The last occasion when I witnessed the same spirit was at the examination of a gentleman before the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission in 1882. This person attacked the Archbishop vigorously for having supported the Bishop of Lichfield in allowing the singing of the *Agnus Dei* at the Communion Service. Here too he treated the objection with great indifference, as I had before heard him say that the introduction of hymns in the Communion Service stood on the same footing as their introduction into other services.

It is time, however, to return to the Act which was most commonly associated with Archbishop Tait during the last years of his life, the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874, to which, whatever may be thought of its management or results, he had for a time certainly devoted all his energies. 'So ends a work,' he writes when it was passed, 'which has given no rest for six months.'[1] The accounts of his life in the newspapers of 1882 are a sufficient proof of this, and a similar evidence may be found in the words of a distinguished American Churchman, which are quoted in his 'Life.' 'How does it happen,' he asks, 'that the wisest and most respected of your Bishops is the author of the most unpopular, ridiculous, and unworkable of modern Acts of Parliament?'[2] Such is certainly the view which the High Church party have always held of it, viz., that, to use Mr. Disraeli's words, 'it was an attempt to put down ritualism,' and in the end a signal failure.

Without attempting to forecast the verdict of the next generation, it can hardly be denied that there was much truth in this view, and that the aim of the Public Worship Bill was to do, what has always been found to be an impossibility in England, to put down a strong religious movement by penal enactments.

[1] 'Life of Tait,' vol. ii., p. 235. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 186.

It was much the same, *vice versâ*, as Laud's attempt to crush the Puritans; and a curious remark of Lord Houghton's to the Archbishop was very near the truth: 'You are as triumphant as Laud in his worst times. I hope it is not to end the same way.' A studious but very unsuccessful attempt is made in the Archbishop's 'Life' to divest him of the responsibility for the Bill.[1] What he had originally intended, it is said, was something much more moderate, and was, mainly, that in every diocese a Council should be appointed to which all ritual disputes should be referred; that this Council should refer such disputes to the Bishop of the diocese, and that his decision should have the force of law, unless an appeal was made to the Archbishop against it. In that event the Archbishop should finally decide, and from his decision there should be no appeal to the Privy Council or elsewhere. It may, however, be doubted whether this proposal was really more moderate than the Bill which was actually passed with the amendment of Lord Shaftesbury, and which transferred the decision of all questions of ritual to a single lay judge to be nominated by the two Archbishops; and it was certainly received from the first with the strongest opposition by all sections of the High Church party. Much of this was probably due to the manner in which the Bill was introduced, to the apparent unwillingness of the Archbishop to consult Convocation on the subject, and to the vehemence of his attack on the ritual party, whom he accused of a conspiracy to change the whole character of the worship of the Church of England. But whether the attacks upon the Archbishop were excessive or not, it is vain to deny that the Bill was practically his work. It was introduced by him; it was in his hands throughout its discussion; the changes in it, though he did not always approve of them, were assented to by him, often against the wishes of the majority of the Bishops, and, though he disliked the final form proposed by Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Cairns, he accepted it. The one point on which alone he insisted, and which he finally with great difficulty carried, was certainly the very important one of allowing a final veto to the Bishop, or in some cases to the Archbishop. The value of this was afterwards seen in Archbishop Benson's decision in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln.

[1] 'Life of Tait,' vol. ii., p. 234.

The Archbishop's hope that the Public Worship Bill would tend to peace was certainly far enough from being realized; for, from the time of its passing to the end of his life, there was scarcely a year in which his time was not largely occupied by fresh prosecutions; the cases of Mr. Ridsdale, of Mr. Tooth, of Mr. Bodington, and Mr. Green all following each other in rapid succession, while that of Mr. Mackonochie was a standing distress to him. Nor was this all, for, rightly or wrongly, he had evidently excited the suspicion of the whole of the High Church party; and the letters of Dean Church, of Dr. Pusey, and Dr. Liddon are an evidence of this mistrust, which continued almost to the end of his life. Take a few extracts from Dean Church's letters between 1874 and 1881. First, there is a very strong one to his brother immediately after the passing of the Act in 1874, in which he says that 'the Church of England at the beginning of the year stood for the strongest and most hopeful Church in Christendom,' but now things have been brought to 'a pass when those who for fifty years had been steadily disbelieving in a break-up, have come to look at it face to face.'[1] Then comes a description of an interview which I had managed to arrange between the Archbishop and himself and Liddon on December 29, 1874, in which, after saying that 'Tait went as near as he properly could to a sort of apology for the strength of his language in his speeches last session,' he adds: 'I could not help wishing he had had the talk last year. He had also seen the week before a number (some twelve) of High Church clergy, to whom he had talked in the same line[2]—conciliatory . . . but as to what is to be done it is not so easy to see; and, except his own disposition for peace, there was not much to be gathered from what he said.'[3] Then again, after fresh prosecutions in 1876 and 1877, there are additional letters to Dr. Talbot (now Bishop of Rochester), speaking of the Archbishop as 'aggravating the mischief';[4] and when there was a further burst in 1880, involving Mr. Mackonochie, Mr. Dale, Mr. Enraght, and Mr. Green (all of them well known cases of the time), there are very strong letters to Mr. Carter, of Clewer, and others, ending in a statement that the Archbishop 'will try to keep things quiet,

[1] 'Life and Letters of Dean Church,' p. 244.
[2] The talk had lasted for four hours.
[3] 'Life and Letters of Dean Church,' p. 247.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 259.

but there will be no reform of the Courts while he and Thomson are in office.' This statement was, however, refuted in the next year by the appointment of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission.

While the feeling against the Archbishop as a partisan was so strong amongst the leading members of the High Church party, it is interesting to observe his own efforts for peace, which came out very clearly in his correspondence, and are quite in accordance with the statement to which I have already referred, that he did not care if the Act was a mere *brutum fulmen*. Nothing can be more friendly, for instance, than his letters to Mr. Ridsdale and Mr. Bodington in 1875 and 1877, when, as it is stated in his 'Life,' 'he made no secret of his opinion' (which, however, he had arrived at rather late), 'that it mattered far less what should be the particular decision arrived at with reference to the vestures and ornaments in use than that some authoritative judgment should be pronounced which might set the long-lived controversy at rest';[1] and his conduct, both to Mr. Enraght and to Mr. Green, in 1879 and 1881, was a remonstrance against the course adopted by the Bishop of Manchester in the one case, and the Bishop of Worcester in the other. The Archbishop was not very successful in his appeal to either prelate, and the result was that he carried a Bill in the House of Lords with the single object of effecting Mr. Green's release from prison. 'Imprisonment,' he said in his speech, 'for contumacy in matters ecclesiastical was never contemplated when Parliament passed the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874. . . . I will undertake to say that not one of your lordships had any idea that the passing of that Act would ever result in the incarceration of a clergyman.'[2] There can be no doubt that this amounted to an acknowledgment on the part of the Archbishop that the Public Worship Bill had been a failure, though he never went so far as actually to acknowledge it. This, indeed, he was far too much of a politician to do, nor would anyone who had known his character as intimately as I had done ever have expected him to do so. I have known him repeatedly in cases where he was obviously mistaken endeavour very generously to repair a wrong, but I never knew him distinctly to confess that he had committed one.

[1] 'Life of Archbishop Tait,' vol. ii., p. 239. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 469.

It is impossible in reading the account of these trying cases, which certainly embittered the Archbishop's life during the last six or seven years of it, not to be struck with the extreme gentleness and consideration of his conduct towards persons whom he undoubtedly considered to be in the wrong. I have already expressed my belief that he committed two great mistakes—the first, his entire misunderstanding of the strength of the ritualist cause, and the strong language he occasionally used about it; and the other, his being led farther than he intended to go, from the determination (which was a marked feature in his character) not to acknowledge himself defeated. But it was a beautiful point in his character that none of these things prevented his doing the fullest justice to his opponents; and his letters to Mr. Mackonochie, Mr. Ridsdale, Mr. Bodington, and Mr. Green, will show that no amount either of labour or of kindness was wanting in his attempts to meet their difficulties. I saw him constantly, and had many opportunities of judging of his feelings, the last of which was when he made his effort at peace by procuring the appointment of the Royal Commission on the Ecclesiastical Courts, which took effect in February, 1881.

I may conclude this sketch of my relations with the Archbishop by the account of our last interview, on November 28, 1882, as it is given in a letter which is published in his 'Life':[1]

'Yesterday, for what I feel to be the last time, I saw the Archbishop of Canterbury. I had hesitated to go to Addington, fearing that the last visits of his friends might be too great a trial for him. But, after writing to Davidson, I determined yesterday to go. At the station I met the Master of Balliol, and we travelled to Addington together; the Bishop of London followed by a later train. The Archbishop had in the morning bidden "Farewell" to several of his old servants, and Davidson thought that he would hardly be well enough to see me before the afternoon. Davidson meanwhile spoke to me fully of the Archbishop's strong feelings on the interests of the Church, which had engaged his latest thoughts greatly. He had a very anxious feeling with regard to his successor, but one which he would not allow to be communicated to Mr. Gladstone, lest it might in any way embarrass him; "God," he said, "has placed

[1] In the words in which it was written on the following day.'

in his hands the responsibility, and with him it must rest." Davidson thought that the Archbishop would hardly be strong enough to speak on this point, but he did so.'

'The Archbishop sent for me before lunch. He was looking very thin and pale, but he did not appear to me so altered as he did to others. After some expressions of warm feeling from each of us, he said: "Ah, this is a blessed way to die, surrounded with so much love and affection! I have known, too, so little of suffering in all these last months, while others have suffered so much; it is only of late that it has been distressing." Something was said by me of the time we had spent together in early life, and of our happy days at Balliol. "Yes," he said, "does it not seem wonderful to look back upon those days? And upon you, my friends and pupils. What a variety of character and of work! And yet I do trust and believe that it has all been directed by God for good. What different characters were yours and Stanley's, and yet it was impossible for us both not to love him. And the dear Master of Balliol, too"—he had just seen him—"he has been always kindness itself to me." "And now," he added, "my work is done, and who do you think they will have for my successor?" And he then expressed his wish that it might be the Bishop of Winchester (Harold Browne), saying, "They could not have a gentler or more loving man, and, though it might not be for many years, the next few years will be such important ones for the Church . . . and then to speak one word of all these troubles: I do trust they will pass. Have you heard," he said very earnestly, "about Mackonochie? It is most remarkable. I wrote to him, imploring him not to allow the case of St. Alban's to come again before the courts, and he has sent me his promise to resign his cure."

'This is the substance, and nearly the words, of what was said. Once or twice, when the Archbishop seemed tired, I wished to stop him, and his daughter Agnes, who was in the room, suggested my doing so. But he said: "No, I wish to go on." At last I thought he was evidently fatigued, and said, "Dear friend, give me your blessing before I leave," and knelt down. He laid his hand upon my head, and gave, with great solemnity and many tears, the full blessing of "The peace of God." He added: "Will you and your dear wife pray for me?" And then I left him, to see him no more in this world.'

I have given this account of the life of Tait during the time of his Archbishopric, and have dwelt on some points in detail, both because it was so important an epoch in the history of the last fifty years and because I believe it to have been so characteristic of the man. It was not free from some great errors; but they were in a great degree retrieved both by his practical ability and his generosity. And no one, I am persuaded, who reads his life fairly, whether they agree with him or not, will doubt that it is marked by many points of greatness. And unfavourable as his course may be thought to have been to the High Church party, I believe it was far better to have brought the question, as he said, to a real issue than to have left it in the utterly unsettled state of the days of Archbishops Howley and Sumner. I do not believe that in Tait's days we should have lost Newman. For myself, having known him for fifty years so well, I may venture to say, in conclusion, that the basis of his character was a high, religious, and unselfish sense of duty, combined with great energy, and practical gifts of good sense and tact, firmness, and calmness.

PART II

DEAN LAKE AT DURHAM

BY

A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY

CHAPTER VIII

DEAN LAKE'S WORK AS WARDEN OF THE UNIVERSITY

It will perhaps be best to begin this short sketch of what was truly Dean Lake's chief work for the Church and country—indeed, he would have regarded it as his life-work, to which all else was preparatory—that is to say, his work for the Cathedral and University of Durham, by giving his own account (almost as he left it) of those critical and important twenty-five years during which he held the Deanery and the Wardenship. Unfortunately, however, this is only a fragment of what he had intended to write, and would by itself give a very inadequate idea of all that had been done during his period of office. It is therefore advisable to add considerably to this fragment, in order that the reader may appreciate justly what the University, the Cathedral, and the Church at large owe to his exertions. And this is the more necessary because there is a widespread ignorance, both as regards the University of Durham and also as to the part which the Cathedral has taken in the great Church movement which has quickened the religious life of England during the last fifty years.

The following is the fragment which Dean Lake has left us:

When I was promoted to the Deanery of Durham in 1869, I found it in many respects difficult to exaggerate the interest of such a position. One of the most beautiful and richest of our cathedrals, and attached to it a University—fallen indeed low in point of numbers, but with many opportunities of extension—*these* were sufficient to supply ample and (it might be hoped) in both cases not unsuccessful work.

No one, indeed, can look at Durham as he passes it by the railroad without being struck by a view which, in the beauty and dignity of the situation and in the magnificence of the buildings, may almost be said to express the history of the place. The great Norman castle and the cathedral by its side both tell of a history which, if it is not without its dark side, is unsurpassed in the case of any other English cathedral,

alike by its intrinsic interest and by the number of great men who have been connected with it. In the interest of its history there is hardly any diocese which can compare with Durham, known (as it was) in mediæval days and down to very recent times as the great Prince Bishopric of the North. It was no doubt chiefly celebrated for the power and, in such cases as that of Anthony Bec, for the warlike character of its prelates, but it was not deficient (either amongst its bishops or its priors) in men of mark, like Bishop Poor and Richard de Bury; while its character for learning was amply maintained in the days since the Reformation by Cosin and Butler, and quite recently by one scarcely inferior to either of them, Joseph Barber Lightfoot.

It cannot indeed be denied that in the last three centuries Durham has in some respects suffered from its very greatness and its wealth, and this even more in the case of the Chapter than of the bishops. The bishopric was (certainly after 1700) usually looked upon as, what a member of the Ministry in 1750 describes it, 'a place of ease for men of family and fashion.' But such men as Bishop Butler and (in a different way) Bishops Barrington and Van Mildert gave a general tone to the episcopate which made itself felt in the diocese; besides which, they introduced into the Chapter several men of distinction, such as Warburton, Bishop Lowth, Bishop Philpotts, and Archbishop Sumner. But the Chapter was generally looked upon as a collection of wealthy stalls, most of whose occupants resided very little. The cathedral partook of the general want of warmth of worship which till the last thirty or forty years made the English cathedrals the least effective part of the machinery of the Church. The music, however, must have been always fine from the beautiful voices which were attracted by the high salaries of the choir, and when directed, as it was shortly before my coming to Durham, by a man like Dr. Dykes, there can have been in this respect nothing to desire.

The foundation of the University was perhaps the most important work of the Bishop and the Chapter of Durham before the reduction of their large incomes by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1833, and it must be held to reflect great credit upon them. The University was adequately, though not richly, endowed; and its earliest days (it was at first very popular in the North of England) gave great promise of success—a promise which may still, I hope, be fulfilled. But its existence since it first came into active life about 1836 has been a fluctuating and rather disappointing one. It is curious to read the list of distinguished tutors who were established there between 1845 and 1860, amongst them being Dr. Henderson, the present Dean of Carlisle; the late Bishop Parry of Dover; Professor Sellar; Canon G. Butler; Canon Melville; Dr. Hornby, the late Headmaster of Eton; James Lonsdale of Balliol, etc. And one asks with some surprise how it happened, with such a succession of distinguished men, that the numbers at Durham, which in its first days had gradually risen to one hundred and fifty, should have fallen to about fifty, which was the number when I first knew the place.[1] But undoubtedly there had

[1] The two first Professors of Divinity were Hugh James Rose and Dr. Jenkyns. And although Rose resigned his post very early, yet the high

been great mismanagement. The first Warden, Dr. Thorp, who presided over the institution for thirty years, was a man who had the power of inspiring great attachment among his friends, but his judgment in directing a University was in many respects deficient, whilst his unwillingness to give his Tutors a sufficiently free hand resulted in his retaining hardly any of them for very long.

The one person who really maintained the character of the University under Thorp was Canon Jenkyns, the Professor of Divinity, to whom it was long the custom in Oxford to send men of ability as pupils; and when he resigned his post in 1864, the University had sunk into almost absolute decay. It was in that state that I found it in 1869, and I certainly believed for some years that we should be fortunate if we ever again reached the number of one hundred students.

There were, however, two courses which appeared to give a fair prospect of success. The one was the creation of a scientific college at Newcastle (which, indeed, had been previously contemplated by the Act of Parliament), and the other was the importation of some really able men as heads of the two colleges and principal teachers in the University. To Dr. Plummer and Dr. Sanday and to Dr. Robertson, with the assistance no doubt of some very able Tutors, I believe that Durham may well be grateful for its present position as a sound school of theology.

In looking forward, then, to the future prospects of Durham—as my long acquaintance with and interest in it may, I hope, entitle me to do—it seems to me obvious that they will much depend on the management of its two great schools: that of theology at Durham, and that of science (of which I shall say more presently) at Newcastle. As a University, in the ordinary sense of the word, for classics and literary teaching, the predominance of Oxford and Cambridge will prevent Durham from ever attaining a high position; and now that in Oxford especially, all or nearly all the scholarships and fellowships are open, and make that University even more than formerly the best entrance to success in life, Durham can never expect many able scholars among its members. But the case with theology is different. There is a great want of theological teaching in the English Church, and Durham, though not of course equal in this respect to Oxford or Cambridge, might under effective teachers become a really great school of divinity. There is no reason why the early successes of Dr. Jenkyns should not be repeated. It must be remembered, however, that there is at present only one Professor of Divinity, and that the appointment to the post is in the hands of the Bishop. To make a good school of theology would certainly require more professors.

The other prospect of real usefulness for the University lies in the College of Science at Newcastle. This College has during the last ten years achieved a success which, considering the smallness of its

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repute of Dr. Jenkyns, particularly at Oxford, gained a considerable reputation for Durham in the point which must always be its best claim to distinction, viz., as a school of theology. But in other respects Durham was less fortunate, and its very existence, after the first twenty years, had become precarious.

endowment, is most remarkable. It has now, indeed, the character of a University; and in point of extent of work and of the number of its professors and teachers, it far exceeds the Durham portion of the University. Founded in 1871, and beginning with the very moderate staff of a Principal and four professors, it did not greatly flourish for the first ten or twelve years of its existence; but with the appointment of Mr. Garnett (who had previously achieved a great success as Principal of the College at Nottingham) it made so rapid an advance that in the year 1887 it was able to erect buildings which are perhaps the finest in Newcastle. The lectures now comprise twelve different subjects of science and six of literature and classics. It has ten professorships and twenty-one lecturers. Its regular students amount to 436, while the attendance at the evening classes numbers 1,108. In addition to this work it has a system of county lectures, chiefly on agricultural subjects, employing a professor and three lecturers, the average attendance at each lecture being about fifty.

The first beginning of the great success of the College in the above respects is undoubtedly due to the remarkable energy and ability of Mr. Garnett, who was the Principal from 1884 to 1894. But the success of the College has been still further extended by the present Principal, the Rev. Henry Palin Gurney; nor would it be easy to find an abler staff of assistants in any college in the kingdom.

It is needless to speak of the advantage to Durham of its connection with so powerful a college, and hitherto the two bodies have worked harmoniously. There may no doubt be difficulties in the future arising from friction between the governing bodies of two such institutions, and it is quite possible that a Government Commission may be required to harmonize them.

Dean Lake then proceeds to speak of the cathedral as follows:

My earliest acquaintance with Durham was sufficient to show me that great changes would be requisite in the fabric of the cathedral, and to a considerable extent also in the services. The cathedral had been placed in the hands of Wyatt at the end of the last century. The magnificent Chapter-house had been destroyed in order to form a more comfortable room for the meetings of the Chapter; the Galilee had very nearly shared the same fate, and the Chapel of the Nine Altars had been much injured; the Norman pillars were covered with plaster, and there were only three windows of stained glass in the whole cathedral. The conduct of the services, too, could hardly be called satisfactory. There was no early Celebration of the Holy Communion, and in other points there was much to call for alteration.

Meanwhile, there existed no doubt some of the difficulties which at that time attended reforms in most cathedrals, for the Chapters had grown accustomed to the principle that as few alterations should be made as possible. I was told with approbation that during the life of my predecessor there had been no change whatever in the cathedral or its services. But these difficulties were in great measure soon overcome, for it was obvious that the statutes placed nearly the whole

power over the management of the cathedral in the hands of the Dean. An amusing description of the difficulties which about the year 1870 attended any attempt to infuse life and organization into our cathedrals, at least in most cases, is given by Canon Scott Holland in his account of the beginning of Dean Church's life at St. Paul's. 'Its daily services,' he says, speaking of St. Paul's, 'were hidden away in the choir behind the thick organ-screen, against which Wren had so vehemently protested; and there, in seclusion, a tiny body of cultivated musicians sang to a sprinkled remnant of worshippers . . . the attendance of the Chapter and of the cathedral staff was reduced to a minimum, and there was little attempt at discipline or at dignity in the conduct of the daily services' ('Life and Letters of Dean Church,' pp. 208, 209); and he describes with truth and animation the great and successful efforts which were made by the Dean and the Chapter to make St. Paul's, what it has always been since, the model cathedral of England for the beauty and activity of its services. He has brought out, too, with great vigour a point which, as I have repeatedly remarked, distinguished St. Paul's from any other cathedral—viz., the singularly happy accident of its having possessed, probably for the first time in its history, a Chapter consisting of men of the same standing, and all possessed with the same desire for improving their cathedral. 'The Dean,' he says, 'had arrived at the Deanery at the most favourable moment that could possibly be imagined. The conditions vital to the impending change had all been prepared with curious felicity. The whole of the Chapter who had grown up under the older régime had died within three years, and the new men were simply waiting for the opportunity to begin. They were alive to all the rising demands which the quickened Church life must make on a cathedral, and they possessed among them a brilliant combination of the very gifts which could enable them to respond to those demands. . . . Gregory and Liddon were already in action; to them had just been added Lightfoot, with his unrivalled reputation, and the united force of such a body carried with it the genial courtesy of Bishop Claughton'; and then, to quote his words more fully, 'the Dean thus found himself in the rare position of heading a Chapter which was prepared to act with practical unanimity. It was not, as is so usual in cathedral bodies, an odd assortment of stray goods, a collection of contradictory specimens, each of which had been specially selected in order to neutralize the others. It was a corporate body, that was animated by a single purpose and possessed of sufficient coherence to prosecute this purpose with some consistency and continuity of will. It was ready and able to act together in its integrity, so that it might create a regularity in the life and worship associated with the cathedral such as would survive the monthly succession of Canons in residence' (pp. 214, 218).

In this perfect working harmony St. Paul's has always appeared to me to be singularly fortunate, and, as I have already hinted, the state of things was almost amusingly the reverse at Durham. The choir, although the very high payment of its members secured some of the best voices in the kingdom, was far from orderly; the services were so neglected that the nave in the afternoon was filled with persons who strolled about in the aisles merely to hear the anthem, and the general

impression was that the Dean's power over the services of any kind was very limited. A glance at the statutes might have dispelled this idea, for in no cathedral is his power so unlimited, but . . .

And here, in the middle of a sentence, the fragment breaks off.

Anyone who knows how great are the influence and authority of the Dean of Durham may think that Dr. Lake has hardly made his words strong enough when he says that it is difficult to exaggerate the interest of such a position as that of the Deanery of Durham. The Dean as Warden has in his own hands more absolute power than probably any other university authority in the kingdom; and coming to the University as Dean Lake did at a time when it was dragging on a feeble and obscure existence, the opportunity of making it something more than a University in name was truly great. It was, indeed, in an apparently dying condition. The *Times* in a leading article had directed public attention to its failure, notwithstanding its considerable resources, to supply the educational needs of the North, and had called upon the Prime Minister to appoint as the new Warden some powerful and vigorous expert in education, who might take the lead in reforming and reorganizing the institution, so as to bring it more into correspondence with the changed necessities of the time. Mr. Gladstone responded by asking Mr. Lake, who was then Rector of Huntspill, in Somersetshire, and Prebendary of Wells, to fill the vacant post. His eminence as a scholar and an educationalist had marked him out as peculiarly fitted for the work. He had served on more than one Royal Commission on Education,[1] and his employment for many years as Tutor of Balliol and Public Examiner in the University of Oxford had helped him much to become not only a theoretical but a practical expert in educational matters. Few men, indeed, at that time had more closely studied the education question both at home and abroad, and the part he had taken in university reform and in the promotion of elementary and middle-class education had given him exactly the experience which was needed for Durham. He realized thoroughly what kind of institutions were best fitted to help men (some of whom may

[1] The Military Education Commission, 1856, the first Commission on Popular Education, and the Commission on Scientific Military Education, 1869.

have begun their education in elementary schools) to a complete university training.

The new Warden came, then, to his new sphere intent on making Durham a living force in education. How far he succeeded those who know what the University was in 1869 and what it was when he resigned in 1894 alone can truly judge.[1]

The University of Durham was founded no doubt partly because of the difficulty and expense of travelling from the far North to Oxford or Cambridge, and partly because of the largely increasing population of the northern counties. And for some years after its foundation it had a fairly prosperous career. The wealthy men of that part of the country seized the opportunity of avoiding a long journey while obtaining the advantages of university life and education. When Dean Lake first took office, he often heard from the older inhabitants of the city stories of the good old days when the undergraduates kept their packs of hounds and their horses, and 'gentlemen were gentlemen in those days.' Whether, however, it be profitable for university life or no that men should be able to afford to ride to hounds does not matter for our purpose; at all events, it does seem to indicate that in the earlier days the richer inhabitants of the North gladly sent their sons to Durham for their education. But the opening of railways changed all this; Oxford and Cambridge were brought comparatively near, and students naturally enough preferred the prestige of the older Universities. The inevitable result was that Durham sank in numbers and influence, and after the resignation, in 1864, of Dr. Jenkyns, the Professor of Divinity, the condition of the University, to use Dean Lake's own words, was one of almost absolute decay. To revive an apparently dying institution, to make it a real and vigorous educational power, was the work which confronted the new Warden. It was a work to tax the energy and the wisdom of the most expert educationalist; indeed, at the outset it appeared an almost hopeless task; even five years later, Robert Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke), the Chancellor of the Exchequer, remarked in a public speech that the only thing which

[1] 'Literally, Dean Lake has transformed the higher educational life of the North, and figuratively he may be said to have found us with a small university of brick, and to be leaving us with a great university of marble' (*Newcastle Chronicle*, October 9, 1894).

would reconcile him to the foundation of such an institution as Owens College in Manchester was the fact that it would certainly swallow up the effete University of Durham.

The Dean saw at once that any attempt to compete with the older Universities on their own lines was doomed to failure; he also recognised that to make Durham really useful it would have to be so adapted as to attract to itself the cream of the great population on Tyneside and the other industrial centres of the neighbourhood. It had been represented to him that there was no organized provision in the North for practical scientific training, and he felt that this was an object of the first importance to which the University might well devote its surplus funds and energy. He first won over the Senate to his plan, and then laid it before an influential meeting in Newcastle. The University offered to endow a School of Physical Science at Newcastle with £1,000 a year on condition that a like sum was guaranteed by the great proprietors of the neighbourhood and others interested in the mining industry.

It has been said that the Dean, while he could conceive a bold project and see clearly the right end at which to aim, had no mind for details; this is perhaps true to a certain extent, and may have led him sometimes to underrate the difficulties of a great undertaking; but, on the other hand, he possessed to a remarkable degree the power of estimating another man's capacities, and after putting him into the very place which he exactly fitted, leaving him to work out the details in his own way. He also showed that his mind was not without a practical bent by the way in which he took care to enlist upon his side in his foundation of a Science College the best of the leading business men in Newcastle and district. A remarkable illustration of this was the use he made of his friendship with the late Mr. Joseph Cowen, for whose powers and character he had the greatest admiration. Few men in the North possessed more influence and used it more consistently for the welfare of their countrymen than Joseph Cowen, and the Warden at once made it his business to secure his interest and co-operation in the work of establishing the College of Science as an organic part of the University of Durham. Mr. Cowen proved a valuable ally, and constantly used the columns of his paper, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, to forward the interests of the scheme which the Warden had at

heart. But in addition to drawing the power of the press to his side in the enterprise which he felt to be vital to the success and usefulness of the University, the Dean, in the days of the success of the new college, used to look back with satisfaction to the fact that he had also secured as his fellow-workers Lord Armstrong (then Sir William Armstrong), Sir Lowthian Bell, and others, who, by their zealous support of the college, did much to make Newcastle and the Tyneside district welcome and make use of it. It was no doubt this power, first of conceiving a bold project and then of enlisting all those who were best able to secure its success, that made the late Warden's period of office so fruitful for the University.

In October, 1871, barely two years after his institution to his office, the college was opened, professors were appointed, and students began to flock to it.[1] It was hailed by the *Times* as an experiment of the highest importance to the whole country; it was perceived that, if it took root and prospered, it could not fail to give an impulse throughout the country to that localization of higher teaching which was regarded by many as an essential supplement to university education. The Warden, in his opening address, indicated very clearly his hopes for the future of the college; he had seen during his short stay in the North that there was room for a higher education, which he described as a university education of a different sort, but not less manly or less real than that which was given at the older Universities. He declared that one of the great objects of his life would be to assist in developing higher education in the district, but he showed very clearly that, deeply important as he held the teaching of physical science to be, he could not regard an education as good which did not include the teaching of literature. Before many years had passed the Warden's hopes were fulfilled, and at the present day the College of Science is the University College of Newcastle.

In its infancy the College of Science had a very humble habitation in the old Neville Hall in Newcastle; but after seventeen years of steady growth it moved to a permanent home of its own. At first, however, it was able to erect and occupy only a portion of the magnificent buildings which had been planned. The

[1] For further details as to the history of scientific education in Newcastle see Appendix at the end of the volume.

foundation-stone of this portion was laid by Lord Armstrong in 1887, and the building was opened by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise on November 5, 1888. It now forms the north-east wing of the building, and includes chemical and physical lecture-rooms and laboratories, museums, preparation rooms, etc. Two new wings, to the south-east and south-west, were soon afterwards erected to meet the growing needs of the college. The main arrangements in the south-east wing are :

1. The large chemical theatre.
2. The research laboratories.
3. The agricultural laboratory.
4. The metallurgical laboratory.
5. The geological lecture-room and laboratory.
6. The library, now containing nearly 4,000 volumes, many of great value.

The south-west wing is entirely devoted to engineering and the fine arts, and contains the George Stephenson laboratory, which is 123 feet long and 35 feet wide, with an annex of 9 feet. The art department is considered the most successful school of art in the north-eastern counties, and in the whole of the North of England.

These wings were opened by the Mayor of Newcastle (Alderman S. Quin) on October 9, 1894 ; and it was on this occasion that Dean Lake made his last public appearance as President of the College of Science and Warden of the University. At the present date (1900) the professors number thirteen, and there are nearly forty lecturers. The number of regular day students has risen to about 500, and there are about 1,000 evening students.[1] Lectures on agriculture and forestry are held in connection with the college in the four northern counties, especially in Northumberland and Durham. The twelve groups of science subjects alluded to above comprise about fifty different branches of science. The literary classes include those in the English language and literature, English history, ancient history, modern history, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German, Spanish, logic, ethics, pedagogics, political economy,[2] psychology, and several branches of law, painting, architecture, design, and all the

[1] In the year 1899-1900, the number of students attending instruction in the college had risen to 1,691, in addition to those attending external lectures.

[2] Political economy has been temporarily abandoned.

branches of the fine arts. The excellent reports of the work of the College of Science given by Sir Joshua Fitch, and about the same time (1897) by the Treasury Commissioners, were a great gratification to Dr. Lake.

Less than two years after the opening of the college, the Warden brought before Convocation a proposal to admit the associates of the College of Science to degrees in arts, after a greatly shortened residence and the fulfilling of the other conditions of the degree; he regarded this as placing the coping-stone on the work of the college. The proposal was, however, very distasteful to the majority of the members of Convocation, who were for the most part members of the University in its earlier days, and who greatly disliked the reforms initiated by the new Warden. Their ideal for the University was that it should be the Oxford of the North; Dr. Lake, seeing at once how impossible this was, made it his main purpose to break new ground and to diffuse the benefits of university training amongst the great population around.[1] The proposal was, however, defeated; and it was not until 1892 that the Warden's efforts finally bore fruit, and the graduates in science were encouraged to become also graduates in arts.

It must have been somewhat of a temptation to Dean Lake to place the College of Science at Durham instead of at Newcastle,

[1] The following is an extract from Dean Lake's appeal for funds for the completion of the buildings in a letter to the *Newcastle Chronicle*, September 26, 1893: 'A few words before I end this letter on the character and extent of the studies pursued in the college. They embrace at present almost every subject which admits of practical scientific work, from physics and chemistry to naval architecture, mines, coalfields, carriage-building, and even cookery; but I have always hoped that the work will receive a much larger extension than this, and that classes will be formed and lectures given on literary, moral and religious subjects; in a word, the college will embrace the complete teaching of a university. A good beginning has been made in this respect by lectures in classics, in history, and in modern languages; and I trust that these will be completed at no distant date by lectures in moral philosophy and theology. The college will then contain within itself all the studies of a university, and any student in Newcastle might receive as complete a university education as he would obtain at Oxford or Cambridge.' The Warden earnestly desired that a lectureship in theology might be created, and left £1,000 for this object, but the statutes of the college precluded its acceptance. Again he wrote in a letter to the same paper on December 7, 1892: 'Has not the time come when the Science College should assume a larger and more university character, and should offer to the citizens of Newcastle a high literary education for their sons, with some of the distinctions which attend upon literary culture? A man is after all but half a man, in whom the scientific side of his character has been largely developed, while his moral, historical, and what I may call generally the literary, side has been forgotten.'

and, indeed, many of his friends and advisers pleaded with him to adopt this plan; but he perceived that to do so was to court failure at the outset, and he absolutely refused the suggestion. After a quarter of a century's experience it can now be seen how wise he was in his refusal. It would have been impossible for the college to attract the same great number of students had it been placed on the Wear instead of on the Tyne, and it could not have been nearly so useful. This liberality and breadth of view in dealing with the University marked all the Warden's plans, whether they had to do with the Durham or the Newcastle institutions; he was willing to walk in the old ways, but perhaps even more willing to direct the expansion of the old into new and more promising fields of activity; and it has been this liberality and breadth, combined with acuteness of foresight, which has proved the salvation of the northern University; under any guidance not actuated by these qualities it would most probably have died a natural death some twenty-five years ago. To the end of his life, even after he had severed his official connection with Durham, the Dean continued to take the same keen and zealous interest in the welfare of the college; it was his child, and he had guided and directed it in its days of rapid progress and growth. He was often cheered and encouraged by the favourable reports of its progress which he received from time to time in the days of his retirement.[1]

In addition to the great College of Science, of which Dean Lake is rightly called in Newcastle the father, it must not be forgotten that there is also on the Tyne another Durham College, the College of Medicine. When Dean Lake entered upon the Wardenship this college was already in connection with the University, but the connection was of a very slight character,

[1] For example: 'Your college is steadily progressing, and promises to fulfil your expectations. We have upwards of 1,500 students, of whom nearly 400, I should roughly estimate, are matriculated, or preparing for matriculation. Many men are taking three-year courses for a college certificate in various departments. Upwards of 4,000 persons have attended external courses of lectures given in the district by the staff of the college during the current session. The literary department daily grows in importance. Parents are attracted from various parts of England to settle here to send their children to the college.' Again: 'You are so kind in taking an interest in the college you have founded in Newcastle that I find it one of my most pleasant duties to report to you from time to time. I am thankful to tell you that we have received much encouragement. People seem to be recognising that your college is a power which may work much good for the district.'—*Extracts from private letters from Principal Gurney.*

and in no sense could the college be then called an organic part of the northern University. The second year, however, of the new Warden's rule saw the College of Medicine really incorporated with Durham, and renamed the Durham University College of Medicine; a Professorship in Medicine was constituted, and a representative sent by the college to sit in the Senate. Some ten years later the union was further strengthened by making the Professor of Medicine an *ex officio* member of the Senate, while later still four other professorships were founded. It was also during the Wardenship of Dean Lake that the college erected buildings which externally are amongst the glories of the city of Newcastle, and internally are equipped with a completeness which is a delight to the medical profession, so that the Durham College of Medicine now takes a foremost place amongst the medical schools of the Empire, and attracts students in large numbers not only from the North of England, but from every part of the British Empire.

When we turn to the Schools of Arts and Theology at Durham we find the same breadth of idea manifested in the Warden's policy; he was an Oxford man, and he loved Oxford with a most devoted love; but he saw at once that any attempt to make Durham into a miniature Oxford would be doomed to failure. He remarks most truly in the fragment he has left that Durham can never expect to obtain a high position as an institution for classical and literary teaching;[1] a man who can afford to stay three or four years at Durham can also afford to spend the same time at Oxford or Cambridge, and most naturally prefers to do so; indeed, it has been more than once the case that a really first-class man has, after graduating at Durham, taken valuable scholarships at Oxford and then graduated there. The Warden's aim was not so much to do the work which the older Universities were doing, as to help to educate more perfectly classes of men whom they were not at present reaching. His primary object, however, was to make Durham a first-class school of theology, and the following notes which have been found in his handwriting bear on this subject: 'I have endeavoured for the last time to press upon the University over which I have had the privilege of presiding for twenty-five years, what appears to me to be its highest vocation, both for usefulness and distinction.

[1] See above, p. 115.

I have said that no place offers a more noble field for a high theological teaching than Durham, and that, without depreciating its other advantages as a University, I do not think that any of them are comparable to the position it would hold if it were regarded as the great school for theological training in the North of England.' This was the Warden's aim, and though there is little doubt, from frequent conversations held with him on the subject, that at the end of his twenty-five years of office he was not entirely satisfied with the position Durham held as a theological school, yet he had the satisfaction of knowing that, by securing the services of such tutors as Dr. Sanday, Dr. Plummer, and Dr. Robertson, he had not only largely increased the numbers of the students, but had also attracted graduates from the older Universities to complete their theological course at Durham. In Epiphany term, 1869, there were only some fifty undergraduates in residence; in Michaelmas term, 1882, the numbers had risen to two hundred and five. The Warden had, in 1874, in estimating the prospects of the University, remarked that he saw no reason why good management should not raise the number of students to two hundred, but beyond that number he did not think that the Durham portion of the University would ever rise. And it has turned out that his estimate has been singularly correct; about two hundred is the number which appears to be permanently maintained at Durham, but beyond that there is no sustained increase.

It has already been remarked how, in the carrying out of his schemes for the regeneration of the University, the Warden discovered by a kind of intuition who were the men whose co-operation would be most valuable. And this insight into character and capacity stood him in good stead in the numerous appointments which he had to make during his long tenure of office. He perceived that the success of Durham must depend to a great extent upon the ability and attractiveness of its professors and lecturers, and that to fail to secure the right man for a particular post was to do a serious injury to a struggling institution. For this reason he thought no trouble too great to be taken in order to make the very best appointments, and it can be truly said that the late Warden never made an appointment which was not successful, and in almost every case so conspicuously successful that it has been difficult to retain at

Durham and Newcastle the able men whom he had brought there. It has been remarked that he put not his trust in testimonials by themselves, however excellent they might be, but he made it his business to interview for himself every candidate for a post to which he had the responsibility of appointment; and his insight was such that a comparatively short interview enabled him to make up his mind, and to select the right man. Durham men will at once recall the names of those (many of whom have now been tempted away) who have helped to raise the University from its condition of decay into a state of vigorous life. It is difficult indeed to mention any names without mentioning all; but perhaps those of Principal Garnett, Principal Gurney, and Professor Sampson in the College of Science may be recalled, whilst at Durham the appointment of Dr. Sanday (now Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford) as Principal of Bishop Hatfield Hall, of Dr. Robertson (now Principal of King's College, London) to succeed him, of Dr. Plummer (the present Master of University College), of Dr. Jevons (who has since been appointed Principal of Bishop Hatfield Hall), have been so fruitful in good results to that part of the University situated upon the banks of the Wear that they cannot well be passed over in silence.

Though Dean Lake placed his main hope for Durham's usefulness in the Theological School, yet he made it his aim to diffuse as widely as possible the benefits of the course in arts; and this he was successful in doing in two directions. In 1875 Codrington College, Barbados, and in 1876 Fourah Bay College, Sierra Leone, were affiliated to the University of Durham upon the most generous terms. Residence at either of these colleges was allowed to count term by term as residence at Durham. Both in arts and theology the two colleges have adopted the Durham curriculum, and when the students there have completed the necessary residence, and duly passed the examinations, they can obtain degrees and licenses. The students of these colonial colleges have the same papers and the same examiners as students at Durham, and there is no doubt that the intellectual stimulus thus given has been a very great benefit to the cause of education both in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa. A large proportion of West Indian and African clergy and schoolmasters thus owe their intellectual training to a great extent to the generous policy initiated by Dean Lake, and the

Church owes much to Durham for what she has done for the missionary cause in Africa and the West Indies. The Dean showed his sympathy with the education of natives for the priesthood by inducing the Senate to grant honorary degrees of D.D. to two native Bishops, who were consecrated to be assistant Bishops in the Niger territory. The late Archbishop of Canterbury felt it to be of the highest importance that they should go among the coloured clergy with all the prestige which could be given them, and expressed the warmest gratitude for the Dean's help in this way.

The effects of the affiliation of the two colleges and the granting of degrees to native Bishops have been mainly, of course, confined to the colonies, but there is a large class of men in our own country for whom the Dean wished to secure the benefits of the arts course at Durham. He maintained that there was a considerable number of candidates for Holy Orders who, through shyness, or bad advice, or want of *savoir faire*, or exaggerated notions as to the cost of a university career, went to a theological college instead of to a university, and thus took orders without a degree. The best of these men were intellectually quite capable of obtaining a degree in arts, and it would be a great boon to them and a real service to the Church to help them to take one. For these reasons, a measure was introduced into the Senate which has gradually connected a large number of the theological colleges in Great Britain with the University of Durham, on the terms that two years' residence at one of these colleges counts as one year at Durham; so that a student who has completed a course of two years at one of these colleges can obtain the degree of B.A. after residing one year at Durham and passing the final examination in arts. In 1876 four colleges were thus affiliated, but the number has now increased to some sixteen; and thus many of the clergy working at home and in the colonies owe their degrees to this liberal policy.

Sometimes in conversation he would speak of the pinched and straitened circumstances of many of those who came to Durham. He would recall instances of men who had barely the necessaries of life, and who denied themselves food to have enough to pay their fees, and yet bravely overcame all difficulties and obtained their degrees. Since the Dean's death letters of gratitude have been found from men whom, by timely pecuniary aid, he had

enabled to complete their course of study with success. One of these, at least, has now attained a high position in his profession.

A measure was introduced into Convocation in 1881 for admitting women to the first degree in arts, and for providing a college or hall for their residence. Any project for encouraging the education of women is always unpopular with undergraduates, and there were also in the Senate those who strongly opposed the proposal; indeed, few of the Warden's reforms were carried out without strenuous opposition; this measure, however, supported by an influential petition largely signed, was successfully carried, but then, unfortunately, remained a dead-letter for fifteen years, because, in counsel's opinion, it was doubtful whether the University in passing the measure had not exceeded its powers. However, a supplementary charter has recently been obtained, by which the power of conferring degrees on women has been confirmed, and the late Warden's policy in the interests of the higher education of women is now bearing fruit, and women are taking a high position in the University, and have carried off some of the chief prizes.

The Warden of Durham is, by the work of his office, brought into contact with all the undergraduates. At the end of a term each one is brought before him, and a report of his work made by the professors and tutors, whilst the Warden sums up with commendation or rebuke. It is rather an ordeal for a luckless undergraduate to undergo; but Dr. Lake was at his very best on these occasions. Sometimes, when he was not present at the beginning of the ceremony and his place was taken by a substitute, it was amusing to see the anxiety of the men outside the lecture-rooms to find out whether the 'real Warden' had arrived or no, and when the word was passed round, 'The Dean's come,' there was a manifest brightening of faces. This was due to his kindliness and dignity in dealing with the men, to which was added a little spice of humour at times. He came from Oxford with a reputation for sternness, but at Durham in his dealings with the men he certainly was most gentle and fatherly, even when he had to rebuke or pronounce sentence of rustication. He loved a little joke, too, sometimes at the expense of the tutors. It is related by one undergraduate, who had sent in an entirely blank set of papers in his terminal examination, that one Tutor after another held up his empty sheets, with the sarcastic remark, 'A truly

spotless paper, sir,' and when he was expecting a severe rebuke for his idleness, the Warden summed up by remarking, with a quiet smile, 'I notice that your Tutors find no fault with your papers, sir,' and sent him away exploding with mirth to tell the tale outside.

But it must not be thought that the Warden did not uphold his Tutors in cases of discipline; those who held office under him will be the first to allow how certain they could always be of his support in difficult and unpleasant cases. His policy was to appoint the best man he could find, and then implicitly trust him. It has been said by one of those who worked for many years under him that 'a Tutor who had the painful duty of presenting a culprit to him was quite certain to receive sympathy and support; nor was sympathy for the offender wanting. The combination of severity and fatherly kindness with which he could administer a rebuke or pronounce sentence of rustication was admirable. Happily, such occasions were not frequent; but whenever they did occur, he turned them to good account.' One who held an important post under him for more than twenty years has remarked that he can 'do no more than express his unchanged, unless increased, affection for him, and the feeling that no small portion of himself had passed with the late Dean into another condition of existence.' Another wrote: 'I can never sufficiently thank you for your most kind interest and generous encouragement, which has given me strength and energy for my work. It is impossible for me to exaggerate my gratitude to you for the help you have thus given me.'

It has been aptly suggested that nothing can better show the progress and development of Durham under Dean Lake than to compare the business transacted at a meeting of Convocation held in 1869 and the business transacted at a meeting in 1894. The University in its vigour and life in 1894 could hardly have been recognised as the same body as that which in 1869 appeared to have at least one foot in the grave. When the late Warden presided in Convocation for the last time, amongst the candidates for degrees there were those who were graduating in surgery, in hygiene, in science, and in music, none of which degrees existed in Durham when Dean Lake became Warden. Moreover, a comparison of the numbers of those who graduated

or received licenses reveals the very considerable increase that had been made: in Easter term, 1869, only nineteen passed the final examinations; in Easter term, 1892, eighty-two passed, or more than four times as many. The University, from being an institution 'ready to perish,' had become an institution promising to live long, and to do that kind of work which perhaps no other educational body in the country can do with equal efficiency.

Dr. Sanday, in a letter to Dean Lake on October 4, 1894, writes as follows: 'I cannot help thinking of the steady progress which the University has made all through your long connection with it. I should doubt if it often happens that an institution over so long a time has so little looking back. And then one remembers how much more the Warden is to Durham than any succession of Vice-Chancellors to Oxford and Cambridge. You have indeed earned repose, and can take with you a feeling of quiet satisfaction. Is there one of the many schemes which you have initiated which has not in greater or less degree succeeded? I cannot think of any.' Writing since the Dean's death, Dr. Sanday says: 'I think the Dean must have had the satisfaction of feeling—as I am sure the world at large must have felt—that what I imagine to have been the great dream of his life had been carried out. He will stand out in history as one of the leading figures in the general advance which has taken place in education. All through the third quarter of the present century more especially, I should very much doubt if there was anyone more active and more influential than he. When I first came to Durham in 1876 this activity and this influence was at its height. The Science College at Newcastle was well launched upon its successful career, and the Durham colleges were making modest, but, I hope and think it might be said, steady and solid progress.'

'There was a little difference in the Dean's relations to these two branches of the University. The Science College was his own creation. He took it up with the instinct of a statesman, because he saw that it was needed and that the trend of events was in that direction. But at Durham there was something more than this. At Durham, in the cathedral, the Deanery, and the University, the Dean was emphatically at home. The whole bent of his tastes, his training and his character, found here its natural climax and satisfaction. We always used to

feel that the Dean was every inch a Dean and every inch a Warden. He took up science as part of an educational policy, but his natural place was in a great church and in a school of "letters."'

'Of "letters" I would say rather than exactly of learning. In the presence of the Dean one realized the full force and value of the old classical or, as it was called, "liberal" education. The Dean used to speak fondly of his early Oxford days and of the Balliol Latin prose, and it seemed as if that same Latin prose had passed into the blood and become a part of the man. I do not think I have ever met anyone who gave me so much the impression of *style,* the true Ciceronian style, really embodied in a living personality. The Dean took an interest in history, but it was in the days when history was a branch of letters rather than of science, and it was this aspect of it that interested him. He was specially well acquainted with the French historians.'

'The effects of all this—the old Rugby and Balliol training, and later reading and culture—were evident; but it is needless to say that they would not have been what they were if there had not been apt material to work upon. The Dean was naturally dignified; he had a natural grace of speech and manner. And all these gifts, inborn and acquired, found at Durham the fittest possible surroundings. I see before me now that tall and dignified figure in the stately rooms of the Deanery, or walking, as we often used to walk together, on the terrace that overlooks the Wear. The picture and its framing were matched to perfection.'

'The mention of our walks reminds me of another aspect of the Dean of which I cannot help saying a word. Dr. Plummer and I were in a manner the Dean's lieutenants as heads of the two Durham colleges, and I do not think it is exaggerating to say that his relations to us were just ideal. I have often dwelt upon them in memory since, and I cannot imagine anything more perfect. We were both his own appointments. He had confidence in us, and from the first moment he let us see that he had confidence in us. When we went to him we were always sure of his sympathy and encouragement. During the whole of my time I do not remember a single occasion on which we did not have it. And the manner in which it was given to us was, I think, quite perfect in its kind.'

'I believe, it is true, that we saw the Dean at his very best;

but it is bare justice and a debt of gratitude that we owe to put on record how admirable that best could be.'

Durham, it will be universally allowed, now holds a prominent and honourable position among the lesser universities of the United Kingdom, but assuredly this result could not have been accomplished without a great amount of hard, though for the most part unseen, work. The Deanery of Durham is unlike any other in the demand it makes on the time and strength of the Dean, owing to the Wardenship being now held in conjunction with the Deanery. In the case of Dean Lake, it was an ideal union of offices. Still, the work entailed by the double office undoubtedly prevented the fulfilment of the expectations entertained of him in his earlier life—that he would make his mark as an author. It was not unnaturally supposed by those who understood but little of the many occupations of the Dean of Durham that when he retired from Oxford, first to the quiet of a country rectory and afterwards to what was erroneously supposed to be the stately repose of Durham, he would devote himself to literary labours, and this expectation has undoubtedly been disappointed. But it must be remembered that whilst at Huntspill he was occupied as a member of the Royal Commission on Education, and when he was promoted to Durham he found work of every kind, both as Dean and Warden, pressing on him. If we add to this his continual struggle against ill-health, especially in one of its most distressing forms—insomnia—it will easily be seen that only the sternest determination and force of will could have enabled him to get through the heavy and various tasks which fell to his lot at Durham. He preferred to leave behind him as his memorial in the North, not a contribution to theological or historical learning, but a University raised to new life, and a cathedral restored to beauty and dignity both as regards its structure and its worship. Nor must it be forgotten that there also falls upon the Dean of Durham considerable work in connection with the Dean and Chapter school. The Dean naturally took the same interest in the school as he took in all educational work, and its buildings and grounds were greatly improved during his period of office.

CHAPTER IX

DEAN LAKE'S WORK AS DEAN

'A CATHEDRAL restored to beauty and dignity, both as regards its structure and worship.' Such are the words in which the writer of the previous chapter has summed up Dean Lake's work for the cathedral, and if for one day the old condition of things as he found them could be brought back and compared with what they were when he resigned his office, these words would be held to be hardly strong enough to express the whole truth. And yet the Dean was by no means entirely satisfied with the cathedral and its services as he left them; nor had he been able to carry out all that he had hoped for in the way of additional opportunities of worship. He came at a difficult time. The wave of revived spiritual life, the renewed sense of the need of beauty and dignity in worship, the desire for the provision of more opportunities for Communion, were very slow in reaching the northern counties. Church life was less vigorous, perhaps, in the diocese of Durham than in almost any other part of England; the great increase of population which had taken place owing to the opening of colliery after colliery was quite beyond the inadequate resources of the Church to grapple with, whether as regards clergy or churches. There was so exaggerated a fear of 'Puseyism' amongst those in high places that slackness was often preferred to zeal if that zeal were suspected of the dreaded taint. In most of the churches celebrations of Holy Communion were very rare, and communicants could have been counted on one's fingers. In one great parish of some 20,000 people or more, the communicants on Easter Day, 1876, numbered seventeen. In very few churches did the rule of daily service obtain; indeed, there is a story current in the diocese that one too active incumbent who began to say the daily office openly in his church was

solemnly admonished by the Bishop for introducing a Romanizing practice. In one notable case a hard-working parish priest, with a large parish, was refused the help of assistant clergy unless he consented to give a written pledge to the Bishop that he would not require them (amongst other things) to take what is called the eastward position at the Holy Communion; and on his refusal the parish was deprived for several years of the services of curates.[1] It thus became extremely difficult to obtain able and earnest young clergy in the diocese, as it had unfortunately got the reputation of being administered in the interests of a single narrow party. The result of this fatal policy is sadly felt in the diocese even to this day. To a large extent the colliery population has been lost to the Church, and, notwithstanding the great advance that has been made, there still is less provision for worshippers in proportion to the population than in any other diocese in the country.

Dean Lake found on his arrival that the state of the cathedral only too accurately reflected the state of the diocese. The daily services were probably well sung, as large sums of money were available for the choir; but there was a sad lack of order and reverence in the services. The Dean always retained a vivid recollection of his horror when he first saw the members of the choir hurriedly coming one by one into the chancel buttoning on their surplices as they walked through the nave. He often recalled with amusement their indignation when he insisted upon their robing in the vestry and entering the cathedral in orderly procession. During Evensong on Sundays the nave was used as a place of promenade, where people walked about, chatting together, waiting for the singing of the anthem.

But far more important than these matters of order was the lack of provision for communicants by the degradation of the Eucharist from its rightful position among the services of the mother church of the diocese. It was never celebrated until mid-day; a morning celebration in the cathedral had become a memory of happier times; the chief church of the diocese led the way in teaching, by her practice, that the Eucharist was a sort of extra spiritual luxury for a few people after the chief service of the morning was over. The Dean was no sooner installed than he set to work to use his great powers to alter this

[1] See 'Life of Dr. Dykes.'

melancholy state of things. He pathetically contrasts, in the short fragment he has left, the difficulties he had, notwithstanding his autocratic power, compared with the more fortunate Dean of St. Paul's, who had a united Chapter at his back. But slowly and surely he worked out his various reforms. He insisted first on order and reverence in the services; the long and stately procession of choir, King's scholars, and clergy up the whole length of the cathedral at the Sunday services added much to the dignity of the cathedral worship. Additional opportunities of worship and instruction were added by degrees; afternoon sermons on Sundays in Advent and Lent were introduced, when preachers from outside the cathedral body were invited, while special Lenten services were also held. He restored at his own expense the chapel of St. Gregory in the north transept, and set it apart as a place for private devotion. It had greatly distressed him to find at Durham what, indeed, is the case with so many cathedrals, that it appeared to be almost entirely regarded by visitors as a place for sight-seeing, and not as a house of prayer. The provision of the chapel and altar has been found a great blessing by those who want a quiet time for prayer and meditation; it was also used in Dean Lake's time for a daily mid-day service in Lent. Its windows have now been filled with stained glass, two of them having been given by members of his family as memorials to the Dean.

Most important of all, the Eucharist was gradually restored to its proper position, so that there was an early celebration on every Sunday and holy day in the year, and a choral celebration once a month; but the Dean was not able to carry out all that he had hoped for in the way of additional opportunities for worship. As was naturally to be expected, the growth in the number of communicants at the cathedral was very marked, and the influence of the revived life of the mother church began gradually to be felt in the city of Durham and in the diocese at large.

The Dean also, especially in the earlier days of his work in the North, was indefatigable in giving addresses on Church matters and on education and in preaching in the churches of the diocese, which then included both the counties of Northumberland and Durham. As a preacher his cultured and expressive voice and commanding presence, together with his particularly free and graceful style, always made him remarkable; and more

and more as the years rolled on did his sermons show his intense conviction of the importance of teaching definite Catholic truth. His last sermon in the cathedral, on 'The Church as the Pillar and Ground of the Truth,' seemed to sum up in brief what had been his teaching throughout the twenty-five years of his work in Durham. Not infrequently some hearer among the undergraduates or others would write to ask for his manuscript, and would receive it at once, with a kind note expressing gratitude that his words should be able to help anyone. His cathedral sermons were usually preached from manuscript; but elsewhere he sometimes preached extempore, and it had been his habit, as rector of his country parish of Huntspill, to speak to his people in simple language, as they described it, 'without his book.'

Few preachers could more gracefully and pathetically touch in a very few words upon a sorrow or loss which had befallen any member of the cathedral congregation, whether it were the premature falling asleep of a boy of the cathedral school, the loss of one of the cathedral clergy, or the death of a great Bishop. His sermon after the death of Bishop Lightfoot was widely recognised as a masterpiece of eloquence combined with critical insight; but as an illustration of this power a short address is perhaps worth quoting, which he delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to the Bishop in the cathedral, when, in a very few words, he summed up the secret of his power: 'As Dean of this cathedral, I thankfully receive this monument within our walls as a token of the honour which so many have combined to pay to the memory of a great and holy man. The cathedral is, indeed, but one grand monument from end to end of wise and understanding prelates; but I doubt whether any could be named among them who has shown a more remarkable combination of the highest gifts and the highest goodness than he who, now nearly three years ago, was followed by thousands to his grave, and whom thousands have met to honour to-day. And if I were asked what it was which inspired so wide an affection and formed so unique a character, I should answer that it was not merely his vast learning and his untiring labours, but joined to these, and more than these, it was that meekness of wisdom and unselfish humility by which in him, more than in any other person I have ever known, we

could understand the full meaning of our Lord's promise, so real and yet so hard to realize, that "the meek shall inherit the earth." Yes! I believe that in Joseph Lightfoot it was this wise and gentle meekness which raised respect into love, and will ever shine as the bright halo surrounding his name among the greatest prelates of the See of Durham. And I rejoice that our England and our English Church have shown, and now perhaps more than ever, that no true excellence is unappreciated in the sons who have honoured her, and whom she delights to honour.' Those who knew Bishop Lightfoot will agree that in these few words the secret of his power and influence is exactly delineated.

The mention of Bishop Lightfoot recalls the fact that Dean Lake was one of the prime movers in his appointment. His remarkable faculty of estimating character and weighing a man's powers has already been noticed, but it was never more beneficially employed than when, on the vacancy of the see, he used every means of influence at his disposal to get Canon Lightfoot to Durham. It is believed that it was the Dean's strong pressure which helped to turn the scale, and succeeded in tearing him away from Cambridge.[1]

Some eleven years of Dean Lake's life were spent in pastoral work, and probably most people who only knew him as he appeared on the outside, as the ruler of a University and the stately head of a cathedral church, would never have guessed how much he loved the pastoral side of the priest's office; yet it is the fact that he always looked back on those years spent at Huntspill, working amongst the simple country people, as some of the happiest in his life, and his memory is still cherished with affection by the older inhabitants. The writer remembers him saying with a sigh, when he heard of one who preferred to work as curate in a parish to seeking a university post, 'He has chosen the better part.' His sympathy with any form of pain and suffering was real and deep, and he had a great gift for dealing with those in trouble and consoling them in their distress.[2] On one occasion, when he had been deeply moved

[1] Archbishop Tait telegraphed the following message to the Dean on January 23, 1879, whilst Dr. Lightfoot was wavering: 'If after Morning Service at St. Paul's you strongly urge Lightfoot to accept Durham, he may; scarcely otherwise.'

[2] The following telegram from a very well-known public man is an example

by the condemnation to death of a young man for the murder of a poor woman in the diocese, and was much distressed at the refusal of the murderer to make any confession of his guilt, although it was certain, he sought permission to visit the poor man, and being refused by the local authorities, persevered until he succeeded in getting leave from the Home Secretary to make the visit. Thus authorized, he at once cancelled an engagement in London, and hastened from York to the condemned cell. In his first interview he led the man to confession, and then strove in further visits to guide him through repentance to the Holy Communion, teaching him to pray for the soul of the poor woman whom he, by his sin, had hurried into eternity. He was strongly convinced of the need of a closer dealing with souls in pastoral work, and firmly believed that it was only through the use of private confession, as taught in the Prayer-Book, that this need could be adequately met. In the latter part of his life the subject was frequently in his thoughts and conversation—he was speaking of it to a parish priest only a few hours before his death—and his advice to clergy who were attacked for their teaching on confession was always, 'You are quite right; only be cautious.' It was a favourite saying of his when discussing pastoral work, 'The two great needs of the English Church in its pastoral work are: first, private confession wisely taught; and, secondly, sisterhoods and brotherhoods wisely employed.' He felt also that there was a want of elasticity in the Church Services, and was of opinion that with the Eucharist put into its proper position as the central act of worship, popular services for the poor would do much to satisfy the needs of the poorer parishes.

He had a very real love of children, and in his active days delighted to play with them. Even in advanced age he loved to draw a smile from the humblest little ones whom he met in his

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of the gratitude which this power evoked: 'Just starting by steamer for month's holiday. This morning saw report in *Standard* with regard to illness of my dear friend your husband. His letter in my trouble was the most endearing and comforting communication that I ever received in my life. Please tell him so, and that I shall continue to pray for his speedy recovery.' A friend, recalling with thankfulness this sympathy shown to him in earlier days at Balliol, wrote: 'I should be most ungrateful if I could ever forget any of the attendant circumstances of my last days at Balliol, when your kind Christian aid and consideration so greatly assisted me in finding the only consolation that such a sorrow could admit of. May God ever bless and be with you, my kind friend!'

walks. A famous snowball fight between the Dean, Archdeacon Bland, and two little maidens, is not yet forgotten in Durham. In his presents to children he used to carefully fit his gift to the character of the child.

The following letter,[1] containing the recollections of one of Dean Lake's child friends, illustrates this trait in his character:

The Dean of Durham was the greatest figure of my childish world. I remember once wondering what was the difference between King and Dean. I do not think, however, it was so much the nature of the office as the dignity of the person who bore it which created this impression in my mind. When the stately figure of Dean Lake passed up the long nave of Durham Cathedral at the end of the procession of schoolboys, choir, minor canons and major canons, to the sound of the solemn voluntary, the pitch of human greatness was reached for me. . . . He is especially associated in my memory with the sense of calm always given by the afternoon service in that building—surely one of the grandest in the world. One seemed to feel the 'peace that passeth understanding' when the Dean pronounced the Blessing. I can almost hear now the sound of his voice. After the service, outside the cathedral, he used to hold, as it seemed to me, a little court. I have a keenly vivid impression of the Dean's tall form, his white head and black velvet skull-cup, the flowing surplice and scarlet hood, greeting on the college green with fine old-world courtesy his friends, and among them the older children who came up to him. A privileged few would follow him through the ancient Deanery door. The Dean never failed to stop and speak to us when he met us out walking with our nurse. . . .

On one subject we were much grieved that we could not agree with the Dean, and there was understood to be a perpetual feud on this point: the Dean was Oxford, and my sister and I were hotly Cambridge, in loyalty to our father. On the day of the Boat-race we were courteous enemies. I remember especially one occasion, when there were conflicting reports as to the issue, the Dean with another gentleman meeting us in the college, and the Dean stopping to say: 'Well, Oxford has won?' 'No,' we exclaimed, though shy of contradicting our Dean in the presence of a stranger; 'it's a dead-heat!' The stranger, a little man, laughed and seemed much amused. It was the only occasion on which I met Dean Stanley, who preached next day. I have a very clear picture of Dean Lake on horseback, and it was a joy when, as usual if he met us riding, he would stop and hold out his whip for us to shake instead of his hand whilst we admired the animal. Only once a year, about Christmas time, did we penetrate into the Dean's study—a small room, in my recollection, beyond the great drawing-room. On some morning a few days before or after Christmas, meeting us by chance, he would invite my sister and myself to come in and see his books. He would then take out, as though they always stood on the shelves, two of the books most delightful to children and

[1] From Miss Oakeley, daughter of Sir Evelyn Oakeley, and Warden of the Royal Victoria College, McGill University, Montreal.

present them to us. He gave thought to the choice. 'Hilda is sure to like this,' he once said to my mother; 'she is so fond of animals.' I have been unable to part with most of these, and still have a goodly array—'Undine,' 'Queer Folk,' 'Is it True?' etc.—and my name inserted on the first page in his writing, 'From her friend the Dean.' There lies behind all my recollections of the Dean the large impression of one of those presences that helped to make the world of childhood beautiful, those old faces of our infancy that sometimes seem more real than anything else in life.

Another, who was a child when the Dean first came to Durham, writes thus:

As I read over his letters they have filled me with a reverent wonder that he who enjoyed the friendship of most of the great and notable men of the day, whose life was filled with the work and cares of his high position, should bestow such a full measure of loving interest and companionship on a child of ten—a true and constant friendship, that only grew as the years went by, and that neither time nor distance ever seemed to lessen. His letters remind me how wonderfully sympathetic and interested he was in every little detail of our lives, whether it was grief at the departure of a favourite governess or, in later years, the ordeal of a first dinner-party. And those delightful annual letters written from abroad! The first one, written from Rome in 1875, reminds me how he always encouraged me to take an interest in ancient Rome. I remember earning a silver-mounted riding-whip by answering some searching questions on Roman history during one of those delightful rides which still remain among the happiest memories of my childhood. And another prize I won for repeating Macaulay's lay of 'Horatius' all through without a mistake. . . . And those happy rides which I shall never forget, not only because of the sheer fun and enjoyment of them, but because of all that I learnt from him in those days. I owe to the almost daily intercourse with the Dean at that time more than I can ever express; and perhaps of all my recollections of him during those years of my girlhood the sweetest and most vivid memories are of those rides, sometimes in late summer evenings, sometimes early, 'before cathedral,' the latter often ending in a race for him to get back in time for service. . . . His presence seemed to have filled my life at that time. . . . There was a charm and tenderness in his nature revealed in his correspondence with the strong-willed, inexperienced girl whom he honoured with his friendship; there was something so touchingly gentle even in his rebukes at little acts of neglect or discourtesy on our part. Even at this distance of time it makes me feel how utterly unworthy one was of his affection and friendship. A memory that is almost equally dear to me as those rides is of the Sunday afternoons at the Deanery 'after cathedral'; they dated back to very early days, when our governess used to be asked to leave us there after service, and the Dean always saw us safely home himself. There has never been a spot in the whole world that was more really 'home' to me than the Deanery drawing-room became to me as a child.

Very shortly after his installation, Dean Lake perceived that the work which most urgently demanded his attention and energy was the restoration of the fabric of the cathedral. He lost no time in bringing the matter before the Chapter, and successfully urging his plea for the restoring and beautifying of the interior, whilst he further suggested that the funds at the disposal of the Chapter were quite adequate for the purpose. The Chapter unanimously supported the Dean in his proposal, and the work was at once begun under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott. Unfortunately, the Bishop of the diocese (Baring) offered a most strenuous opposition to the scheme, describing it as involving 'unwise, lavish and wasteful expenditure.' He also wrote a letter, described in the *Guardian* of October 25, 1876, as 'the notorious Durham letter,' in which his objections to the work of restoration, then approaching completion, were stated with perhaps more plainness of speech than consideration for the feelings of those by whom, and at whose expense, it had been so munificently carried out.[1] The Dean defended himself with much spirit and complete success. But during the carrying out of the work, the Chapter, which had been unanimous in its general support of the scheme of restoration, became somewhat divided on the question of the erection of a screen. Letters in local papers were published denouncing such an addition as popery, and the appointment by the Bishop to a vacant canonry helped to make the opposition more pronounced. But in the diocese at large

[1] The following imaginary dialogue was written by Dean Lake at the time of the controversy with Bishop Baring and sent to Archbishop Tait. The Dean often amused himself by writing verses of this kind, many of which were published in the *Spectator*:

A Dialogue.

Said Durham to Cantuar, that prelate profound,
Don't you think a new Dean can for Durham be found?
For surely our 'pure reformed Church' should supply
No Dean who a Bishop thus dares to defy!
While rumour reports, what I scorn to repeat,
That your Grace backs the wretch and enjoys my defeat.

(*Respondet Cantuar*) My good Lord, when in public you lecture our graces,
We turn the left cheek, though you write us all asses:
But, in truth, that a *Dean* should a Bishop attack
Shows a reprobate mind and a conscience black!
To this viper, indeed, whom I've nursed in my breast,
Sermons, warnings, and chaff are all vainly addressed.
It was I—pray believe that with sorrow I write—
Taught his hands how to war and his fingers to fight.

public opinion, both clerical and lay, warmly approved of the plans as Sir Gilbert Scott had prepared them, and when on St. Luke's Day, 1876, the cathedral was reopened after having been partly closed for nearly six years (though the daily services were never discontinued), thousands of people of every class flocked to the city from all parts of Northumberland and Durham. The scene was a very grand and impressive one, such as had not been witnessed north of the Humber for centuries. Bishop Baring unfortunately refused to take any part in the proceedings, but nearly all the clergy of the diocese, to the number of nearly 400, were present, and among the preachers at the opening services were the Bishop of Derry, now Archbishop of Armagh, the Dean of York and Canon Body, who was afterwards appointed by Bishop Lightfoot to be Canon Missioner. All the leading families in the North sent representatives, and at the early celebration of the Holy Communion there were 500 communicants.

Into the details of the restoration it is unnecessary to enter here; no restoration has ever won the unanimous approval of all critics, nor is it possible to hope for such a state of things so long as artists continue to differ as widely as they do. Still, while some criticised, many were enthusiastic in their approval, and of the general result of the restoration there is now but one opinion. It has been said that until 1876 no one living had ever seen the interior of Durham Cathedral; what was visible was a tight-fitting, shabby and perishing case. By the restoraation the exquisite beauty of its warm-tinted stone, which had been hidden and defaced by a coloured wash and plaster, was at length revealed to view. On one point some years subsequently the Dean did yield with very great regret to the clamour of critics; he had been extremely anxious to reinsert sculptured figures in the beautiful reredos of manifold tabernacles at the back of the high altar, commonly known as the Neville screen. This had once held more than a hundred statues, and the subjects were in most cases known. Empty canopied niches have a meaningless look, and the Dean often described the screen as a frame without a picture. He easily obtained a great part of the necessary funds from private subscribers, but the opposition of some whose opinion he felt to be worth considering caused him to reluctantly abandon the project, which had met

with warm support in the diocese. In another way, however, he had been able to enlist private munificence in aid of the beautifying of the fabric. He remarks in the fragment he has left on the lack of stained glass in the building when he came to Durham. During the first few years of his occupancy of the Deanery this defect was in part supplied, as several memorial windows were inserted by individual donors—two being his own gift in memory of his father and mother; but at the time of the restoration some fourteen windows were still filled with plain glass. After the reopening of the cathedral he at once appealed to the diocese for funds for the insertion of stained glass into the remaining windows. The response was immediate and generous; the large landed proprietors and colliery owners joined with the representatives of the great shipbuilding firms of the diocese in contributing to the enrichment of the cathedral, whilst numbers of smaller subscriptions swelled the total to a large and sufficient sum, with the result that now hardly any important window remains filled with plain glass. The principal windows of the 'nine altars,' of the transepts, and of the south aisle have been well and harmoniously filled with some of Messrs. Clayton and Bell's best work; and the glorious interior has no longer the cold look which was one of the drawbacks to its beauty in former days. The Dean himself gave two of the windows in the nave.

But the work of restoration was not yet finally completed, nor would he have considered it as quite finished until the Galilee Chapel had been rescued from its present mean condition as regards the fittings of the interior. Further, in the fragment which he has left concerning the cathedral, he tells us how at the end of the last century the magnificent chapter-house had been destroyed in order to form a more comfortable room for the members of the Chapter. On the death of Bishop Lightfoot he thought that a favourable opportunity had arrived for continuing the work of restoration by rebuilding the chapter-house as a memorial of the great Bishop. An appeal to the diocese and Church at large was made for funds, and the chapter-house was restored to as nearly as possible what it had been in the twelfth century, the work being concluded shortly after Dean Lake's resignation. To quote his own words in the speech in which he pleaded for the scheme: 'The restoration of the chapter-

house to its former proportions is now the one thing wanting to make Durham, *stupor Angliæ*, the finest and most complete building in the whole kingdom.'

But outside the work which the Dean did for the cathedral and University during his twenty-five years' occupancy of the Deanery, his constant activity in defence of the Catholic character of the Church of England should not be passed over in silence. No doubt the notices in the papers at the time of his death echoed the general impression of him when they said that one of the ablest champions of the High Church party had passed away; but probably few have any adequate idea of the moderating influence which he quietly exercised during the life, and particularly during the latter days of Archbishop Tait, on the policy of repressing the High Church movement by law. His great intimacy with the Archbishop, and the deep affection felt by the Archbishop for him, coupled with admiration for his powers, naturally lent much weight to his counsel, and this counsel was both constantly sought and readily given. The theological standpoint of the two friends in many important respects widely differed. The Dean, who, during his candidature for the headmastership of Rugby,[1] had been opposed by some because he was a Newmanite, and by others because he was a disciple of Arnold, had slowly and gradually developed into strong and definite Churchmanship. It was said of him by the late distinguished historian, Mr. Offley Wakeman, that 'he early learned the great lesson that in an intelligent and loving hold on the doctrine of the Incarnation is to be found the true key to life'; but it was only by a steady process of growth that he came to see that the complete realization of the doctrine of the Incarnation involved the full Catholic doctrine of the Church and of the Sacraments. It is not difficult to understand how the advice of a trusted counsellor and intimate friend like this must have modified Archbishop Tait's earlier policy as regards the High Church party. The correspondence published in the present memoir will fully bear out this opinion. More and more, it will be seen, as time passed on did the Archbishop incline to what was called 'the policy of peace,' but what was really the common-sense policy of mutual toleration; and this he finally left as his legacy to the Church.

[1] He was, in fact, at that time a moderate High Churchman, though he had not yet joined any party. See his letter to Dr. Tait, p. 175.

It was undoubtedly the policy of persecution that led the Dean to join the English Church Union, of which, after a short time, he became a vice-president. He saw what he believed to be a determined attack being made to hound out of the Church men whom he regarded as her very salt. He was no ritualist, but he cherished as most dear the doctrines which the ritualists taught and which their ceremonial symbolized, and so he was ever ready with tongue and pen to defend them when attacked. Writing in 1881, he says: 'Despite the treatises of its old divines, it is hard to conceive a more slighted portion of worship than the celebration of the Eucharist was till lately in the English Church; it practically held a much higher place in the quarterly Sacramental services of the Scotch Presbyterians. Who have changed all this? Who have made the English Churchman look upon the Eucharist as the great service of the Christian Church? Mainly, if not wholly, the ritualists';[1] and passages of similar import could be multiplied from his letters to the *Times* and other papers. Again, in 1881, at the Church Congress at Newcastle, he pleaded in a paper on 'The Limits within which Variations of Ritual may be Permitted'—a paper which attracted much attention at the time—for a large toleration in matters of ritual, and protested against those who claimed the widest liberty of thought and teaching in respect of the greatest Christian doctrines trying to eject their brethren because they preferred the use of the chasuble; he also pointed out how ill it became Bishops who were flagrant law-breakers themselves to try to enforce on a certain section of the Church a narrow interpretation of a supposed law, applying to them Juvenal's sarcasm, 'Ille crucem pretium sceleris fert, tu diadema.' He followed up his paper by letters to the *Guardian*, in which he declared that if there was any meaning in the word 'law,' it could not be doubted that no parties were more distinct offenders against not *one*, but almost every Public Worship Act of the Church of England, than the Bishops and the members of cathedral Chapters, because the law which ordered the cope to be used in cathedral and collegiate churches had been more constantly repeated than perhaps any other law in the Church of England—a letter which called forth from the sober *Spectator* the solemn comment that it might prove to certain Bishops that

[1] Letter to the *Guardian*, December 14, 1881.

those who live in glass houses should abstain from throwing stones.[1]

During the stormy times which were marked by the imprisonment of Mr. Green and Mr. Enraght, and later of Mr. Bell Cox, the Dean was prominent in the defence of the persecuted parish priests, and carried on a vigorous controversy on their behalf with Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, and others. He visited Mr. Green in prison, and was strenuous in his efforts for his release. Controversy, indeed, during the last fourteen years of his occupancy of the Deanery, fell much to his lot. During the frequent and unfortunate friction between the upper and lower houses of the Northern Convocation he was one of the chief champions of the rights and privileges of the lower House, supporting and strengthening the hands of the Prolocutor in maintaining its independence and its right to freely discuss matters of burning importance which were discussed in the upper House. When Archbishop Plunket astonished and dismayed the Church of England by ordaining clergy for protestant schisms in Spain and Portugal, the Dean led the way in vigorous protests against such anti-Catholic procedure. He always strongly resented the attempts to introduce schism into other countries by favouring movements such as that led by Count Campello in Italy, and the ill-fated attempt to found a new 'Church' in Mexico. His own experience on the Continent had shown him how futile and mischievous such schismatic schemes were. He went to his rest before the latest 'crisis' in the Church had begun to be felt, and his wise counsels and ripe experience have been sorely missed. He was one of the original members of the executive committee of the Pusey Memorial, and for some years one of the Governors of the Pusey House.

After he went to Durham, Dean Lake took no active part in politics for many years; he had always been a keen Liberal, and supported Mr. Gladstone until the abandonment of General Gordon at Khartoum shook his confidence in his old leader. Like so many of Mr. Gladstone's old friends, he was unable to follow him in his later policy, and was from 1885 known as a Liberal Unionist. He delivered a speech in public against Home Rule, and found himself entirely out of sympathy with the

[1] Dean Lake was an active member of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, which sat from 1881 to 1883.

political programme of the closing years of Mr. Gladstone's public life. He was, however, remarkably just and large-minded towards those from whom he differed. He carried on a hot controversy with Bishop Fraser, but no more generous appreciation of that Bishop's life and work was published than one in a sermon preached in Durham Cathedral by the Dean.

With some people, indeed, the Dean was not popular; he was certainly masterful, as all strong men are, and yet, along with this masterfulness, there was a yearning for sympathy for which he did not always receive credit. It was said of him in one of the notices that appeared in the press, that being 'aware of this yearning, and not wishing to display it, he sometimes took refuge in reserve, and even in haughtiness;' and those who knew him but little might well have accused him occasionally of sternness. He was inclined to be prejudiced against people who appeared to be afraid of him, and became apparently more cold and stiff in his manner to them. But with all this, the 'kindness of heart' alluded to by Archbishop Tait in Dean Lake's earlier life, and which afterwards endeared him to his parishioners at Huntspill, remained to the end a marked feature of his character; there are very many who treasure the memory of his 'boundless' and 'constant kindnesses.' Whilst his wide but unostentatious liberality in diocesan and other public matters is known to many, there are probably few who are aware on how large a scale was his private benevolence.

Man of the world though he was, he had yet in him a certain shyness which at times may have been misconstrued. It showed itself on first meeting any strangers, with whom there was no connecting link to draw out the latent friendliness and cordiality of his nature. To those to whom he gave his confidence and affection, he gave it most fully and unreservedly, trusting them with his inner thoughts and hopes and aspirations. And when once anyone was admitted into the inner circle of his friends, the friendship was constant and unchanging. Those who by force of circumstances had been separated from him for many years found him the same true friend when they met again. 'He was a staunch friend, and a truly good man,' is the testimony of one who had known him intimately since old Oxford days.

In society his strong personality, added to his great conver-

sational powers, gave him an attraction quite his own. His knowledge of foreign languages had enabled him to become familiar with the best writers of France, Germany, and Italy, whilst his wide acquaintance with poetry and literature in general, joined to a keen sense of humour and a prodigious memory, added much to the charm of his conversation. In the words of Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, 'he knew and cared for so much, and he had the power of putting the results of his knowledge and of his keen observation into such fresh and picturesque words. I have known very few men,' Dr. Butler adds, 'whose conversational powers I should put on a level with Dean Lake's.'

In many parts of the country he will be remembered as a wise counsellor, as a defender of the faith, as a cultured scholar, as a pre-eminent educational reformer, and as a champion of Catholicism in England. The Irish Primate writes of 'his pure and lofty character, his extensive knowledge of the most eminent men of the time, his fine culture and wide acquaintance with theology and literature.' Another friend (Dr. Sanday) describes him as 'one of the leading figures in the general advance which has taken place in education'; and a third ranks him as 'one of the greatest Churchmen and scholars of the present reign.' But it is in Durham and Newcastle that he will be remembered longest, and it is there that his chief memorials are to be found: his great work for the Church and the country was done there, and he lived to see it grow and prosper. A generation will soon grow up which will have no recollection of the tall figure of the Dean as he rode through the streets of the old town, or stood erect on a Newcastle platform with his silver head thrown back, or presided with good-humoured patience over a noisy Convocation, or of his finely-modulated voice as it filled the great abbey when he was reading some glorious passage in the Lessons.[1] Yet the splendid creation of his wisdom and

[1] The following is an extract from a report in the *Newcastle Daily Leader* of December 30, 1889, of the funeral service of Bishop Lightfoot: 'As the last notes of the hymn sank into silence the Dean of Durham advanced to the lectern and began to read the Burial Lesson. At first his voice was difficult to hear, but it increased in power as he proceeded. He read, in fact, after the first verse or so with an eloquence and a significance truly worthy of the occasion—an eloquence in which personal emotion, obviously painful and deep, found hardly less profound expression than did the strength, the poetry, the prophetic grandeur of the Apostle's sentences. Nothing could

energy, the great college in Newcastle, will ever prevent his name from being forgotten in the north, whilst the restored and beautified cathedral, standing in 'unspoiled massiveness on the wood-environed and tower-crowned hill of Durham,' will ever testify to his devotion and zeal *pro Deo et ecclesia.*

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exceed the feeling utterance of the verses beginning, "Behold, I show you a mystery." There was a pathos in the voice as he read "We shall not all sleep" affecting beyond description; and the magnificent sentences beginning, "For the trumpet shall sound," were delivered with a restrained and dignified declamation and in a tone of triumphant conviction that profoundly and intensely impressed every heart that heard.'

In an account of the same funeral written by Dr. Plummer, he says that he had 'never heard 1 Cor. xv. read in a manner which so nearly approached perfection . . . the tone of absolute sureness and suppressed triumph with which he reproduced the Apostle's confidence in the doctrine of the resurrection was most impressive.'

PART III

CORRESPONDENCE

CORRESPONDENCE

Dean Lake has alluded to the close friendship which existed at Rugby between himself, Stanley, and Vaughan. This friendship led to frequent letters passing between them during the holidays, and from these we learn that Lake was already an inveterate reader at fifteen, developing at the same time a power of rapid assimilation which remained with him through life, and which in his early days enabled him to get through stiff books at a rate that fairly astonished Stanley. Indeed, his love of study led not infrequently to his being knocked up, notwithstanding repeated warnings from Stanley and from Dr. Arnold himself.

Thus Stanley writes in August, 1832: 'I congratulate you on getting through Gibbon; but what speed you must have made with him. I did not get much more than half through last summer holidays.' Again, in February, 1833: 'How abominable of you to go and knock yourself up again after all charges! I was horrified when I heard what you were going to attempt. I have tried to read the *Edinburgh Review* of Niebuhr, but could not compass more than ten pages. I should like to know what Arnold would say to you for sitting up late.'

When the time came for Stanley and Vaughan to leave Rugby (October, 1834), Lake, being a year younger, remained on for a while; but a constant 'triangular' correspondence was kept up between the three, in which politics, theology, general education, and lighter subjects of all kinds were eagerly discussed. Stanley's letters, of which there are a great number during 1834, 1835, and the succeeding years, have been largely used for his Life. They are very characteristic, and full of his own peculiar quaintness, both of humour and expression; full also of affection for

Lake, though on one occasion he indulges in a curious fit of self-introspection, wherein he dissects his own feelings in a somewhat cold-blooded manner. Of Lake's letters very few, unfortunately, are extant. Vaughan appears to have felt much his isolation at Cambridge when he first went up, and in the following year pathetically implores Lake to join him there instead of going to the sister University. Each was keenly interested in the work and in the academic successes of the others, and some of the letters show a breadth of view and development of mind remarkable in such very young men as they then were—in fact, mere boys. From this correspondence a few extracts only are here given.

From C. J. Vaughan.

CAMBRIDGE,
November 10, 1834.

. . . Never fancy, my dear Lake, that *acquaintances* can make me forget friends, or that Cambridge can ever supersede Rugby in my feelings. I see more than ever the great wisdom of many parts of Arnold's system, which I never before quite entered into. . . . On Sunday we had the most glorious sermon from Hugh J. Rose; it was really very beautiful. It was an hour long, but listened to with the greatest attention all through. . . . I cannot tell you how thankful I should be if you were coming here. Is there the remotest chance of it? Do not say, 'I cannot do mathematics,' because you know how very little I know about them, and yet I do not calculate on being quite plucked. It would be so pleasant. I have hardly one profitable acquaintance, except my brother, whom I certainly have far more opinion of than anyone I have seen yet. It sounds odd to say so, but to me there seems such a difference between his sensible and powerful mind and the clever little minds that are so very common here. Give it one more thought. I think you would really like Cambridge better than Oxford, and remember I am hardly prejudiced yet about the matter. Do you think of going up for the Balliol scholarship? If you must go to Oxford, I hope and trust you will; and is not the time getting very near? . . . Write very soon; you do not know how I like to hear from you.—Believe me ever, yours very affectionately,

C. J. VAUGHAN.

In November, 1834, Lake went up to Oxford to compete for a Balliol scholarship, which he gained. The second scholarship was won by Goulburn, who came up from Eton at the same time. Stanley writes, November 11, 1834:

You will come up, of course, on Friday, November 21, as the day is November 22. We will get you lodgings, and one of us meet you at the Angel. I have been getting up things for you, and if cramming on my part can do anything for you, you will get it. I read, but alas! most truly was it said that the last year of school surpassed a hundredfold the first year of college.—Yours ever,

A. P. STANLEY.

From C. J. Vaughan on Lake getting the scholarship at Balliol:

CAMBRIDGE,
Saturday, November 29, 1834.

MY VERY DEAR LAKE,—How can I tell you my delight at the letter I got this morning from Oxford? Will you believe that I am most heartily pleased? How could I indeed be otherwise? I only wish I could rejoice *with* you instead of at such a distance. I have been very, very anxious all the week, but without the faintest hope of hearing of the result *before* Sunday, indeed, thinking it much more likely that I should not hear till Tuesday. But the delight with which I was interrupted in leaving the Fifth Book of Euclid for lectures this morning by such a letter from Stanley! I am afraid I am very incoherent, but I cannot express my pleasure otherwise. I rejoice very, very much for the honour you have done to Arnold and Rugby, but still more—oh! very much more—as in private friendship bound, on your own account. It will be such a nice spur to you through your last long half, and will make you so easy and comfortable about the examination at the end. But I must not say any more, though I should like to indulge my joy still further. May God bless your honours to you, my dear Lake, and remind you that, delightful as they are to you and to us all, there is yet a 'more excellent way.'

Will you write very soon, and tell me all about the examination, and about all the papers that were set, and how you did them, and especially all about the scene when it was announced, and whether you had expected it at all, and whether you had heard any rumours beforehand? You see you will have enough to do to satisfy me, but do not bother yourself while the examination is going on about me.

I have little news to tell you. Perhaps you will be amused to hear that the night before last, at twelve o'clock, a thought struck me that we might have a very nice little *Rugby* Debating Society here among ourselves, and so expeditious were we in setting it on foot that within twelve hours of my first mentioning it to Thompson we were an incorporated society, with president, vice-president, and laws and members. We held our first meeting in Burbidge's rooms last night, and had a nice stormy debate on private business. Mayor is president, Thompson vice-president, for the remainder of this term and next. . . .

About myself I have not much to say. I feel more than ever now that I am the only one of us three who has as yet done nothing for

Rugby, but I hope in time I may do something, though I never shall hope to be anything like first-rate here. To be a term with Kennedy is a most effectual way of curing all one's ignorant vanity, of which I am afraid I had and have too much.

I need not ask whether you have enjoyed yourself at Oxford; but tell me all about it. Thompson is *very* much delighted, so is Burbidge, who is the only Rugby man I have seen since I heard; and not least delighted is my brother, who has been very anxious about you indeed all the week. Well, I will write again soon; but now, with one more most hearty congratulation, believe me ever, dear Lake, your affectionate friend,

C. J. VAUGHAN.

From A. P. Stanley.

ALDERLEY RECTORY,
July 27, 1835.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I ought to have written before, but, as you suppose, I put it off till I heard from you. I quite feel what you say about our intercourse hitherto, and will do all in my power to alter it. I believe that for my own part I should wish for no restraint on either side; at the same time, I am so very reserved in some things that I don't know that I should ever get over it. However, one thing I must say to you now, as I have said it to all my other friends, and which, I think, you must yourself be aware of—that is, that I have not the power of taking any deep interest in or sympathizing deeply with anyone. The only person for whom I would gladly and with my whole heart and soul do anything is Arnold. For the last three years he has engrossed almost all the earthly affections and sympathies that I have; whether it will continue so, or whether my extraordinarily fickle temper will get the better of that too, is more than I can say, but I know it is with the utmost dread with which I look forward to anything of the sort. I like you and respect you of course very much, and have great pleasure in your society—more pleasure for many things than in anyone else's, and I have no doubt we shall get on very well indeed together at Oxford, if only you will let me follow to a certain extent my propensities to general rather than particular friendship. I say to a certain extent, because I should not only not like, but most exceedingly dread, being intimate with no one, and that is one reason that I have looked forward with such pleasure to your coming up, as I know, and more especially after your last letter, that I shall be intimate with you. Greenhill till latterly was the only person with whom I was so, and I was deprived of the pleasure of that from what he has himself told you about. This last term I have been almost as intimate with Ward as I have ever been with anyone; but, still, difference of tastes on a great many points, together with one or two other impediments, prevented it from being complete. With you I shall have a great many points of agreement and very few of difference.

The one great thing that interests me in reading is theology and politics; those that interest me practically are the welfare of Arnold, and to that end of Rugby and the reform of Oxford, which, however, must wait till I have taken my degree. I am afraid all this will seem to you very cold and unfeeling, but I cannot help it, and I believe it is the best to say it all now.

I most fully concur with all you say of the necessity of throwing off restraint. . . .—Believe me, your affectionate

A. P. Stanley.

After a résumé of one of Dr. Arnold's sermons, he says in a letter to A. P. Stanley:

Rugby,
Sunday evening [*September* (?), 1835].

'. . . But I have no time to give these fully, and, indeed, altogether it is a very poor sketch; but I hope, as I found last year, if you like these things, that I shall improve by practice. I wish you would keep them, bad as they are, for they will remind me of the sermons; and now, alas! we shall perhaps have no more printed. . . . When Whately was here (last Saturday, Sunday, Monday), Arnold was kind enough to ask me to go to breakfast there to be introduced to him. He did not seem at all awful, but talked very little. I liked Mrs. Whately very much. . . . What are you reading? I shall soon begin my Oxford questions to you. . . . The new fellows in the sixth are good generally, and Arnold more courteous than ever I remember him. Mildmay told me that he is liked through the school much, and that his confidence in fellows is thought of as it deserves to be, and gains truth in return. Good-bye, my dear Stanley. Write soon. I think with joy of seeing you so soon at Oxford. . . .—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

From A. P. Stanley.

Alderley Rectory,
September 14, 1835.

My dear Lake,—. . . About Oxford you can ask as soon as you like. The difficult thing is to take the proper medium between talking too much, and so giving an impression of 'pushing,' and talking too little, and so giving an impression of dulness. I must also instil into you some of the chief points on which I imagine Arnold's opinions doubtful, so that you may not lessen the proper effect by a too universal worship, which I fear I did when I first went up, before I had heard any arguments worth listening to against some of his chief positions—viz., that the identity of Church and State is in the present condition of things involved in apparently insuperable difficulties; that the conduct of the Whigs has been very bad; that the doctrine of the moral sense and of reasoning about God *a priori*, on which rests in

a great measure Sermon XIII.,[1] and those on the Evidences, is doubtful; that his Appendix on the Priesthood is not entirely faultless; that he uses strong expressions when he ought not—*e.g.*, generally about the Tories, and about the Irish, and in his sermon on Antichrist, saying that the interpretation which refers it to the Pope is foolish, if not wicked, which I hope will be expunged before it is published. However, it is an invidious and odious job to pick holes in so great a man, and I shall be glad to hear some of the new points you have discovered in him, not to say that, by the necessity of the case, you, having been with him a full year longer than I, will know more of him. . . .—And now believe me, yours ever,

A. P. Stanley.

Writing to Mr. Justice Coleridge on October 12, 1835, Dr. Arnold thus refers to the relations existing between him and Mr. Lake at the time when the latter was leaving Rugby to begin his Oxford career:

It would overpay me for far greater uneasiness and labour than I have ever had at Rugby to see the feeling both towards the school and towards myself personally with which some of our boys have been lately leaving us. One stayed with us in the house for his last week at Rugby, dreading the approach of the day which should take him to Oxford, although he was going up to a most delightful society of old friends; and when he actually came to take leave, I really think that the parting was like that of a father and son. And it is delightful to me to find how glad all the better boys are to come back here after they have left it, and how much they seem to enjoy staying with me.[2]

From Dr. Arnold.

Rugby,
October 30, 1835.

My dear Lake,—I hasten to tell you that your announcement of being able to come to us at Fox How this winter was received with a very unanimous feeling of delight by us all, old and young, and you may be very well assured that you are interfering with no other engagements of ours, and that we shall be really happy to see you. We shall hear again from you, I hope, at what time you will be at liberty, and when it would suit you to come to us.

I am a little disturbed by what you tell me of your health, and can readily understand that it makes you look at all things with a less cheerful eye than I could wish. Besides, all great changes in life are solemn things when we think of them, and have naturally their grave side as well as their merely happy one. This is in itself only wholesome; but the grave side may be unduly darkened if we who look on

[1] Arnold's 'Sermons,' vol. iii.
[2] Stanley's 'Life of Arnold,' vol. i., p. 391.

it are ourselves out of tune. . . . Remember, however, that exercise must not be wearisome, and especially not wearisome to the mind, if it is to be really beneficial. I never have regarded a regular walk along a road, talking the while on subjects of interest, as exercise in the true sense of the term. A skirmish over the country is a very different thing, and so is all that partakes of the character of play or sport.

I have not time to enter at length into any other subjects. I was glad to hear favourable accounts of the progress of your father and mother[1] towards their German home. . . . Believe me that it is a great pleasure to me to hear from you, and you must not think that any parts of your letters are unnoticed by me or uninteresting if I do not especially reply to them. I value very much the expression of your feelings, and, I think, have a very true sympathy with them.

We all unite in very affectionate regards to you, and believe me to be, my dear Lake, ever very sincerely and affectionately yours,

T. ARNOLD.

From the Same.

RUGBY,
March 9, 1836.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I am far more pleased than disappointed about the scholarship;[2] I am very much pleased that both you and Highton have done so well. I am not disappointed, because I always think that in every election the chances must be against any one candidate. I wish you would impress this on Stanley from me, for I am a little afraid that Vaughan's success at Cambridge will make him over-anxious, and that he will fancy that he is the more expected to get it in order to complete the triumph of Rugby. This is not my feeling, and I cannot bear that he should be oppressed with the weight of our unreasonable expectations when I know how much anxiety he must have of his own.

Come to us whenever you can and find it most convenient; we shall be equally glad to see you at any time.

And now for your Oxford agitators. If I were really as anxious to make proselytes as some fancy, I should be much grieved at what I should then call your defection; but as it is, I am well content that you should so love Oxford at present as to feel sympathy even for her extravagances. It is such a symptom as I hail with very great satisfaction, and I exhibited it myself when I was in your situation. I should therefore be well enough inclined to let this right itself by-and-by, only in such turbulent times you must beware lest you are tempted not only *συμφιλεῖν τοῖς Ὀξωνιάνοις ἀλλὰ καὶ συμμισεῖν*, and that, I think, would be an injustice. I think also the habit of making a man an offender for a word is most injurious to ourselves. Remember the calumnies and insinuations against Niebuhr. Again, no man's mind can be fairly judged of by such a specimen as Newman has given of Hampden's. . . . You have always heard me, and I hope I shall

[1] Captain and Mrs. Lake were at that time living at Neuwied.
[2] ? The Hertford Scholarship.

always be heard to insist upon the divinity of Christ as the great point of Christianity; but it is because I think that the scholastic theology has obscured and excited a prejudice against it that I am rather thankful myself for having been enabled to receive Scripture truth, in spite of the wrapping which has been put around it, than I can condemn those who throw away the wrapping and cannot conceive that beneath a shell so worthless there can lurk so divine a kernel. Then as to 'dangerousness.' There is an immense danger in folly such as Fawcett would give, or in the careless tone of a man who never seemed in earnest, or in the trash of a fanatic. Hampden is a good man and an able one—a lover of truth and fairness; and I should think that the wholesome air of such a man's lectures would tend to freshen men's faith and assure them that it had a foundation to rest upon, when the infinite dishonesty and foolery of such divinity as I remember in the lecture-rooms and pulpits in times past would be enough to drive a man of sound mind into any extravagance of unbelief. . . . Hampden's Bampton Lectures are a great work, entirely true in their main points, and I think most useful. . . . But it is merely like the cry of Oxford a hundred and twenty years ago, when the Lower House of Convocation condemned Burnett's 'Exposition of the Articles.' So always in the course of human things, the tail labours to sting the head.—Ever most affectionately yours,

T. Arnold.

On taking his first class in November, 1838, Lake was at once elected a Fellow of Balliol, which event is the subject of the following congratulatory letters:

From Dr. Arnold.

Rugby,
December 6, 1838.

My dear Lake,—Most sincerely do I rejoice at your election at Balliol, and right glad shall I be to see you here as Fellow, with all your labours well and honourably ended. Most delighted also shall I be to see you at Rugby just now to refresh me with the sight of one of those Rugbeians whom I could so dearly love and esteem after the bitter contrast which I have had lately of the vileness and folly of so many of our present generation. But enough and more than enough of this, which has as nearly as possible knocked me up, and would soon, if it went on, end either my life at Rugby or my life altogether. No one can tell how deep the grief and vexation of all this low principle has been to me, but I have no doubt that it may be made useful to me in some way or other if I take it rightly.—Ever most affectionately yours,

T. Arnold.

From Mrs. Arnold.

My dear William,—I have more than once considered whether you would think my silence unkind when probably your friends in general poured in their congratulations upon you, and certainly I should be inclined to yield to few of them in affectionate interest for you or in real gladness of heart on this occasion of your election at Balliol. I have always comforted myself with the assurance that you would think of me together with Dr. Arnold as made both happy and thankful by your well-earned success. You seem now, dear William, arrived at a resting-place, and let me entreat you to be careful of yourself after all this excitement. We are almost depending on seeing you, and, in truth, the sight of you just now would be a great refreshment.—Ever your truly affectionate friend,

Mary Arnold.

From Dr. Arnold.

Rugby,
August 17, 1840.

My dear Lake,—I thank you much for your letter, as well as for all your care of and kindness to my boys during the holidays. You must let me know what they have cost you in point of actual expense, for I believe that you have advanced money to them, and I am sure that they could not be kept for nothing, judging from the actual state of their appetites. I agree with all that you say of them. Matt does not know what it is to work because he so little knows what it is to think. But I am hopeful about him more than I was: his amiableness of temper seems very great, and some of his faults appear to me less; and he is so loving to me that it ought to make me not only hopeful, but very patient and long-suffering towards him. Besides, I think that he is not so idle as he was, and that there is a better prospect of his beginning to read in earnest. Alas! that we should have to talk of prospect only, and of no performance as yet which deserves the name of 'earnest reading.' Tom also gives me grounds of hope, though it is true that he also has not much fondness for work. I think that Rugby is good for them; I am sure that it does not weaken their affection for me, which might perhaps have been feared. Edward is in the Fifth Form, Willy all alive in the Lower Fifth.

I do not give heed to much of what I hear about men's opinions, because, having had my own often misunderstood, I am prepared to find the same thing in the case of my neighbours. Yet I confess that I should like to know the position of your mind at the present moment, because some three or four years ago it had attained, I think, to an unusual degree of independence and vigour, and therefore its progress is to me a greater matter of interest. And I remember well, by my own experience, the strong tendency of an Oxford life upon anyone who is justly fond of Oxford to make him exceedingly venerate those who are at the head of Oxford society. Copleston and Davison were to me four or five and twenty years ago much the same as Newman

and Pusey are to men now. I overrated them both greatly, especially Davison, not in point of goodness, in which Davison could scarcely be overrated, but as persons intellectually eminent and capable of guiding others to truth. But, then, in those days the excessive admiration was less injurious, because it was merely personal; there was no set of opinions identified with Copleston and Davison, which one learnt to venerate for their sake. The influence of the place in this way can hardly be resisted during a certain time of a man's life; I got loose from it before I left Oxford, because I found as my own mind grew that those whom I had so reverenced were not so much above myself, and I knew well enough that I should myself have made but a sorry oracle. And this, I think, has hindered me from looking up to any man as a sort of general guide ever since; not that I have transferred my idolatry from other men's minds to my own—which would have been a change greatly for the worse—but as much as I have felt its strength comparatively with others, so also have I felt its absolute weakness and want of knowledge. I have great need of learning daily, but I am sure that other men are in the like predicament, even Bunsen himself in some things, though he in fewer than any other man whom I know. But all the eminent Englishmen whom I know have need of learning in a great many points, and I cannot turn my school-fellows into my masters. Οὐ πολὺ διαφέρει ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου is a very important truth, if one appreciates properly the general wisdom of mankind as well as its general unwisdom, otherwise it leads to scepticism, a state which I dread and abhor every day more and more, both in itself and as being so often the gate of idolatry.

My object in saying all this is mainly to warn you against the secret influence of the air in which you are living for so large a portion of the year. Like all climates, it has its noxious elements, and these affect the constitution surely but unconsciously if it be continually exposed to their influence, unless a man, knowing that he is living in an aguish district, looks to his diet and habits accordingly, and, as poor Davison did when he lived in the Fens, gets his supply of water from a distance.

Perhaps my late journey makes me more alive to the mischievous effects of any one local influence. One cannot help feeling how very narrow the view of any one place must be when there are so many other views in the world, none scarcely without some element of truth or some facility for discerning it which another has not.

For my own especial objects my journey answered excellently. I feel that I have no need of going to Italy again; that my recollection of Rome is completely refreshed, and that, having seen Naples and the interior of the country between Naples and Terni, I have nothing more to desire, for it would be idle to expect to visit every single spot in Italy which might in itself be interesting. The beauty of the country between Antrodoco and Terni surpassed, I think, anything that I saw, except it be La Cava and the country dividing the Bay of Naples from that of Salerno. But when we returned to Fox How, I thought that no scene on this earth could ever be to me so beautiful—I mean, that so great was its actual natural beauty, that no possible excess of beauty

in any other scene could balance the deep charm of home which in Fox How breathes through everything. But the actual and real beauty of Fox How is in my judgment worthy to be put in comparison with anything as a place for human dwelling. I have run on at greater length than I intended. Let us hear about yourself and some of the interests which affect you most dearly.—And believe me ever, my dear Lake, most sincerely and affectionately yours,

T. ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Arnold, written shortly after Dr. Arnold's death:

WEEDON,[1]
July 1, 1842.

MY DEAR MRS. ARNOLD,—I had some hopes of receiving a few lines from Matt to tell me how you all are, but I will not refrain any longer from writing to your own self, not in order to trouble you to reply, for unless it is quite convenient to you I beg you not to do so, but for the simple comfort of more directly communicating with you, with whom in thought I communicate so often. I venture also to send you those poor, inadequate notes[2] of which I spoke to you, which, poor as they are, remind me, and may perhaps remind you, of those happy —to me especially happy—days, which were such as he has himself so well described at the end of his second Lecture on History. My dear Mrs. Arnold, my thoughts are indeed very often with you, but always with the feeling of my utter inadequacy to comprehend or measure the vastness of your trial. This would almost hinder me from writing to you, because your deeper feelings, it seems, must almost be wounded by the sight of our more shallow ones; but no! even an attempt, the very weakest, to think of him as he deserved to be thought of will have some value in your sight, as an honest attempt at all to imitate him cannot be without its fruits. Daily of late—more than ever before—have I found how the remembrance of his example of gentleness and forbearance and humility in his conversation and in society may be of use to me; and I trust that I may be able still more to think upon, and continually in future to set before me, other points in his example. It is a great comfort to talk about him with Stanley, still more would it be so to do it with yourself. I am going to London, and shall hope to see Stanley this very day. We talked of a little tour together some time in the summer. Should we be in any way troubling you if we made Ambleside our headquarters for a fortnight or a month? And as the time for our wandering is not very fixed, would you tell us what time would suit you best? For my own part, I must be, I fear, in some degree directed as to my movements by a physician whom I expect to see in London, and who may (though I hope not) send me

[1] Mr. Lake's father held an appointment at Weedon.

[2] Notes of conversation with Dr. Arnold in the last days of his life. They were used by Stanley in the Biography.—ED.

abroad; but this would only be for two months, and I hope and expect not at all. As there is this *possibility* of my leaving England soon, perhaps you or Matt will send me a few lines within the next four or five days to 8, Brunswick Square, London. You know, I am sure, how sincere an interest and sympathy I desire to feel in you and all that belongs to you; how *particular* I should like Matt.'s information to be about yourself, about his own reading, about all of you. I consider myself, and now I hope I may still more do so, as a kind of child of yours, as Fox How and Rugby were certainly in every sense my English home while my family were abroad; and surely there is nothing which so closely ought to bind us together and so entirely to break down all reserve or anything like want of confidence as the being united and sharing together in those feelings where the truest joy is so strangely mingled with the deepest grief. I cannot hope, dear Mrs. Arnold, that in your case they may be separated, or that the one may ever entirely do away with the other, though I believe and am sure that the joy will increase, that you will be more and more 'filled with comfort, and exceeding joyful in all your tribulation.'—Ever, my dear Mrs. Arnold, your affectionate friend,

W. C. Lake.

Friday.

You will see many little things in the notes which will show you that I did not think originally of others perusing them, but all this you will excuse.

A letter is extant from Mrs. Arnold, written in 1842, from Fox How after Dr. Arnold's death, in which she refers thus to Lake and Stanley:

You would very much like both our guests Lake and Stanley. They are as different as possible: the first dignified and rather reserved in manner, the other with the simplicity of a child, and both of them so good as well as so superior in talent and reputation. They seem just as happy and contented here as if we were a large party and had ever so much to amuse them.

Among Mr. Lake's more intimate friends in the early forties was the Rev. E. Jackson, then senior curate to Dr. Hook at Leeds, and afterwards Hon. Canon of Ripon. To him Mr. Lake appears to have written with complete unreserve on religious and spiritual matters as well as on other topics of interest. A few extracts from these letters are here given:

To the Rev. E. Jackson.

April 30, 1841.

My dear Jackson,—. . . I have read a good portion of Newman's fifth volume, which I like very, very much; also of his 'Justification.' All that I read I admired, though I was not sure that I understood it; perhaps reading some good work on the other side would show me more of the strong points in the controversy. I have had to lay it by for other work, but hope to resume it very soon. I more and more, though at a distance, admire the depth and wisdom of Newman's character, and begin to suspect him to be the greatest man going. How different the tone of his writings from that of W. Palmer to Dr. Wiseman, though Palmer's facts are strong enough. . . .—Ever yours most truly,

W. C. Lake.

To the Same.

Balliol College, Oxford,
March 31, 1842.

. . . A curacy and an active one is the thing to which my wishes point.[1] One should not be too anxious—I have learned by experience that it is wiser as well as better not to be so—about choosing one's position; but some important points seem to mark Leeds as so desirable, that I determined to write and ask if you think there would be a vacancy among your deacons in the course of next year. I don't wish you—in fact, wish you not—to say anything to Dr. Hook or anyone on the subject, but let us two talk the matter over first. I wish to do so particularly from seeing *cons* as well as *pros* in the matter. I respect your great Doctor amazingly; but I fear he is a bit of a partizan and occasionally bitter. Your 'Church Dictionary,' for instance, is thought here, by the strongest and, I must add, some of the best men, to err in the latter respect. Is there much squabbling and excitement between parties at Leeds? These are questions which anyone should at least *ask*, especially *now*, when we are so terribly tempted to *talk* and *theology* instead of *practice* and *religion*. I confess in *feeling* I should expect often to find far more sympathy among Evangelicals than among High Churchmen, though my convictions are far more with the latter. . . .—Your sincere friend,

W. C. Lake.

Have you heard that Newman is gone to live at Littlemore, and will, it is supposed, preach no more at St. Mary's? He has not done so since the beginning of Lent.

Mr. Lake did not, however, take a curacy. Two years later he writes:

[1] Mr. Lake was not ordained till the following December.

WEEDON,
August 3, 1844.

MY DEAR JACKSON,—I am sure that you must often feel, what your last letter indeed expresses, the danger of talking so much, as those who are intimate nevertheless must do, on the matters of the greatest interest. For myself, my unreality in this point sometimes quite appals me. I feel that I am writing far above my practice—just as one so constantly does in writing a sermon—and really this feeling often almost makes me lay down the pen in disgust. . . . I dare say you will agree with me that the Puseyites have far too much neglected *sermons* as the almost only instrument our system has for *rousing* people and animating them. Surely we need wine as well as meat; and if our prayers are the latter, our preaching is the former. It were easy to extend the metaphor, and apply some of the least desirable influences of wine to preaching; however, a glass or two is unobjectionable. . . .
—Your very affectionate,

W. C. LAKE.

From the Rev. B. Jowett.

BALLIOL,
January 28 [184–].

MY DEAR LAKE,—I am very sorry to hear that you give so desponding an account of yourself. As to College arrangements, there is no reason why you should compel yourself to come, as Temple does not leave until May, and Riddell will be your deputy as before. Without humbug we are very glad to have an occasional sight of you, which is all that can be expected at present.

They want me to take the Catechetical Lectureship; but as I really think it will extinguish me, I am determined to resist, and believe it best for all that I should.

I am glad you are giving the water-cure a fair trial. It seems a hard thing to have had so long an illness. I think the only way is to place one's self altogether below it, and find strength in one's own weakness. I sometimes fear that if I had been thoroughly strong and well in health I should have lost all religious sense of things at all. These nervous complaints are so different from consumption and things which endanger life; it is impossible to be contented under them. I hope you will give yourself altogether to getting well. Lonsdale, I remember, felt the cold weather very little when under the water-cure.

I have been staying at Norwich with Stanley. I was quite delighted with his mother for her kindness and other good qualities. The old Bishop, like Lee, is very undonnish. Stanley took me to Cambridge, where we saw Professor Willis, who gave us a lecture on the Temple at Jerusalem, the courts of which he described as one 'vast slaughter-house.' He said there were no sort of data by which we could restore the style of architecture, or indeed anything but the plan, and that it was equally unlike a Gothic cathedral, a Greek temple, or a mosque.

Good-bye! I hope you will write whenever you are able, and feel assured that your friends will never be tired of sympathizing with you in this long and miserable illness.—Your sincere friend,

B. JOWETT.

From J. D. Coleridge, Esq.[1]

CAERNARVON,
July 21, 1844.

MY DEAR LACUS,—I suppose my father has answered for himself as to his part of your note to me. I must send you a line or two as to my own. Will you do me the honour to accept the little book I herewith send you, which I only send after grave doubts and hesitations? Laugh as little as you can, if you please, when you read it, if you do read it, and look upon it as at least a token of very sincere friendship, for it *has* the one merit of being *very* scarce; and out of my own family I have very few to give away, so I would not give one to anybody that I did not feel I might quite treat as a friend. There are some poems, you will observe, of a peculiar character, which I can help you to understand by telling you what you would anyhow hear some day or other, I suppose, that when I am called to the Bar I am going to be married to a sister of poor Seymour's. Don't say more about this than you feel to be your conscientious duty—you always act on duty, Lacus—though, of course, having always maintained that lovers were a spectacle to men and gods as a theory, I have no claim to expect to be exempted from the application of the said theory to my own particular case. I have been reading Ward's book with great diligence, and I should like to hope with some profit. It is much better written than I expected, and I think in matter even abler than I looked for, though I knew he was very great. I can hardly fancy any person reading it in a right spirit without getting good from it, and yet I doubt much whether upon the whole it will not in point of fact do harm. The views are very large and far-seeing, and to most people they will be altogether novel, and so a number will misconceive and misunderstand the general scope and a number more will misrepresent details, and between them I fear there will be mischief. Yet the more I see and hear, the more I really think it is absolutely necessary that people should be found who will speak out. In good people it is amazing, in others it is simply shocking, to hear the fashion of talk in which they allow themselves of the Roman Church and its saints and their ways. And that such ways of thought and speech are profane and wicked ought to be dinned into people's ears, at whatever risk of disgusting them for a while.

We have had up to this point a most delightful circuit, and land and sky have been good enough to put on their best looks for us. I suppose you know all this country; but from Shrewsbury to this place I do not think we have had a single uninteresting mile, and beauty and grandeur together reached their very acme yesterday on the road from Tan y Bwlch to this place by Bed Gelert and the Pass of Llanberis.

[1] Afterwards Lord Coleridge.

What a country Wales would be to impregnate someone's poetry as Cumberland has done Wordsworth's! It wants water certainly, but its mountains seem to me to be decidedly superior in character and outline. Perhaps they a little want *colour*, but otherwise they beat the Lakes to my mind. There is nothing there like Cader Idris and Snowdon.—Yours ever most truly,

J. D. Coleridge.

The two following letters from Mr. John Hamilton, of St. Ernan's and Burne Hall, co. Donegal, relate to the Irish famine, for the relief of which Mr. Lake was active at Oxford in collecting and forwarding funds. Writing to Lord Halifax in 1894 about Mr. Hamilton, Dean Lake spoke of him as 'a friend of mine some fifty years ago, of a very strong character, and altogether one of the best men I have ever known, really living for his Irish tenantry, on whom, unfortunately for his family, he spent nearly the whole of his fortune. His theology was very earnest and, though quite mistaken, very interesting.'

From John Hamilton, Esq.

St. Ernan's,
April 26, 1847.

My dear Lake,—I am sorry to say our state is worse and worse, the people sinking deeper in destitution, disease, and demoralization, particularly the two last. Here dysentery, with its peculiar fever, is the fatal disorder; hardly a single house escapes. And all the Government plans of relief seem invented to give the least possible relief with the greatest possible expense and vexatious trouble. Bad as were the gangs of male and female paupers on the public works, the crowds at the pauper soup establishments are far worse. There the people are crowded together, not merely *grouped* as they were in their work on the roads, but closely packed, fever in contact with dysentery, and both with healthy people, as if to secure to every disease every possible advantage for its propagation, and to secure the destruction of those who adventure themselves personally to endeavour to carry out the Government measures.

My principle is (and my acts are, I hope, in accordance) to make a Government plan or a law work well if I possibly can, and I sincerely say, as a loyal subject and a strong man, that a worse or more destructive device for the recipient or the administrator can hardly be imagined. The one is ill-relieved and discontented, and the other must sink under the weight of the duties imposed upon him, like an ill-packed burden ill-placed for being carried. Nothing but a kind of standing miracle preserves any of us who do our duty from day to day, and daily many are laid low in sickness, prostration of strength, or in the

grave. In short, what *we suffer* from now chiefly is Government measures called 'relief.' For an example, six hundred men were some time ago discharged from the public works here. As chairman of two districts, I received for my committees something less than *twenty-four hours' notice* to provide for the sustenance of these persons and their families. I was made aware that there were rules by which I must abide, but only a part of these rules were imparted (I believe because only part had been invented). After a vain endeavour to do something for ten days, I was informed by the Government officer that I was to write to another Government officer in Cork for some boilers to make soup to preserve from starvation six hundred men thrown destitute upon us for support ten days before in Donegal!

I declare to you and your friends this is no unfair specimen of the way in which the unfortunate residents who stand their ground in these times are treated. And besides this, *the more I expend* and the more I labour to keep the population of my property off the public fund, *the more* I am taxed in pocket and in personal labour to make up the deficiency and delinquency of the absentees, many of whom are in England busy making the laws under which we are fast sinking. You know of what a sanguine temperament, active disposition, and strong bodily frame I am, but I assure you I am nearly broken-down and broken-hearted. . . .

From the Same.

St. Ernan's, Donegal,
May 22, 1847.

My dear Lake,—Many thanks for your kind letter and its welcome enclosure, half-notes for £15. I am beginning to jump with delight at the sight of money, so much needed and so hard to get now. Such aid as you send me enables me to do many a deed of charity which otherwise I must harden my heart against, for though considerable sums pass weekly through my hands, and though I have, thank God! the means of directing the stream into very *useful* channels, I have *nothing* to give. I receive no rents, I have heavy poor rates and taxes to pay with *borrowed* money, and the sums I get to expend in *employment* are raised upon the security of the *improvement* in the value of the land made by means of that employment, so that I am *bound* to employ the money profitably, and with God's blessing I am getting on admirably with my works. I was yesterday on a visit to James's works, twenty-five *Irish* miles off, where he is employing a vast number of men reclaiming moors, and very successfully; but, alas! there are *no* other exertions making in all this district, everyone struggling to get as much *gratuitous* aid as possible, and the rich seem to seek it *more* for their tenantry than the tenantry seek it for themselves.

Fever is increasing, but not near so bad here as within thirty miles of us in different directions, especially at Enniskillen and Sligo, and the crowding of the poor round the soup-kitchens is a well-adapted means

of spreading the disease. The people *hate* the soup distribution, and almost universally say, 'Give us work!'

I refused above 100 men one day lately, and am obliged every day to refuse dozens who *beg* for employment. I have so many that I am obliged to have three principal overseers besides my steward and several sub-overseers, and the poor who work with me are most grateful.

Poor *strangers* passing through the district, often with their families and not fit objects for the workhouse, are often relieved by us out of your funds. You may form some idea of the extent of destitution from the fact that in one division of this union, with in round numbers 5,500 inhabitants, 4,000 are receiving gratuitous food; and in this division, out of 4,200, within a few of 2,000 are on the list of destitute, and a very large proportion of the rest are not half as well fed as those who frequent the soup distributions.

I am, along with my very few *active* neighbours, nearly run down. In speaking *thus* of neighbours, I look on a circle of thirty miles *radius* as lucky indeed if it contains two or three active proprietors, that is, active in doing and giving, not in seeking and getting. And I fear that we who stand our ground and employ the poor around us will be utterly swamped when the call comes on us, which is just at hand, to pay an enormous poor-rate for the support of the unemployed on other properties. I *see* no escape for us; but I see what is *right* at *the present moment*, and I try to do it, and to step where I think I see my Lord's will marks my path, and *He will* direct my ways, not perhaps to earthly prosperity, but to Himself, whose love is, I hope, my constraining motive, though sadly, sadly, shamefully less than it should be; were it more so I should be more simple and happy in my faith and decided in my practice. God bless you, my dear friend!—Ever sincerely yours,

JOHN HAMILTON.

Among the Dean's papers an early letter has been found from Mr. Gladstone to Captain Lake, the Dean's father, dated May 26, 1847, referring to Mr. Gladstone's election prospects, as to which young Mr. Lake appears to have been very sanguine. The letter contains a few words of comment on Mr. Lake himself, which are given here as contrasting with the false rumours circulated concerning his opinions shortly afterwards when he stood for the Headmastership of Rugby.

'On the confidence of your son,' Mr. Gladstone wrote, 'I set a very high value, not only on account of his distinguished abilities, but because I think a person who, being fondly attached to Dr. Arnold, has, nevertheless, sound and steady convictions concerning the Church, gives by the combination of these circumstances the clearest proof of the earnest and conscientious character of his mind.'

Mr. Gladstone went on to pay a high tribute to Dr. Arnold, though unable to agree with him on some points.

Rev. A. C. Tait, D.D.

COURTEEN HALL, NORTHAMPTON,
May 2, 1849.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I am truly thankful to be now able with my own hand to say how glad I was to receive your letter on Easter morning. I had heard from Highton of your being at Weedon and hoped to have seen you, and the letter was a poor substitute for yourself; but, still, it came at such a time that I could not but welcome it. Easter Day was indeed a day of joyful thankfulness to all of us, though I find it difficult to realize how completely I have at this time through God's mercy been raised from the dead. To my dearest wife, as you may suppose, the happiness she now enjoys again, in contrast with the desolation which seemed before her, is a source of almost overpowering thankfulness. On Easter Day I was able to appear in chapel for a few minutes to receive the Lord's Supper, and on the Monday we left Rugby for this. The change was deemed absolutely necessary both for the sake of change of air and also because of the impossibility of escaping business at Rugby.

And now what lies before me God only knows; but we may trust Him who has been so merciful to us. Babington seems to think that everything has gone on hitherto as well as it possibly could since I began to recover, and he speaks encouragingly as to the prospect of entire recovery, but it is impossible for him to speak with any certainty for some little time. There seems to be little doubt that I shall return to Rugby (please God), at least for the trial of another half-year, but you will kindly say little on the subject of our ultimate prospects, for, in truth, as yet they are quite unknown to any man. I may recover entirely, or I may find my strength quite unequal to work requiring great exertion, as indeed my recovery, which seems now so promising, may be checked by some unforeseen evil. For myself, I find at times that I have need of my friends' prayers that I may be saved from an anxious, troubled mind, and the thought of my sitting here in idleness while so much is going on at Rugby is trying; but, still, I am ready usually to leave all in God's hands.

You rightly call these trials blessings, and I think I can look upon my late illness as such. Certain I am that it was sent in love, and I think I can see the evils within my heart against which it was designed to warn me. 'In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved: Thou, God, of Thy goodness hast made my hill so strong.' Did it ever strike you how this represents the contented self-satisfaction which is apt to grow up even in a mind which seems to acknowledge that its prosperity comes all from God? From this and many another evil God doubtless designed to save me by that near prospect of death and eternity, and I shall indeed slight His goodness if I do not labour with His help that this trial may have its object accomplished.

While I lay in the prospect of death, certain great simple truths of Christianity presented themselves to my mind with such remarkable force and power that I think I can never cease to look upon them as designed by God to be the real anchor of the dying man's hopes, so that my belief of the great simplicity of true Christianity is strengthened by my late experience. How earnestly I wish that these great truths could take entire possession of me.

But I must not write more. It will be a great kindness to let me hear from you.—Your affectionate friend,

A. C. Tait.

My kind regards to all my Balliol friends. My visit to them in February, through the mist of my long illness falling so soon after, seems almost like a dream.

Towards the end of 1849, in consequence of the appointment of Dr. Tait to the Deanery of Carlisle, a vacancy occurred in the Headmastership of Rugby, and many of Mr. Lake's friends were very anxious that he should become a candidate for the post. His health among other reasons caused him at first to hesitate, and on November 22, while he was making up his mind, Dr. Tait writes thus to him:

As to health, no one can judge but yourself. . . . Consider this objection in its full force. My friends seem to say, now that they can speak openly, that if I had stayed here, the work must in all human probability have killed me; but that is no reason why it should kill *you*. Still, it is indeed very hard work, and most trying from its being incessant. . . . As to the charge of Puseyism operating on the mind of the trustees, that is a point as to your chance of being elected, not as to your chance of being successful if elected. I fully believe you to be neither of ——'s two dreaded extremes. . . . If you come . . . masters and boys will soon learn to love your real kindliness of heart, and acquiesce contentedly in your severity.[1] As to other qualities, I need say no more of them. You have every one of them unless it be calmness, and that will come with advancing years and a deepening sense of your great responsibilities. The post is indeed one not to be sought for pleasure, and I know that you seek it with no such view. Thank God I have been very happy in it, but there are many breakers ahead. I should delight to see it in vigorous, energetic hands; but it would be madness to come if there be a prospect of your breaking down in health. Again I say, may God direct you right! Goulburn has many qualities; I only fear his softness, and I do not know as to his power of lecturing. I believe his election would be hailed with delight by the world at large, but it is not certain how he would stand the test of the actual difficulties of the office.

[1] A majority of the masters were in favour of Mr. Lake.

Writing to Dr. Tait on November 18, 1849, after mentioning that Goldwin Smith wished him strongly to stand, and had told Jowett that he was *the* person, Mr. Lake says:

I should not, I hope, think of going to Rugby without working vigorously; and though I think I have at bottom a *gaieté de cœur*, which, *if things went on tolerably*, would enable me to get through a good deal, yet the prospect is appalling if I were to break down and had anxieties to battle with. Still, I believe we ought not to shrink from risks in life, and so, if Babington[1] permits, I shall very likely stand. . . . The Master[2] is remarkably kind on the subject; in fact, even the idea of standing has given me a certain degree of satisfaction from the kindness it has called forth. As to Cotton, I certainly think he would be the *safest* election of any for the numbers (which is almost the same as the well-being) of the school. I should sincerely acquiesce in him, and I think he would deserve the best wishes of all old Rugbeians. . . . In a day or two you shall hear my resolve, and God grant that it may be wise and with pure intentions. Many, many thanks for your note. Such epistles as yours and Shairp's do one good, and show that by those one values most this business will be carried on in a loving spirit.

November 24.

Not without an earnest prayer that it may be for good, I must now tell you that I have made up my mind to stand for Rugby.[3] . . . I am unfeignedly surprised to hear how much some men wish me to stand. Temple[4] *speaks* more strongly than he writes. Lingen[5] is very urgent, saying: 'The only question is, Will you stand? If you do, they are as sure to elect you as I sit in this chair.' J. D. Coleridge and the Judge of course were rather likely to wish for me. Vaughan rates my scholarship far too highly, saying that no one will ever venture to impeach it, etc. . . . Stanley writes entreating me to stand. Goulburn[6] wishes to withdraw for me, but his father presses him. . . . Seriously I am not anxious, though one can scarce help some excitement about the matter. I have gradually been, I trust I may say, *led* to stand, and, if elected, I hope God will give me the heart to work. . . .

[1] His medical adviser.

[2] The Very Rev. R. Jenkyns, Dean of Wells and Master of Balliol.

[3] On learning Lake's decision, Stanley wrote, April 26, 1849: 'I am of course delighted to hear that you are to stand, not only for the public good, but because of the good hope which the medical certificates give of your restoration. You will not think it coldness if, from the necessities of the case, I repress the flood of feeling which else would burst forth. . . . I shall give you the strongest testimonial, but shall not withdraw those I have given to Cotton and promised to Gell, as I think either of the three eligible, far beyond any of the other candidates, though yourself most eligible of the three. . . . But for some untoward event, I agree with Lingen that you are sure to be elected. . . .—Ever yours, A. P. Stanley.'

[4] Now Archbishop of Canterbury.

[5] Now Lord Lingen.

[6] Afterwards Dean of Norwich.

Among many testimonials he mentions the following:

'I have Winton and Lincoln, the latter very kind and to the point . . . some fair flank companies of deans and archdeacons; but young Oxford and young Rugby is my phalanx, and they *do* come it strong. W. Wordsworth[1] sent me a very nice letter to-day.'[2]

As his candidature proceeded Mr. Lake became keenly interested, and writing on December 13, he says: 'Alas! all this hurry leaves one little time for remembering one's self. . . . I hope my motives are on the whole pure, but the mere excitement of the chase sways me too much.'

On December 16, referring to what he takes to be his real claims, he says: 'I am supported by those who have the nearest interest in Rugby—Stanley, Vaughan, yourself, and the very large body of old and young Rugbeians of eminence. To use Stanley's expression, I have the support of "the whole University of Oxford," certainly that of its most eminent men, including my own coadjutors and old pupils.' Then, after alluding to 'weaknesses of character' in himself to be overcome, he goes on to speak of the grounds he has for hoping that, if elected, he may be enabled to work effectually 'for the spiritual good as well as the liberal education of Rugby boys. . . . I do indeed tremble,' he says, 'but I dare not draw back from the venture. Personally, I should gladly acquiesce in old Goulburn; and considering the great popularity of the election generally, though specially with the Evangelicals, I cannot take the dark view which Stanley does.'

It is interesting to note, as indicating the significance attached to the influence of the great leaders of thought in those days,

[1] The Poet Laureate.

[2] 'Rydal Mount, December 3, 1849.—My dear Mr. Lake,—It gives me much pleasure to learn that you have such encouragement to become a candidate for the important office of the Mastership of Rugby, and I heartily wish that you may succeed, both for the sake of the school and on your own account. I am induced to express this wish from the opinions I have had frequent opportunities of gathering, and the knowledge of your qualities both intellectual and moral, which appear to me *eminently* to fit you for such an office. It gave me pleasure to learn that you consider yourself so much indebted to my writings. I saw Mrs. Arnold and her daughters at our chapel yesterday, all in good health. Mrs. Wordsworth joins with me in best wishes for your health and welfare.—Believe me, ever faithfully yours, William Wordsworth.

that at this election to the Rugby Headmastership (in 1849) the letters 'A' (Arnoldian) and 'P' (Puseyite) were affixed to the names of the various candidates in the list before the trustees. Mr. Lake's name was the only one that had both 'A' and 'P' set against it. The election, as is well known, resulted in the appointment of Mr. Goulburn. Writing to Dr. Tait shortly afterwards, on January 3, Mr. Lake says:

Well, *Dieu le veut;* and here is one's real comfort. But as far as my own defects went, I too entirely feel the justice of the dispensation to wish it in reality otherwise. Depend upon it this is not the sort of thing that I should ever allow to annoy me for long. . . . *Il fallait un sacrifice*, and I am sure that I shall live to feel that it has been a blessing. As to Goulburn, my hearty wish would be to act with him, or at least support him, heart and head. His abilities in some lines no one can doubt are great, but we have had no *proof* of this scholastically. His earnest religiousness no one admires more than I do, and (if I may venture to say so) I think on most *positive* points I should agree with him. . . . Certainly my *hopes* predominate, chiefly from his fine, earnest, simple character, and, as I believe, from the quieting tone of his teaching. Had I gone to Rugby, so far as I may calculate on myself, no object would have been nearer my heart than, alike by my own teaching and by my careful choice of masters, to show boys that calmness and quiet in religion is consistent with real cultivation and development of mind and character; and this I trust earnestly will be Goulburn's line. If he does take it, he will do it far more effectually than I could have done.

During his candidature a question had arisen as to Mr. Lake's theological opinions, false and unfounded reports having been circulated with regard to them. Writing to Dr. Tait on this subject, he says:

The charge that my opinions are constantly vacillating and unsettled and unsettling is utterly and simply false. . . . In matters of religious teaching and feeling there is nothing I should more dread than an irreverent, ever-seeking, never-finding spirit, or more aim at than the contrary.

And again:

I entirely disagree on some points—such as his State and Church notions—with Dr. Arnold. . . . I believe myself to be still in the main a High Churchman, or (as it is now the fashion to put it safely) a Churchman, not (if you like) a party man, for, unluckily for my own quiet, I cannot be so, but still loving 'Church' practices, and I hope, as W. K. Hamilton pronounced *you*, 'sound about the Sacraments,' in serious earnest, believing that, with all their faults, to this body are more of the principles of truth given than to any others.

From the Rev. A. P. Stanley.

ADDRESS TO 38, LOWER BROOK STREET,
December 16, 1849.

MY DEAR LAKE,—Not one out of the twenty candidates could have felt a more utter blank than myself when I opened the telegraphic dispatch sent by some unknown friend to me yesterday and read the announcement of Goulburn's election. Our poor servant who brought it in concluded, I suppose from my expression of grief and dismay, that it was the tidings of another death. I will not dwell, however, on this side of the event, in which perhaps I feel more deeply than you how vast a world it cuts from under my feet. But for yourself you have my deep sympathy, in which my mother and sisters (as you know) heartily join, though not with the same intensity as the friend who, having known and loved you for twenty years, had at last hoped to have seen you in a post where he and you could have worked together in a harmony the more complete because of the difference of our spheres. Dwell, however, dwell if you can on the possible anxieties from which you are saved. There was a risk for your health. Dwell, too, on the good which still remains to you; dwell on the kind feeling and strong admiration for your excellencies which this occasion has drawn out, far beyond what could have been else known; dwell, or rather think for a moment, that you have been defeated, not from any fault of your own, I trust not from any fault of your friends, but from the hostility of personal enemies, combined with other causes in so extraordinary and unexpected a manner, as almost to give to this fatal decision the character of a providential dispensation. I too in my lesser spheres have had my disappointments—a Fellowship at Balliol, a Professorship of Modern History, seemed to me once the posts the most to be envied in the world—yet I have no doubt now that, by being foiled in both of them, I have been spared much evil and gained much good. May you in this greater, far greater, far more undeserved [?][1] feel ultimately the same comfort. Remember that it has at least had the benefit of making us more fully understand and sympathize with each other. Would that I could have had the opportunity of showing what I would have done for you had you been elected!—Farewell, with all blessings on your head!

A. P. STANLEY.

From the Rev. B. Jowett.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I was very sorry—indeed, more than I can express—to see that you were not elected to the Headmastership of Rugby. I fear there must be many things connected with it bitter to think of, for you have not been beaten altogether with fair weapons. Had Arnold been living, I feel persuaded that you would have been *his* choice.

I do not write to offer you any consolation under what must be one

[1] Word illegible.

of the greatest trials and disappointments that could happen to a man in life, but merely to say how heartily I acquiesce in it on another account—that you remain with us at Balliol. We shall now work on together for a few years longer at Balliol, and I hope with increasing usefulness, and understand one another better. In many respects Oxford is for both of us the happiest place we could have. I always feel it a great blessing to have such a home.

I think the less said ἐπαίνου περὶ ἢ ψόγου on late events the better. In this case especially the only way to refute slanders is to be silent about them to everybody.—Believe me, my dear Lake, your affectionate friend,

B. Jowett.

From the Rev. J. C. Vaughan.

17, Gloucester Crescent,
January 7, 1850.

My dear Lake,—I am very unwilling to put off answering your kind letter more fully than I can do to-day. I have been moving about so much that I have not had an opportunity of writing, as I ought to have done long ago. I am so afraid you should think I had forgotten you. . . . Not so, I assure you. I had already written to Lord Howe since the election expressing my earnest desire that, while we acquiesced in the decision of the trustees as to the successful candidate, you should not be allowed to suffer in general estimation by the prevalence of false rumours. . . . Could you come to me soon at Harrow (I return, I hope, to-morrow finally), and we could then talk all over? Pray do, my dear Lake! I think it would do you good to have a thorough talk with me, for you well know how I feel with you. You are setting a bright example in the spirit you express.—Ever faithfully and very affectionately yours,

C. J. Vaughan.

To the Very Rev. A. C. Tait, Dean of Carlisle.

Balliol College,
Easter Eve, 1850.

My dear Tait,—I must not let Easter pass without sending you a few lines to express my great pleasure at finding from all accounts that you are once again so well and vigorous, so different from what I remember you just two years ago, and with every prospect of happy and vigorous exertion at Carlisle. May you find your lot as prosperous there as it has been at Rugby; and although it must just now be a trying time for you to leave a place where there are so many remembrances connected with the most important years of your life, and to feel that one great scene is now closing on you for ever, yet—may I say so?—you have been so favoured hitherto that there is no reason why 'Die Kraft der Hoffnung' and even 'Des Jugends' should not be predominant.

I saw old Goulburn here the other day, and with the heartiest wishes for his success. With regard to him, I feel my personal remembrances overpower all other thoughts, so that, whilst in one or two matters I may fear for the school (though even here I ever gave him my δευτερεῖα), yet my great feeling about Rugby is the hope that Goulburn may turn out boys at once natural, unexaggerated, and earnest. He is a true, good fellow, and, besides, a warm and affectionate one. He will, I cannot doubt, if he can bring himself to bear on them, impart much nobleness to his boys. . . .

Easter Day! It is impossible not to have old days and old acquaintances brought before one on this day and at this place. But the thoughts are too chequered to try to analyze them, and I should probably be open to the charge of sentiment if I attempted it. Well, then I will only pray again that we may all one day enjoy that sunshine —of which the breaking clouds are some type—the sunshine of the sight of God. That may clear away many a cloud of earth.

Meanwhile I send you many tender 'farewells' on your departure from Rugby. May 'you and your wife and your little ones' be very happy, as I am sure you will be, at Carlisle.—Ever yours very faithfully,

W. C. Lake.

From among Mr. Stanley's many lively and interesting letters written while travelling abroad in the 'forties' and 'fifties' one is given here:

From the Rev. A. P. Stanley.

Rome,
October 10, 1852.

My dear Lake,—. . . From the corner of the Pincian Hill I see St. Peter's and St. Angelo once again, the column of Antoninus, the Quirinal Palace, and all besides. We arrived here on the 4th, with no other misadventure than one which might have been very serious, but which happily ended only in a few bruises and contusions—the overturn of the whole party on our way to the Falls of Terni, amidst the shrieks of 'La Poverina—la Poverina!' from the guide, and rending of hair, wringing of hands, and shedding of tears from the postboy. We passed up the Rhine, halted a day at Heidelberg to see friends there, Stuttgart, Ulm, Augsburg, Munich, Salzburg, through the wilds of Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola to Trieste, which, as we found that we could not thence reach Pola or Fiume, was a failure. Venice, with Heidelberg and Salzburg, it gave me real pleasure to see again. The difference, indeed, between the first impression and all subsequent impressions of illustrious scenes is to me immeasurable—all the difference between posting and horse; and I gather, from the much greater delight which I seem to have in the former than most people, that it is not usually felt. Thence a digression to *Trent* for the sake of the Council. No, my dear Proctor, I cannot believe, as says an inscription in the Church where they wound up their local factions and sanguinary

sessions, that those cardinals, ambassadors, and bishops, 'Spiritus sanctus, Deus, Otermes, munificus, Oracula portremum effudit.' Padua, Ferrara, Bologna—a beautiful and interesting city—*Ravenna*, a place with an exterior more meagre than Banbury, but with mosaics and tombs within the churches, which more even than anything here carry you back to the stiff court and church of the dissolving Empire, and girt round on its sea side by the most beautiful and poetical of forests, the Pineta of the Roman fleets, of Dryden, and of Dante.

Loretto—a mournful scene, a prelude, I fear, to the holy places of Palestine; it rises fortress-like from the Apennines. Within this fortress church is the sacred house, its 'ingenuous toph' grievously 'violated' by Papal 'marbles'; 100 clergy minister to it; 120 vespers are daily said in and around it; it is thronged with pilgrims, who kiss its walls, and crawl round it, and retire backward from it, and believe it to be the very scene of the Incarnation. The Pope has never been there since his accession. Oh, Pope! why is this? Do you believe in it or not? Is it the most sacred spot on earth, or is it a mere legend? Or is this momentous question an open question, which your divine authority cannot close or solve? It was quite a relief to pass to Assisi, the real birthplace and grave of a real saint, though here again I cannot forbear to ask, if Francis was a saint, worthy of the veneration of the universe, what are ye, Pontiffs and Cardinals, in your palaces and scarlet coaches and world-famous grandeur? Terni, Civita Castellana (old Falerii), *Rome*, certainly, even on a second visit, a most wonderful —not spot, place, city, but world. But I shall leave things and abstractions and pass to persons. . . . At Venice we came across a volcanic stream of young Oxford and England—M., G., etc., who have turned up again here. M., walking about the Coliseum by midnight—moonlight—was suddenly accosted by one of the red-legged descendants of Charlemagne, now supporting the tottering throne of Leo: 'Qui va là?' 'Un amico!' ejaculated the excitable Cambrian. Either the Italian or the phrase was thought unsatisfactory, and 'Je tire!' was the immediate response, with an accompanying gesture which 'covered' the body of the devoted poet. 'Un voyageur qui veut voir les antiquités à la clarté de lune,' was the new definition of the intruder, which satisfied the inquirer sufficiently to let him pass on unharmed. At Venice and again at Ravenna we met Sir F. Palgrave travelling with one of the younger sons. Poor man! he was sadly overwhelmed at times, but struggling manfully, and still overflowing with knowledge.

. . . I have left no room for the Professorship of Modern Languages. I can hardly give an opinion. Müller's chances and claims with the Curators are great; but you can do no harm by trying, if you are resolved not to care for repulse. A pang occasionally strikes me when I hear of a professorship. The object of travelling is sadly shattered by seeing a stall instead of a chair at the end of the vista. Be of good cheer: your Proctorship has succeeded beyond all expectation.—Ever yours,

A. P. Stanley.

Mr. Lake was brought into very close relations with Mr. Gladstone all through the period of 'Oxford Reform.' Long and continued correspondence took place between them and many meetings in London; but the subject is now too completely a matter of past history to have much interest for the present generation. A few extracts only are introduced here, together with a letter on the question of the abolition of oaths in the University.

From the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

6, Carlton Gardens,
November 10, 1852.

My dear Mr. Lake,—. . . I am sincerely rejoiced to find you sanguine about reform. Depend on it the question is most serious, whether the crisis be early or postponed. Small measures will not now do; and if the University means, as I fervently hope it does, with the colleges, to fight for their principles, they must make it clear, and that soon, that they don't wish to fight for anything else.—Most sincerely yours,

W. E. Gladstone.

From the Same.

Hagley,
December 13, 1853.

Dear Mr. Lake,—. . . The early part of Dr. Pusey's evidence on the German Universities is very imposing, and unless it can be answered will produce a considerable effect as against the general animus of the Commissioners' Report with respect to the professorial system. . . .—I remain, very sincerely yours,

W. E. Gladstone.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Balliol College,
December 15, 1853.

Dear Mr. Gladstone,—. . . I should have written yesterday in answer to your other allusion, as to the sources from which the Tutors wish the funds for Professorships to be drawn, and as to their report upon the colleges—*i.e.*, upon opening Fellowships—but that I knew your time to be so much occupied. I have told you how much more difficulty there is in obtaining any agreement on these points, particularly the latter, than on previous ones. I believe, however, that, having committed themselves to the need of a moderate professoriate (such as I do not think Dr. Pusey's evidence or his wishes would at all oppose), most men are quite prepared for some injunction which would enforce an adequate contribution from *the colleges*, though they would

wish, for the sake of the independence of the colleges—and, as connected with them, of the whole University—that they should be allowed some freedom of action as to *the mode* of raising the required funds. I mean that they would generally prefer to be allowed themselves to put a heavy tax upon any Fellowships above such a number as might be supposed enough for collegiate purposes (*e.g.*, twelve for Oriel, eleven for Merton, ten for Magdalen), rather than to have a certain number of Fellowships wrested (as they would think) from them. We have been *very* busy in other things this Term; but if I may judge from a committee meeting, even strong Conservatives (such as Marriott) will acknowledge that the tenure of a Fellowship is *considerable work done*, after the degree, at the University, and thus they might be willing to have *some* Fellowships terminable, although it is thought that to make *many* so would be accompanied with much hardship.

Partly upon the ground of statutes, but partly also upon that of general expediency, there is certainly a great reluctance to open Fellowships, so much as I should myself think desirable. I have not had time lately to read Dr. Pusey's evidence fully, excepting the first pages, which certainly struck me (as they seem to have struck yourself) as very powerful against such an absorbing professoriate, as seems to have been the πρῶτον ψεῦδος of the Commission; but I should suppose that in other parts he better than anyone would express the reasons which incline many men of real openness of mind to deal over-tenderly with close Fellowships. My hope is that men may be induced even in their Report to contemplate at least *the possibility* of most Fellowships being thrown open, which certainly, in point of fact, *many*, if not *most*, expect will be the case, and then (I think) they will not be averse to the Government adopting such a course as will open them a little more than they had themselves proposed.

I venture to say 'adopting such a course,' because the idea of the Government doing everything by a single stroke and with no intervening body is greatly dreaded as an heavy blow to the independence of the University. . . .—Yours most faithfully,

W. C. Lake.

To the Same.

Henbury Court, Bristol,
January 4, 1854.

My dear Mr. Gladstone,—I ought perhaps not to have delayed to send you Mr. R. Palmer's evidence, but I have hesitated for a few days from feeling that you must have many things to occupy your attention besides our little concerns, to which you have already given much time. But I think you would wish to see it, as the evidence of an independent and fair person in favour of a more moderate reform than has been suggested.—I am, dear sir, yours most faithfully,

W. C. Lake.

P.S.—I send you also some of our history papers, which I think you expressed a wish to see. May I venture to add one thing which has

struck me very much from talking with persons of different parties lately—viz., that it seems to me that the time is now fully come for any measure of University reform; that men have had abundant time to think, and have in fact (the *Conservatives* I chiefly mean) screwed up their courage to accept a really Liberal reform, if it does but respect the religious character of Oxford, while further delay would only lead to hesitation, and give room for bitterness and intrigue. I am sure you will forgive my speaking thus openly.

From the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

DOWNING STREET,
January 10, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. LAKE,—I have read Mr. R. Palmer's evidence with peculiar pleasure; it is a very valuable contribution towards the settlement of our question.

I thank you very much for your kindness in sending me the history questions, though as yet, from a great pressure on my time, I have not been able to read them. . . .

I entirely feel with you that the *time* is now come, and that further delay would be a great evil.—Yours sincerely,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

From the Same.

DOWNING STREET,
January 25, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. LAKE,—Will you (without drawing any inference one way or the other from my inquiry) kindly let me know what *you* would think of a provision for the total abolition of oaths in the University and colleges of Oxford? and how (in your opinion) would such a clause, if inserted in a Bill, be received?—I remain, very sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
January 26, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—I confess that I do not like the idea of abolishing *all* oaths either in the University or in the colleges. I object to it upon two grounds: (1) That it is undesirable in itself; (2) that even if desirable, it is a matter with which the University may itself be intrusted, since it has shown no unwillingness to consider the subject, and has in fact at different times abolished many unnecessary oaths.

I can understand a man who objects to all oaths whatever objecting to University oaths. I should not agree with him, for I think that an oath practically *is* to most of us—however we may wish it otherwise—an obligation to the conscience to an extent to which a simple promise

is *not*. My very feeling, then, of its being such would lead me to avoid weakening its force by a needless multiplication of its use, but surely not to giving it up entirely on sufficiently serious occasions; and accordingly with regard to Oxford, my question would be, 'Are the occasions sufficiently serious, and perhaps also are there adequate temptations, in University and college life to call for the additional solemnity of an oath besides a simple promise?'

I think there *are* in both. In University matters I believe that now no oaths are taken before the M.A. degree, and then the oath touches chiefly the various *votes* to be given, as for the election of members, professors, etc., while it is also a general promise that 'tam in hâc domo Congregationis quam in aliâ D. Convocationis bene ac fideliter geres.' I do not think that upon the first occasion of a man's entering upon his academical rights this general solemn promise is improper; and with regard to the special duties it refers to (*i.e.*, elections to professorships, etc.), I fear that men are often sufficiently careless to need this strong appeal to their conscience. Thus, in our recommendations about the election to professorships, we thought that an oath before each election to choose the best man was the surest preservative against voting for a friend, adequately qualified, but not ἁπλῶς ἄριστος. I do not wish to strain the point, and admit that a simple, definite *promise* without an oath *might* be sufficient for this. I doubt it, however; and I should suspect that in the University there would be a good deal of the kind of feeling I have expressed, both actually in favour of the retention of some oaths, and also that in a somewhat doubtful question the University might fairly have been left to work out the solution for itself.

On these grounds, so *far as regards the University*, non-interference appears to me the right course. I ought, indeed, to add that *some* of the University oaths are, I think, needless, but I should trust to getting rid of these soon.

The *college* question seems to be rather different, because in some cases their promissory oaths are to maintain a complicated system for ever, whereas those of the *University* are generally for the performance of a particular duty and for a limited time. About oaths against all alteration of statutes there can, of course, be no question, but a general oath to perform college duties I should myself wish to retain upon a ground which I have before mentioned, viz., as a religious pledge taken upon an occasion sufficiently important to call for it. And with regard to the general feeling here on this subject, you know that the duties of the members of our societies are invested, in the language of our statutes, with a religious character, and the oath to observe them is a very important part of this in the eyes of many, so that I fear the substitution of a simple promise might be looked upon as tending to weaken this character. I should fear that such a general abolition might excite a distrust in the University beyond its real importance, and might cause an indisposition to accept greater reforms.

After all, do the oaths taken here, excepting always the worst promissory ones, differ essentially from those taken upon the acceptance of many offices elsewhere?

I have given my opinion freely, as I think you wished me to do, and will only add, to bring it to a point, that my own idea would be—

1. To abolish minute promissory oaths, like those of New College and Magdalen, by Act of Parliament.

2. To leave University oaths to the University itself.

3. To leave the oaths of each separate college to be dealt with by such a Statutory Commission as you appear to contemplate.—I remain, my dear Mr. Gladstone, yours very faithfully,

W. C. LAKE.

From the Rev. R. W. Church.[1]

WHATLEY, FROME,
June 11, 1853.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I am much obliged to you for the history papers, which please me much more, though, to look over than they would to answer. I should like much to hear your account of the throw-off, and how they brought out men.

I am afraid I am not in case soon to forget my Oxford days and Oxford friends. I should be spared many a dreary hour, and should tackle to an uncongenial life with more heart, if I had not them to remember. But, even so, I have no wish for the great anodyne.

I am still living here by myself; ever since I have been here the workmen have had possession of the house, and have still. It seems to take as long to repair an old house nearly as to build a new one. This has not added to my comfort; but it is less than the feeling that I am not qualified even for the small parochial work I have. It is too small to be worked otherwise than single-handed, so that whatever is done I must do. Two sermons a week in perpetuity is of itself a great burden, and in all the matters that happier parochials are so full of, and find the work and enjoyment of their lives in, I am still ἄπογος. And even books and the *Times* lose half the interest when there is no one who cares about them to talk to.

As I had not the amusement of the Derby ovation, I suppose I may be spiteful against it. What queer creatures those undergraduates are, cheering Dizzy! and yet they will most of them make voters for Gladstone. What a man he has turned out! It was quite worth while having such a foil as Dizzy, to be contrasted with, to match Dizzy in power of exposition, and keeping up attention, and have the real stuff besides.

Imagine in these days of the possible storming of Constantinople, seeing but one paper a week!

When I have the house clear, I shall tempt you to run down here. It is easy by G.W.R. from Bristol, and there is some very jolly country. —Yours affectionately,

R. W. CHURCH.

Some letters from Mr. Lake, when Tutor at Balliol, to the Hon. George Brodrick (now Warden of Merton) are given here,

[1] Afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

as an instance of the interest taken by him in the career and prospects of his pupils. His ready sympathy and insight into character enabled him to temper wise and friendly advice with a judicious measure of encouragement or warning. These letters, which date from 1853 to 1856, are introduced by a few words from Mr. Brodrick, written in 1891, after Dean Lake's long illness. The Dean's reply is also given.

From the Hon. George Brodrick.

MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD,
May 15, 1891.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I write to you again in the hope of eliciting an improved account of your health. This has been a trying winter and spring for recovery, and several of my friends have failed under the strain. . . .

In sorting and arranging old letters, I was struck by the number of very kind and helpful ones which I had received from you. My experience of life has shown me how rare this kind of friendship is.—With best wishes, yours sincerely,

GEORGE BRODRICK.

To the Hon. George Brodrick.

62, WARRIOR SQUARE, ST. LEONARDS,
May 18, 1891.

MY DEAR BRODRICK,—Many thanks for your kind letter and wishes. I believe my doctors think me very much recovered—my lung affection practically cured, though still requiring care. What I chiefly suffer from is great want of circulation in the legs, which allows me to walk very little. This, I think, has been to a great extent due to want of exercise, particularly riding, which I strongly advise you to adhere to as long as possible. Meanwhile I hope to return to Durham in about a fortnight.

It has, as you say, been a sad, as well as a trying, winter. I have probably lost (as one must expect to do at seventy-four) more intimate friends than you have, particularly Church, almost the last remaining of my real Oxford intimates, though Newman's departure was practically the end of our *epoch*. The fifty years since Arnold's death and Newman's secession seem to me like a dream. Is it a mere *laudator temporis acti* that I think they were the greatest men (statesmen omitted) that Oxford has had in this century?

Many thanks for what you so very kindly say of my letters to you. I had quite forgotten there being any even the least like what you describe; and if you happen to have kept any, I would ask you to show me *one or two*, which I would return; if not, don't trouble yourself about it. . . .—Ever, my dear Brodrick, yours most truly,

W. C. LAKE.

To the Same. Condolence on being plucked in Mathematics after getting a First-class in Classics. This led to his reading for Honours in Modern History.

BALLIOL,
December 1, 1853.

MY DEAR BRODRICK,—Just one line I must send to say that I hope you are not worrying yourself about this unfortunate, and I really think rather laughable, little accident. I assure you that no one can look upon it in the light of a serious failure. Everyone understands why you went in in such a hurry, and the haste with which one examination succeeds another must always make such an event possible, even in the best regulated personages, and particularly as the schools are quite new, and, till you so audaciously sounded *all* their depths and shoals, were unexplored. You may call yourself a Franklin, except that I hope your fate has caused no tears. You really must take a sensible, *i.e.*, not too serious, a view of the subject.

Now you have no choice but to get up your history and take a First, which you really may be almost sure of doing if it does not tire you too much.

Send me a line to say that you have buried all regrets in dissipation. It is late at night, and I must go to bed, so only believe me yours most truly,

W. C. LAKE.

To the Same. Suggestions for the Arnold Essay. Advice as to standing for the Balliol Fellowship.

DUMBLETON, EVESHAM,
July 4, 1854.

MY DEAR BRODRICK,—I am glad you have preferred a quiet sail round England to the chances of a Russian prison, and hope now that your First is secured * * * may leave off his steel shirt.

As to your questions about the Colonæ, I have no means of giving you any 'official information,' *i.e.*, I don't know any special book or paper on the subject. I should myself, in your case, look at Gibbon, with a certainty that wherever he treats of the subject you would see all the sources of information indicated, and the French 'Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions' is the place for separate essays of that kind. It is a very good subject, because, among other things, it will teach you how the barbarians first settled upon, and then gradually broke, the Roman frontier; and you may make out whether the said Colonæ supplied anything to the feudal system. The Latin essay is, 'Morum philosophi apud Græcos et Romanos inter se comparati'—'The Different Principles of Representative Governments in Ancient and Modern Times.'

As to the Fellowship, I have never known the slightest preference to scholars or Balliol men. There is an idea current of there being such, but in most of the cases I have known there has been no question; in

the only one where there was a close run between a Balliol scholar and an out College man the latter won without the former's claim as scholar being made anything of, although in so close a case it might have been thought (and justly) that it ought to have weight. You can see the words in the printed statutes, which are 'præferatur scholasticus, si cum extraneo alquari possit,' and this generally comes to nothing.

Wishing you a very pleasant tour, and that we may meet in October, believe me, my dear Brodrick, yours very truly,

W. C. LAKE.

P.S.—I think the Balliol examination is pretty much the same as the Oriel.

To the Same. On his failing to get the Balliol Fellowship.

Wednesday evening, November, 1854.

MY DEAR BRODRICK,—I cannot help just writing you a line to say how very sorry I am that you should have incurred what I fear *must* be a disappointment; for, though in one sense it is a mitigation to know that you were extremely near being elected, in another it is always tantalizing to do so. However, barring the not being actually elected, I hope you will not feel that you need be annoyed; for you and Newman[1] being (so to speak) on different lines of merit, it was not the doing better in one or two papers which would have affected the decision.

I hope really that you will not be discouraged; for the having done so very well as you did ought, I think, to insure your success where you may like quite as well to be a Fellow. But I know it is for the time a disappointment, and perhaps felt particularly when the exertion must have very much exhausted you.—Yours most truly,

W. C. LAKE.

To the Same. Advice as to standing for the Oriel Fellowship, etc.

11, RUSSELL STREET, BATH,
December 28, 1854.

MY DEAR BRODRICK,—Like yourself, it does not require much to do me up in an examination, and I have hardly yet got into case for doing anything since the end of last week. I have, however, thought over as much as I could the subject of your inquiry, and I still think, in spite of what you say, that Oriel is the best place for you to stand at. No other College could be named, University or All Souls, for instance, where you are not, I mean where anyone is not, liable to some chance of uncertainty. Oriel goes very much by Scholarship, and, such being the case, I cannot think it at all likely that they would prefer C—— or B—— to yourself; of course I must state this moderately, and avoid making my own judgment the standard of that of others; still, allowing all due latitude, your Scholarship is so far beyond C——'s, and your power

[1] William Lambert Newman.

of writing beyond B——'s, that I cannot at all anticipate either of them being preferred to you. I admit what you say, that, where they have previous knowledge of likings and opinions, electors are influenced more than they acknowledge to themselves by other things than the examination; but still I suspect you are likely to have influential men inclined to you, quite as much as to C—— or B—— at Oriel. However, it is likely to be a large field, and it is not to be denied that you cannot make sure, and in a case like your own, where you are liable to be overworked or depressed by an examination (and I am sure I do not wonder at it), I wish you could be spared the anxiety and the possibility of disappointment. All Souls would in many respects suit you, but for the great poverty of the Fellowships, and their offering little opening to University work. What do you think of Merton? I have a suspicion that they are afraid of too many Balliol men there. A most contemptible jealousy, I must say, if it leads them to any injustice, and one by the side of which the All Souls line is far the better and wiser. However, it is worth while inquiring, but *as quietly as possible* for obvious reasons. Indeed, if you resolve on going through this Fellowship ordeal, I think it a prudent rule to show very little sensitiveness about being rejected. It may at least annoy some of the electors, and things at Oxford are so talked about that they generally come round to the ears which they should not.

On the whole, I still incline to Oriel; working at Greek and Latin translation, reading some Plato, Cicero, and perhaps Pindar carefully. It will be no loss to your mind, but an opportunity which you might not otherwise get to work at the translation part of Scholarship and some Metaphysics, versus knowledge. I am sure they will carry the day.—Ever yours most truly,

W. C. Lake.

By-the-by, I hope you don't forget to feed with *any* of your friends under the present pressure of interests.

To the Same. Advice on Future Career.

Balliol College,
July 7, 1856.

My dear Brodrick,—I thought very hard at your question all Sunday (services excepted), and if you think I answer briefly, it is not from not having tried to sound all the shoals and depths of honour which I see you are bent on trying, but because certain abominable examinations are just now screwing me to death. I confess the net result of my cogitations is, that you have hardly given the law a fair trial, and can hardly as yet judge whether or not you can brace yourself to meet all its difficulties. The ἁπλῶς ἄριστον in the case of a young man of abilities not over endowed with cash (which consideration always meets one as the awkward turning-point of the question) seems to me undoubtedly that he shall follow R. Palmer's example (though perhaps in *your* case at the *Common Law* Bar), and only look to

Parliament as the end of his legal vista. No doubt this is modified by each man's peculiarities, his health, his decided want of taste for legal pursuits, his feeling that hope delayed would be too much for him, and no doubt, too, the trial of the long years of uncertainty and want of any visible results is, to a temperament with anything of anxiety or impatience, a tremendous one. Still, unless your mind is quite made up, and before it is so, I cannot help thinking a longer trial of yourself would be more satisfactory. I think in trying for ——'s Secretaryship you would be too easily diverted from your object, and that a year or two years hence you might try for a better thing, and with a mind more convinced that you had given legal studies a really full and fair chance. . . . If you think otherwise, and your mind is quite made up about the Law, then no doubt the office with which he is connected is a good one, though even here I should have said some interest would be needed to lift you just over the heads of some of the able young men of whom there are a good many about the Educational Department of the Privy Council. . . .

Upon the whole, however, my view is, to myself at least, a pretty clear one. I do not think you ought to know, or can really know yet, that you are unsuited for the orthodox course into public life which the Bar supplies, and I do not think ——'s Secretaryship so tempting that it ought to lead you prematurely and hastily to quit your natural position. I think you are, like many of us, easily disgusted by the kind of prospect which the first blank years of the Bar offer, but you ought not too easily to knock under on that account. Men of more, or as delicate health, J. Coleridge for example, have amidst many forebodings nevertheless still 'clung to the hill' and ultimately climbed it, and after all the ten years of comparatively bootless toil may be amply rewarded by twenty years of success, Parliament and the Bench in the end. 'Wait a little longer' is therefore my advice.

I have been obliged to write rather hastily, but I really thought over the matter as well as I could, and have said all I have to say. Write me a line if you have time to Great Malvern, whither I am going in an hour. In a fortnight I expect to be in London, and we may meet.—Ever yours truly,

W. C. Lake.

To the Same.

Oxon,
August 2, 1856.

My dear Brodrick,—Had I received your letter a day sooner, I would have asked Sir C. Trevelyan your question, as I had to see him on some business. I know him very little, but after some slight disputation he has been very civil to us, and I am sure in his zeal for the Civil Service he would be glad to tell you whatever you want to know, and perhaps to hook you as a 'public servant.' For my part, I advise you to do nothing hastily in the matter, beyond, perhaps, asking his advice. I will at the same time, if you wish it, inquire both of Northcote and Gladstone.

My impression is that you put yourself in a groove in the C.S. which

you cannot move from for years, and one which would be unpleasant to a hero of your εὐτραπελία.

I still think the Bar for a year or two, with some writing, your line, chiefly because it will at once occupy you and allow you to look about; and I cannot help also retaining my opinion that your practical activity and all your particular turn of mind and talents very much fit you for some public life, where more independence can be shown than in the lower appointments (with one of which for many years you *must* be content) of the Civil Service.

Sir C. Trevelyan I could ask when I am next in town, in about a fortnight. The other persons I should be glad to delay asking at present, as it would be better done by seeing them, and as I shall still be very much occupied for the next six weeks.

I wish you had seen Varnhagen. I commend to your attention Haym's 'Life of W. von Humboldt,' as very interesting on the subject of Prussia, though it puffs the rascal too much; but you will soon find out that when any Prussian writes about Prussia—*omnia magna, pes etiam.*

Would you like a line to Lord Bloomfield or some of the Embassy at Berlin? He will probably have returned there from the country by the end of September, though hardly sooner.

Commend me to Law and Morrison, and make them work sensibly at what will tell for their immediate object.—Yours ever affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

Dean Lake has mentioned that, when the vacancy in the representation of Oxford occurred in 1854, he was deputed to carry to Mr. Roundell Palmer an urgent request that he would stand for the University. In a private letter written soon afterwards, Mr. Palmer gives the grounds of his refusal.

From the Right Hon. Roundell Palmer.[1]

Lincoln's Inn,
January 16, 1854.

My dear Lake,—You can, I am sure, understand that the decision which Neate will have communicated to you was not arrived at by me without much conflict of feeling. It was impossible for *me* to decide the question of comparative personal fitness in my own favour; and although I might not have refused to let others act on their own opinions upon that subject, had such opinions been (among my own friends, and those with whom I have been used to act) unanimous, or nearly so, it was another thing when I found how strongly the opposite view was entertained by many with whom the very possibility of conflict upon such a point would be most painful to me. Flattering as your preference and that of others at Oxford is to me, I have no doubt

[1] Afterwards Earl of Selborne.

that I have done what was right and what was most expedient also, for Oxford as well as for myself, under the circumstances. I would have encountered without fear all that enemies could have said or done if I could have done so with the support and approbation of all my friends; but to have accepted your invitation would have been to disappoint the most cherished wishes and (not improbably) to forfeit the esteem and support of many friends, without whose esteem all objects of personal ambition would be valueless. If I could rate any difference between my ability to serve the University in debate or otherwise and that of Sir W. Heathcote so highly as to account it a duty to merge all these considerations (even at the instance of yourself and others, whose judgment I might be excused for deferring to in ordinary circumstances), I must be more deficient in αἴδως than I really am.

I trust no regret which may be felt in any quarter at my decision, or at the causes which have produced it, will lead any of Gladstone's supporters to hesitate as to the course they ought now to take. I shall myself cordially support Sir William Heathcote; and I need not say that I shall ever be found as ready to serve the University to the best of my power as if I were one of its members, though no doubt I cannot do so with the same degree of weight.

I will return you to-morrow the corrected proof of my answers to the Tutors' Questions. — Believe me ever, my dear Lake, yours most sincerely,

ROUNDELL PALMER.

From Sir William Heathcote, Bart.

LONDON,
February 28, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. LAKE,—I have received your letter (my direction now is 35, Sackville Street) just as I am going into the country on account of the death of an old friend, whose executor I am. I think you must have known him, at least by name, for he had a son at Balliol —Mr. Yonge, the father of Miss Yonge, who wrote the 'Heir of Redclyffe.' I agree in your desire to retain clerical influence in Oxford education. The point on which I do not feel myself [? able] to answer Gladstone is his opinion that the arrangements of his scheme, and the inducements which it holds out to Fellows to be clergymen, are such as to lead in all probability to a *greater* number of clerical Fellows than at present, unless some safety-valve is opened by means of the facilities for laymen—I mean that I am not sufficiently up with the statistics of each college on this point, or with their regulations, to be able to see exactly how the system works now, or would work as he proposes to alter it.

Is there any chance of your coming to town? At *any time* that you do so, will you give me a little previous notice in order that I may be disengaged, and then tell me that you are coming to breakfast with me in Sackville Street? I have said the same to Mozley, to whom I was writing, and if Haddan or anyone else was with you, I should think it a great pleasure and advantage to see them.

I am quite of your mind that we ought to do all that we think it right to do rather by previous conference than by subsequent opposition, and with that view I shall forward your letter to Gladstone with a note from myself. I shall not have time to see him. I expect to return to town on Monday.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM HEATHCOTE.

In his 'Reminiscences,' the Dean has described his tour of visits to the foreign capitals of Europe while serving on the Military Education Commission. The letter which follows here was written while the Commission was prosecuting its inquiries in Paris.

To the Rev. R. Scott, D.D., Master of Balliol.[1]

HOTEL WINDSOR, PARIS,
February 23, 1856.

MY DEAR MASTER,—I have often wished to fulfil my promise of an early letter to you, but really we have been so hard worked that, except a few lines home, I have found any letter impossible. Our work, however, is most interesting, and so variable in character that one has no time to be tired. We have a good working staff, too, I think, and can distribute our business well. Clough particularly is invaluable. What gives us so much to do, besides the actual things to be seen, is the conflicting statements about them, particularly about the École Polytechnique, on which (though it is not solely military) we have bestowed more time than on all the rest put together. This obliges us to see a great variety of persons, and cross-question them as closely as we can. The said École is, however, worth our trouble, for it is out and out the most vigorous and best-taught school in France—if, indeed, it can be called *taught* at all, as its skill seems to consist in the energetic style in which the pupils, stimulated by the great prizes of Government appointments, work themselves. It is almost solely mathematical, literature being rather despised than otherwise, though it has turned out Barante and some other great *littérateurs*. Its teaching is a most successful combination of tutorial and private or college tutor work, but whether it would succeed as well elsewhere may be doubtful, as the boys are generally poor, and the above-mentioned stimulus makes them work their heads off. We hear terrible stories of their being killed, etc. However, I spare you more of our Report. We have made constant visits to the school, and had to read a good deal about it. Then, by way of understanding it better, we have gone over some of the schools which it *aliments*, such as the *Mines* (Rue d'Enfer) and the *Ponts et Chaussées* (Government Engineers), very interesting places; and besides have done pretty thoroughly the military schools of St. Cyr and the État Major, not to speak of a Lycée or so, to see the

[1] Afterwards Dean of Rochester.

general course of education. We have a good deal of work at our Report, partly because some of our facts require a good deal of investigation, and as to the École Polytechnique there is a great deal of reading to be done. Besides, we have many discussions as to what ought to be suggested. But, barring occasional duels between engineers and artillery, we are a very concordant party, and there is no lack of society *au dehors* in the pleasant Paris fashion of an hour or two in the evenings. Guizot is much the most interesting person that I have seen, and he is most kind, glad to be visited privately, and having at his receptions most of the persons one cares to see. Mme. de Stael, too, the daughter-in-law of the *fameuse*, and a great character in the religious Protestant party, is a very interesting person—indeed, there are plenty of people we would wish to know if we had time. The *Savans* (*i.e.*, the physical 'philosophers') are rather bores, Le Verrier a regular ruffian; but it is interesting, of course, to see the varieties of literary life here. We do not expect to get from here till Monday week, if so soon, and we then go for a week to Metz. Sylvester joins us here next Thursday, and goes with us to Metz, but not beyond. His mathematical report will be very valuable.

I am afraid to speak about the time of our getting back. The work at Paris is more extensive than I expected. Metz is added, and we are certainly to go on to Berlin and Vienna, and probably to Turin. We talk of a fortnight at Berlin, but I expect that there we shall have the same feeling as here, that whilst we are about it we had better try to do the thing pretty thoroughly, and that our fortnight will grow into three weeks, so that we may not leave Berlin till the end of March. I am really ashamed to talk of being absent next term, but if I am to finish this work I see no prospect, to look at the thing fairly, of being back in time. It was, I assure you, my dear Master, impossible for me to foresee this, partly because I had no idea how long we should require, and partly because I thought the Government would very likely press for a more rapid report; but now their injunctions are, 'Take your fair time; try and give us a complete account—though time is a desirable accident.' I don't think we have lost an hour from their business, for the society here is generally easily managed in the evenings. I think that, as Lonsdale is likely to be up part of next term for moderations, the best plan would be to ask him to take my work for that period. I wish I could speak of coming myself, but if we can possibly get the time, the probable arrangement of it will be this: Vienna, leave about April 10; get to Turin April 15, leave April 25; Paris May 1, stay there a fortnight or so to get our Report fairly on the stocks, as we shall have a horrible mass of papers, and the mere business of getting into shape the work of four is very hard; to London May 18. Then our work is not done, for we are to send questions to the Woolwich and Chatham people; and, in fact, I think the affair will be only complete by the end of July.[1] And, once in for it, I suppose we shall

[1] In a letter concerning the recommendations of this Commission, in drawing up the Report of which Mr. Lake had a considerable share, Lord John Russell writes to him as follows, June 19, 1857:

be hanged by orders of a court-martial if we try to get out. By-the-by, tell Mrs. Scott she would have been amused to see the whole of the young *militaires* of St. Cyr paraded before us. They told me at Guizot's that they had thought us awful *militaires*. But I *must* stop. You will be amused at my next hour's occupation—I am going to hear Villemain construe the Prometheus to a friend; he has promised to annotate it. No Frenchman knows Greek, so that I shall have to recommend him to buy a Scott and Liddell.—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. LAKE.

From the Rev. Dr. Tait.

HALLSTEADS, PENRITH,
September 18, 1856.

MY DEAR LAKE,—One line to tell you for myself (what you perhaps have seen in the newspapers) that I have accepted the See of London—I need scarcely say with fear and trembling. You know what we have suffered during the last six months. Pray for us that I may not fail, and that the fiery trial through which we have passed may be in God's providence the means of keeping our minds with a single eye to God's glory in the midst of many temptations.—Yours affectionately,

A. C. TAIT.

To the Rev. Dr. Tait, Bishop-designate of London.

WEST DEAN, NEAR CHICHESTER,
Sunday, September 21, 1856.

MY DEAR TAIT,—I hope you will let me call you by that old familiar name for the last time, and I am sure you will not think, if I did not write to you at once on seeing your new appointment, that it was from lack of interest. Even if nothing had passed between us lately, I could not have seen your name in the papers without almost overpowering remembrances of all that has made the last fourteen years such a period for us both. . . .

Dear Tait, you will have plenty of wise advice about your diocese, may I give you a bit about yourself? I believe it will, even bodily, be

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'You are right in thinking that I attach great importance to military education, and the public is greatly indebted to you for the able Report you have drawn up.

'I agree with you that the whole object of military education would be lost if those who run the race are not to receive the prizes; but I see some difficulty in attaching to the staff of a General in service officers in whom he has no confidence, or of whom he has no knowledge. This difficulty, however, might be got over by having a class of optimi among whom the Commander-in-chief might make selections, excluding, of course, incompetency and ignorance.

'However, the matter will come into discussion upon Evans's resolutions, which I trust will be directed to the future, and not to the past.'

very good for you to be roused from the weight, probably the ever-present oppressive sense, of your late sorrow; but you are not over strong, and I think you will find the combined work and anxieties of your post a very heavy labour. Even Rugby, before your severe illness, tried you very much, and in speaking with Vaughan a little while back of the possibilities of your being made a Bishop, he said: 'I can hardly hope they will make him Bishop of London, for the work would almost kill him.' I have been long persuaded that Bishops hardly do themselves justice in the expenditure of their strength on minor matters, and even that by exhausting themselves their minds are less fresh for the greater ones. Could you not employ at least one secretary, or even more, in most of the routine work? And if you could get some young man of real ability, whose judgment you would value, I think it might greatly break the stress of your anxieties. I hope you will give yourself fair play in this matter. *Au reste*, I have no fears for you; you have been tried in various posts, and your earnestness has made you equal to them all. Forgive me if I say that perhaps your great affliction has opened to you some new depths of human suffering, and made you more fit for the office that has been placed upon you, for English Bishops have been greatly wanting in a spirit of tenderness and sympathy. I am very sure you will show yourself a paternal ruler of your diocese, and will be just and kind to all parties. . . .

Although I cannot say that your elevation was simple pleasure to me, for I could almost have wished you a less anxious post, I can say that I could never have felt so warmly for anyone else. May God bless you!—I don't know that one can wish you more.

I had cherished a hope that I might see you, for, having been unwell lately, I was inclined for some relaxation, but it does not seem very likely now.

Will you remember me very kindly to Mrs. Tait, and believe me, affectionately yours,

W. C. Lake.

To the Bishop of London.

Oxon,
December 4, 1856.

My dear Bishop,—I write to you not without some hesitation; but what I have to say will, I trust, cause you no perplexity, and perhaps may in some respects be of use, apart from personal considerations.

Hussey's melancholy death makes the chair of Ecclesiastical History vacant. I think Stanley's claim far beyond that of anyone else. I do not know that he has particularly studied the subject; but his distinction as a writer, perhaps more than his efficiency as a lecturer, give him a real claim if he desires the post. I do not *wish* him to come here, I confess; for I know that his very amiability will make him as mere wax in the hands of Jowett, and I shall deeply regret his lending his religious influence to the Triumvirate or Quatuorvirate, whose policy

is to secularize the University, and who are really opposed, not to one form or the other, but to all *active religion* under *any* form. However, if Stanley wishes for the professorship, I cannot say a word; and I doubt not his friends here, who know how useful his tone and amiability will be to them, will press him hard.

The talk, however, is that Stanley is not likely to leave Canterbury, and that Litton, or possibly Waldegrave, may be appointed.

Not to beat about the bush, I own that if Stanley does not desire the professorship, I should very much wish to make known my own small claim for it.

In these days, I suppose, no one would look to the prospect of any chair of theology without some trembling; but history is a subject to which all my thoughts and interest are given, and of *all* history *ecclesiastical* history must be to any clergyman the most interesting. It might well be the study of a life; and without feeling it possible to say on so great a subject what would be the exact principles on which I would teach, I feel that just now *any* zealous, *any* earnest, teaching of theology (*anything* antagonistic to the bad negativism prevalent among young men of talent) might show young men that there is a reality in religious studies, and with them in religious truth, which they have begun to doubt. Alas! I tremble while such a vision of possibility passes before me, and makes me feel that I cannot wish for such an office much. No man knows of me so much ill as I do myself, and one feels ready to shrink from any act which lays claim to so important a vocation.[1]

I think *comparatively* something might be said for me if it were worth interesting Lord Palmerston in such a matter. I have held almost all the offices of teaching and examining in the University, and the drawing up and working of the new historical schools has been till the last year and a half entirely in my hands. I have been select preacher, and have been constantly appointed to preach both by the late and this Vice-Chancellor. Fourteen years a Tutor here, during which we have had eight or nine times the number of honours of any other college, is something; and I suppose if I had been under the direct supervision of the great 'Pam,' he would think it something to have been working for them for a year on what they called at the time 'the most important work we can give you.'[2] This is sad egotism, but I suppose it must be stated.

I cannot help thinking it possible you may be consulted. I have

[1] A few years later, when there was again a vacancy for this professorship, Dr. Scott, the Master of Balliol, wrote to Bishop Wilberforce of Mr. Lake's qualifications for the post as follows: 'I sincerely hope that there may be nothing to prevent you from exercising your influence in favour of our friend Lake as Ecclesiastical History Professor *vice* Stanley. I am quite sure that I am not deceived by my personal regard for him in thinking that he is not merely fit, but very especially *the* fit man for the post. Other names are already conjecturally talked of, but I am very strongly persuaded that there is no one of whom I have heard, or of whom I can think, who is so peculiarly qualified to fill that chair efficiently.'

[2] (?) The Military Education Commission.

written more than I thought of saying; but you will not, I trust, require to be told that I cannot wish (if I *ever could* have done so) to *press* this matter on your consideration. Years, if they have not brought much happiness, bring at least indifference. . . .

It is not the time to say more when I am asking a semi-favour, but believe me, dear Tait, if I had thought this would be troublesome to you I should not have written it.[1]

I am determined to try one thing—never (indeed, I don't think I ever did) to set my heart on anything external—and if you send me a line to say that you don't agree with my notions, believe me any care will vanish in the next cup of coffee.

I am coming up about our Commission, and shall be at Usher's Hotel, 15, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

From the Master of Balliol, on Mr. Lake's acceptance of the Living of Huntspill.

Balliol College, Oxford,
Tuesday, October 26, 1858.

My dear Lake,—I have just received your letter, and write to say that, as your rooms are occupied, we reckon on your coming to *us* on Friday, and shall expect you about dinner-time.

Care shall be taken not to drop any hints of your intentions until all doubt is at an end, though I anticipate no difficulty with the Bishop about the temporary dispensation for non-residence.

Certainly I was not prepared for your acceptance of the living, and I believe that it will be a surprise to most of your friends. But it is true, as you say, that for the last year or two you have been *weaning* yourself from Oxford, and if this goes on for a *very few* years, the place is very far from being, to one who returns to it, the same which it was before. But you are not likely to lose your interest in University matters, and, at all events, I trust that you will not seclude yourself from Oxford even when your home is at Huntspill.

No doubt, whenever you are enabled to buckle seriously to the work of your parish, you will find abundant interest in it, and I sincerely trust that you may find it a blessing to you in the power of being a blessing to others. And you have experience enough to remind you, among the anxieties and *irks* of parochial life, that it is not the only mode of life which has such trials. At the same time, I should be sorry to think that with you Huntspill should be a *final* position; but it does not seem to me that this needs to be thought at all. Even *here*, I think and hope that you need not lose sight of a chance of a call to some post still more in accordance than country parochial work with your lines of thought and study.

In short, if this is your resolution, I can only say, as I do most heartily, God bless you in it!

[1] The professorship was given to Mr. Stanley.

I know nothing about the 'fixing' of two o'clock on Saturday. The *day* was to accommodate Temple; perhaps the hour also. Hook was in Oxford as select preacher on the 17th. However, we shall have time to talk over these and other matters on Friday evening quietly.—Ever yours,

ROBERT SCOTT.

A few extracts from Mr. Lake's letters to the Master of Balliol (Dr. Scott, afterwards Dean of Rochester) will throw some light on his life at Huntspill, in Somersetshire, one of the most secluded and rural of parishes. His parochial duties were varied by the work of the Education Commissions, in addition to which he had, as preacher at Whitehall, to be in town four times in the course of the year. On his way to or from London, Mr. Lake often diverged for a day or two to Oxford to stay with the Master of Balliol, with whom he was on terms of the closest friendship. Here he always met with a warm welcome from the children of the family, no less than from Dr. and Mrs. Scott. His letters contain frequent inquiries for their eldest little girl, Agnes, whose health was delicate, and in whom he took a special interest.

To the Rev. Dr. Scott, Master of Balliol.

HUNTSPILL, *January* 7, 1860.

. . . It has been very pleasant here this winter, more so, indeed, than I found it in the summer. The cold freshened us up, and opened my farmers' hearts, so that I was able to start a good Clothing Club. The church is warmed, and the apparatus seems to answer well. I hope to remain this month, and then set to work again at the Commission[1] in London. . . . There is plenty of work and interest from morning till night. Excuse this parochialism. Now for your greater affairs. . . .

HUNTSPILL, *June* 6, 1860.

It seems, and indeed is, an age since we have had any sort of intercourse; so absolutely you see is my life absorbed in the green rushes and greener pastures of Bœotia, reversing Dryden's lines that

> 'Thebes did his fresh, unknowing youth engage.
> He chooses Athens in his riper age.'

Nevertheless, I love that eye of Greece still—not to speak of its apple of Balliol, whose recent performances are the wonder of the civilized world, and I desire some tidings of both. . . . We have

[1] Duke of Newcastle's Commission on Popular Education.

three meetings on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and I have promised to examine a school at Fulham, so I am rather pressed for time; indeed, I cannot say I have found that commodity hang heavy on my hands. I have been more constantly busied since leaving Oxford than before. Our Report gets on, I hope, successfully, and we shall suggest something which may, I trust, be found to work well for the whole country. This parish too, though of course there is much to be done, is not on the whole unsatisfactory, and I find real enjoyment and I hope advantage in the work. Of course, the more you handle the rose-bush the more thorns you find, but the roses still keep their scent. I have heard of you often from Temple, Liddell—whom I found quite different and undonicised (by the side of Whewell at least) in London — and others. . . .

Although in his description of Huntspill Dean Lake does not attribute any ill effects to its climate, yet during his residence there he suffered greatly from rheumatism, and this, combined with sciatica, obliged him from time to time to seek relief at foreign watering-places or at Harrogate. Among the inhabitants of the village at that time ague was very prevalent.

HUNTSPILL (? 1860).

. . . I went to Vichy—reluctantly, ἀλλ' ὅμως. This place is very pleasant in advanced autumn, and what with parish, sermons, commission, etc., I know not the sense of dulness. Pray tell me, however, a little of Oxford news. . . . We are now getting into the thick of our Report, which I hope will be interesting.

With regard to the Report referred to by Mr. Lake, Professor Goldwin Smith wrote to him (April 28, 1861): 'You will be pleased to see what he (the Duke) says about the Report. The success is due in great measure to the vigour which you infused into the most important chapter—the one chapter which everybody reads.' The passage alluded to in the Duke of Newcastle's letter says, 'The Report has been much commended as a *literary* production. Amongst other praises I have seen, Sir George Lewis wrote to me saying it was a very clear, well digested, well written and satisfactory document.'

HUNTSPILL, *July* 25.

. . . I have had a very busy summer here, getting on with Augustine, which I find very interesting work the more one gets into it, and planning with Brereton some schemes for middle-class education, and last (not least) getting a supply of fresh water for our dear village—

a work needed, I assure you, not a little for our poor rustics, who would go on to the endless ages of eternity drinking their ditch-water, if Providence had not interfered by this happy drought. . . .

In one respect, at any rate, Mr. Lake seems to have missed the advantages of Oxford. His letters allude to the difficulty in obtaining a supply of the best literature of the day. He writes: December 30, 1863:

'I have just read through Kinglake's "Crimea," which certainly seems to me a work of remarkable genius for power of vivid historic writing. I want to see Froude's "Elizabeth," but books are hard to get here.' . . . And again: 'Do send me news about books. I am sadly out of the way of them. . . .' October 13 (? 1866): 'So I suppose you will lose Riddell. It seems rather like a burial, but I dare say people are kind enough to say that of dear Huntspill. . . . I have just come back from Lord Taunton's, which is a perfect museum of art treasures. He tells me that Lord Granville wishes me to be on the M. C. Education Commission, of which he is to be chairman, but I have heard nothing of it.[1] It is kind to work one for nothing, but as some Frenchman said, when the Convention refused him a salary, "Bien donc! nous le ferons gratis," and it is important work . . . very laborious work, and prevents any other.'

To the Master of Balliol (Rev. R. Scott, D.D.).

HUNTSPILL,
April 15, 1860.

MY DEAR MASTER,—I thank you most sincerely for the kind interest you show in wishing to have me as a professor in Oxford,[2] and I have given myself some days to think over your proposal carefully. I need not tell you that I have great interest in the subject, and a great love for Oxford, and although I had given Brodrick a testimonial, and had given up all thoughts of standing, I should not consider myself precluded from doing so.

But the result of my reconsidering the subject is to abide by the resolution which I had formed, and which has been insensibly strengthened during the last two years. You may remember that when the Regius Professorship was given away I was unwilling to stand, from a feeling that I should be committing myself to the subject for life. Theology has for me attractions even beyond those of history, and as I should not be able to pursue them both with energy, I must, I fear, give up one which I dearly love, but which, if I undertook such an office as that of professor, would, I am persuaded, too entirely absorb my attention.

[1] Mr. Lake did not serve on the Middle Class Education Commission.
[2] Chichele Professorship of Modern History.

If Huntspill had been a very small parish, I might have felt more doubtful; but it would be undesirable, if not impossible, to work a parish of this size with the addition of so serious an occupation and so long an absence. Whitehall hardly occupies me more than three months, and even with additional absences I may reckon on being seven months here. But I could not give up my people for nearly eight months in the year to a curate, without much evil being the result, and I am sure you will feel that this would be desirable neither for their sake nor my own. A considerable parish has in such a case different claims from a smaller one.

I need not dwell on other considerations, but the work of the last two years has greatly thrown me out of historical studies, and what time I can get I am desirous of giving to theology. I could hardly take up history for a few years, and then (as your kindness leads you to suggest) aim at a divinity chair.

On the whole, I feel that I have been led to adopt the line more distinctly marked out for a clergyman, and, as I have found far more happiness and interest in my work than I could perhaps have anticipated, I am unwilling to make a move without a stronger call than I can feel in the present case.

Thanking you again most sincerely for your kind wishes, believe me, yours most faithfully,

W. C. Lake.

From the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

11, Downing Street, Whitehall,
May 15, 1861.

My dear Mr. Lake,—I cannot too much thank you for your letter.[1] The unsought and unexpected circumstances which have brought my representation of Oxford into question have placed me for the moment in what may be justly termed a false position, from which it is not at present in my power to escape. But nothing can be more gratifying to me than such expressions of feeling as you convey, and, I must add, my hope is that good will come out of this rather puzzling combination. It is especially to be desired, for the sake of the University, that there may be no struggle at a General Election, as that would draw the second seat more or less into the vortex. The question raised in Lancashire, though not convenient at the moment, will do good, in my opinion, if it tends to diminish the probability of such a struggle, by eliciting evidence as to the state of feeling in Oxford. My feelings towards the University are unaltered; my desire is to remain where I am; the next few weeks may throw light on the probability of my being allowed to do so or not. Whether the evidence be of one kind or the other, and whether I am driven out or remain, be assured that nothing can alter my sense of the forbearance and

[1] This letter has not been found.

indulgence, as well as of the zeal and cordiality, with which so many, and none more than yourself, have supported me as their representative.—Believe me, very faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Should this reach you in time, you will perhaps kindly join our breakfast to-morrow at ten.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

4, ADAM STREET, ADELPHI,
May 18, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—Pray allow me to thank you sincerely for your very kind letter, which relieved me from anxiety lest I had gone too far in speaking so plainly on a delicate matter. But even while feeling uncertain what to wish with regard to the continuance of your connection with Oxford, I could not repress the desire that you should hear individually from some of us, and should, as far as it is desirable, take it into account that your loss to us would be a source of deep regret, and that we have never ceased to be proud of your being the representative of Oxford; and this feeling is not the less sincere because it may be accompanied in many cases by an ever-increasing divergence from some of your opinions. Many of us, I believe, have thought, and think still, that a wider latitude in points of opinion may be conceded in the case of a University representative than in any other, and that fundamental agreement and confidence make further considerations superfluous.

I have little doubt that your seat will be, for a long time at least, and perhaps always, contested in Oxford, and you may be right in feeling more strongly than I can do the evils ensuing from such constant conflicts. But I now feel sure from your letter that if you feel it desirable to retire from our representation it will be from any other feeling rather than that most of your supporters do not wish to retain you.

I was very sorry to be out of town when your letter was forwarded here, and so unable to accept your invitation for Thursday.—Believe me, yours very faithfully,

W. C. LAKE.

To the Bishop of London (Tait).

HUNTSPILL,
September 9, 1862.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—. . . I need hardly say I shall be deeply anxious about the Archbishopric[1]—far more so than *you* will feel it right to be. But, putting for the moment public considerations out of sight, or, rather, being satisfied myself that you are the right person to have it, I desire

[1] On the death of Archbishop Sumner.

it greatly for you on personal grounds, for it is impossible that you could stand many years of the work of London, work which, no doubt, is in itself more interesting than that of Canterbury. . . .

If you go to Canterbury, and have any hand in advising for London, I wish you would think of *Lincoln*. I know his defects, but *really* it is all-important to have a very good man there, and I can think of no one among your brethren who would, on the whole, equal his qualities and example.

Whatever happens, I hope the new appointments will be a blessing to you and to the English Church. They are of immense importance; but if you are translated, London is especially so. . . .—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

To the Same.

Huntspill Rectory, Bridgwater,
September 28, 1862.

My dear Bishop,—Such a post as the Primacy is too serious a thing to desire even for one's greatest friend, and perhaps it was more the feeling that London was an almost excessive trial to your strength which made me anxious for your appointment. We have got a very good man,[1] one who may quite satisfy the wishes and prayers of those who I dare say *have* sincerely prayed that a good and high-minded man may be placed at the head of the English Church, and, humanly speaking, it might have been almost too startling an instance of advance if you had been placed there. Well, I can be well satisfied myself, except that I really think London is almost too much for your strength. . . .

I hope you will come back thoroughly refreshed, though I wish I could persuade either you or Mrs. Tait to think of Bishopthorpe instead of Fulham.—Yours most affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

From the Bishop of London.

Palace, Norwich,
October 6, 1862.

My dear Lake,—I have thought it best, after a week of very anxious thought, to decline York. There could be no reason for breaking off my work in London, except with the view of entering on a post more suited to my health, and after most anxious thought and inspection of the place, I became convinced that with my peculiar temperament and impossibility of slumbering over any diocese as long as I *can* work, I should not have secured any appreciable advantage on the score of health. Therefore on Saturday I wrote to Palmerston declining. God grant that the result may prove good for His Church as well as ourselves.

[1] Archbishop Longley.

I earnestly trust you will be appointed to Gloucester.[1]—Yours affectionately,

A. C. LONDON.

From the Rev. C. J. Vaughan.

THE VICARAGE, DONCASTER,
November 21, 1862.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I have much cause to thank you for your letter. Be assured I can never forget you. The longer we live, the more we fall back upon early friends; there are none like them.

· · · · Have you ever thought of saying to Stanley what you say to me? I sometimes wish that we did some of us tell him more plainly how his strong language strikes ourselves or others. I know he would receive it kindly, and perhaps he has not thought of it. If a new storm is about to rise against Jowett, there will indeed be occasion to do all we can to moderate Stanley in his reception of it.

I value your kind words about the bishopric. It grieves me to vex my friends by a seeming waywardness in such matters; they must do their best to believe that I would not act thus except from a strong sense of its being right for me; at present I am fully at work where I am, and desire no change either for greater dignity or greater usefulness. But *do* not imagine that I undervalue the other and higher office in either respect.

Let us now and then exchange a word of remembrance.—Ever affectionately yours,

C. J. VAUGHAN.

Do give my kindest remembrances to Temple. He knows that I remember him.

Almost immediately after the date of the last letter Mr. Lake appears to have been summoned to Lancashire by the illness of his father, for on December 11, 1863, he writes from Lytham to Bishop Tait, announcing the death of Captain Lake, and says:

MY DEAREST BISHOP,—. . . . He died in perfect calmness and without any suffering on Monday last, and we are thankful that he was spared much pain, which was beginning, though only lately, to attack him. He retained the spirits of a boy quite to the last, and said quite gaily, when his son-in-law came to see him, 'Ah, Holmes, come to see the last of an old Waterloo man!' He was almost the last survivor of the officers who defended the orchard at Hougoumont.

My mother is wonderfully calm and well, and she had been so constant an attendant on my father for many months that we are in hopes, now that the pressure of constant anxiety is withdrawn, that her health may gradually improve. . . .—Ever your affectionate,

W. C. LAKE.

[1] Gloucester Deanery.

These hopes were not destined to be fulfilled, for little more than a month later another great sorrow fell upon him in the death of his dearly-loved mother, of whom he says, in a letter to Stanley, that 'she had been in every way endeared to us by a continual suffering of twenty years; but,' he adds, 'she has been spared the loneliness of a protracted widowhood.' To Bishop Tait he writes:

LYTHAM,
January 15, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am very sure of your tender sympathy when I tell you of the most heavy blow with which it has pleased God to visit me again in the sudden death of my dearest mother. We had hoped for her many years of a calm old age, but my father's death prostrated her, bronchitis came on during the very cold weather, and she died at last from a sudden seizure in the heart within a few hours. I only heard of her slight illness in the morning, and within a few hours a telegram told me she was dead.

The loss of two parents together is very awful and overwhelming. May God indeed bring good out of great suffering! I never knew a person so absolutely without selfishness as my dear mother. It may be most truly said of her that she lived with no thought for herself, and thinking perpetually of those around her. She is gone, and how can such love be replaced?

Dear Bishop, my most loved friends, few at best, get fewer; you must let me write thus to one whom I hope never, never to lose. It is a deep sorrow, but I could not wish it less.—Yours ever affectionately,
W. C. LAKE.

From the Rev. C. J. Vaughan.

THE VICARAGE, DONCASTER,
January 18, 1864.

MY DEAR LAKE,—How can I thank you as I would for your letter? It is *indeed* stroke upon stroke. I do feel for you in the loss of her whose love for you I so well remember as (might I say it) the ruling affection of her life.

Her kindness to me was very great. How these things come back to us when (in one sense) it is too late! But it is never too late to cherish gratitude, even when the object of it is gone from the reach of our expressions.

And, dear Lake, how can I thank you enough for your words of sympathy and confidence?

I will indeed pray for you as I can, but my prayers are poor and sinful, and I am utterly unworthy to be ever anything more than I am in the Church of Christ.

Do not think that I act from *whim or caprice*[1] in the course which I have taken, and to which I feel that I must adhere. But I think that my mind is to well known too make it at all probable that I should again be compelled to express it.

Cherish towards me the old kindness, and believe that I feel towards you as ever. Your friendship is precious to me, and not the less because we have so seldom the opportunity of expressing it in actual intercourse.

But there is surely a life of rest after this sinful turmoil, and there may we be together at last!—Ever your truly affectionate,

CHAS. J. VAUGHAN.

I have not half said what I would of your great bereavement, but you *know* that I do not like to write a mere commonplace of sympathy.

From the Rev. A. P. Stanley.

3, CHARLOTTE SQUARE, EDINBURGH,
January 22, 1864.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I do indeed feel for you. It would have been a great pleasure to me, I always thought, to have seen your dear mother once more, and thanked her for all her kindness to me in early days. And I know too well what such a loss is to offer any consolation from the reflection that there could not have been many more years in store for you and for her together. Those few more years that there might have been would have been so inestimably precious. But not the less precious is the irrevocable past, and in this recollection you will, I trust, like me, find many a thought of comfort and thankfulness. May God be with you.

Lady Augusta begs me to add her sincere sympathy, and so does my excellent hostess, Mrs. Stirling, with whom we are staying. Mr. Erskine would no doubt also, but he is confined to his room by a cold. . . .—Ever yours sincerely,

A. P. STANLEY.

To the Bishop of London.

HUNTSPILL,
July 9, 1864.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—After reading the speeches in both Houses of Convocation, I can hardly help exchanging a few thoughts with you before the subject dies,[2] as now one may hope it will. And first I must say that I think the thing has had on the whole a very satisfactory conclusion—I mean that the *Truth* has not suffered—while on the other hand the result of the discussion has been to secure

[1] In refusing the bishopric of Ely.

[2] The Resolution in condemnation of 'Essays and Reviews' was passed in the Upper House of the Province of Canterbury on June 21, 1864, and in the Lower House on June 24 of the same year.—ED.

sufficient *freedom of thought*. You, who are in the heat of the fight, may be disposed to be angry with the bigotry of the Orthodox party, and I certainly have no especial reasons for liking their narrowness; but look at the whole matter in the interests of belief in Christianity, and, depend upon it, it is a good thing in our shifting days that both clergy and laity should have shown a zeal even, if not quite, 'according to knowledge,' in defence of Scriptural truth. Contrast it with Germany; there they would have given up everything. Is it not far better that most of the religious minds in England should say: 'We will not give up one particle of what we believe to be the vital truth'?

This sentiment would no doubt be gall and wormwood to Stanley, but I am persuaded he will never find his opinions make way amongst the religious laity, and still less amongst the clergy; and I am extremely glad that you spoke so strongly of the evil tendency of 'Essays and Reviews,' for I think that sometimes the necessities of party action drift you (as they would me) into an apparent sympathy with them, which makes it necessary from time to time to remind both ourselves and others that though our creed may not be a large, it is a definite, one, and that we mean to hold by it. I agreed much in the general spirit of your speech, and thought all the part about the literal inspiration of Scripture most excellently put; I was perfectly astounded at the words you quoted from * * * but I did not like your argument about excitement; I doubt what you said about the impropriety of judges and lawyers signing the Lay Declaration, and I am sure you will let me say I was sorry that you spoke of the 'highest lawyers in the land losing their heads,' though I fully admit the impropriety of their committing themselves to what appears a verbal theory of inspiration. By-the-by, do you know that they are now taking the really unjustifiable course of sending round this 'vote of thanks' to our 'fathers in God' the churchwardens, so as to say, 'Look after the parson's orthodoxy'? Mine are too sensible, and say 'It's Mr. Lake's concern, and if he do guide *we* wrong, he'll be responsible.'

Stanley's conduct was most gallant in Convocation, and he has at once formed a party—a good thing for that House in every way. It might be called unwise to fraternize so entirely with 'Essays and Reviews,' but it probably only represents his real convictions. I own that time, calmness, etc., only make me like the book the less. We are no doubt unlucky wretches who try to be at once Liberal and orthodox, for neither party will have much to say to us. The Liberals ought to be as savage with your speech as the High Church. Nevertheless, we must hold to this line. I believe it the 'doctrine most needed for the times.'

I have got two or three things on hand here. Middle Class Education with Brereton and Lord Fortescue, which I think of writing a pamphlet about, and the 'Augustinian Civitas Dei' is nearly half done. I find myself a bit overworked, but never the least dull, and the country has been most lovely. We have had some large meetings of clergy here, who are in love with the place. Can you take me in

the first *Saturday* in August till Monday? If you are busy silence will give assent.—Ever yours,

W. C. Lake.

P.S.—What a fine debate! but I thought Dizzy better than Gladstone.

To the Same.

Ambleside,
September 12, 1864.

My dear Bishop,—I should be very much obliged if you would read over a few pages which I have sent, and tell me whether you think they could give *reasonable* offence to any one. In ordinary time I think they could not, but people (the Liberals especially) are just now so sensitive about 'Essays and Reviews' that, between *them* on the one side and the Evangelicals on the other, if you say a word that offends them a shout is immediately raised, *Ad leones.* I should like to publish what I have written, chiefly on account of the passages from the Fathers about inspiration, and because I think it well to speak both frankly and calmly on both the points about which there is now so much excitement; but, seeing that in some points I disagree from all parties, as indeed you do yourself, I am the more anxious not needlessly to irritate anyone. The sermon Temple approved of entirely, not, of course, agreeing entirely, but he did not so much like the preface, so I should really be obliged if you would look at it and give me your general impression. You will see I have only *begun* my remarks on Maurice, though I can easily finish them in a day.

I have spent ten days very pleasantly here, and heard from the Wordsworths of your steam-boat calamity. . . . Will you please return and direct the papers to Huntspill, where I hope to be at the end of the week.

The whole Arnold party are here and well. The Selfs, too, but I have missed seeing them.

With best love to Mrs. Tait.—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

P.S.—You will bear in mind, as to the *policy* of expressing any opinion as to the 'Essays and Reviews' or the Judgment, that, though some would dissent, others, such as Gladstone and Palmer, would agree with them.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Huntspill Rectory, Bridgwater,
October 24, 1864.

My dear Mr. Gladstone,—I have ventured to send you two sermons on subjects in which I know you will take an interest, although I am afraid they are very inadequately treated. My excuse, indeed, for publishing them at all is that, agreeing on many important points with the declarations put forth with reference to the judgment

of the Privy Council, particularly as regards Dr. Williams, there were others on which I thought their language open to great misconstruction; and it also seemed to me desirable not to shrink from the discussion of these subjects, however grave and delicate, as it only gives an idea that the clergy are afraid of speaking their mind. There is a kind of panic at this moment, which is, perhaps, not unnatural, at the slightest amount of inquiry, and even a sort of half persecution of the most temperate expression of opinion. This, though it has been provoked by the excesses of 'Essays and Reviews,' is surely in many ways very dangerous both to the prospects of earnest thought and learning among the clergy, and to their maintenance of that influence over the laity which very much depends on the Church of England preserving the character realized by it more than by any other—and which, I think, you will agree with me is no impossibility—that of being at once dogmatic and liberal.

I should not have said as much as this, but that I know your attention has been given to these subjects, and I am encouraged by the remembrance of a criticism you were once good enough to write on a sermon which I sent you on the Prince Consort.—Believe me to be, yours very faithfully,

W. C. Lake.

P.S.—I hardly like, in writing now to you, to make no allusion to the great loss which everyone who knew him at all well must feel that he has sustained in the death of the Duke of Newcastle. Anyone who has ever worked with him must have some idea of the sadness with which his intimate friends must regard the end of so many trials, which still left him so true and warm-hearted and generous.

To the Same.

Hotel du Louvre, Paris,
July 21, 1865.

My dear Mr. Gladstone,—The bitter regret at losing you after our long and eventful eighteen years' connection has been to so many of us a feeling of real personal grief that I am sure I need not apologize for writing one of many letters which will, at least, express the sense of the pride and confidence we have felt in you as our representative. I am very glad, though I entirely expected it, that you do ample justice to Oxford at a time when certainly the act of a not large majority—not to speak of its materials—cannot be taken as the act of the whole University. It is vain either to lament or attack now, but it is certainly significant that, with one only exception, there is not a single name on the Oxford Committee[1] of any eminence for literature or attainments. And perhaps I may say a word for the clergy, and even the country clergy, your old supporters, who have, I think (with few—at least, few *distinguished*—exceptions), given you their confidence to the end.

[1] Mr. Gathorne Hardy's Committee.

I am bound to add that though I grieve bitterly for the University, and to the end desired that we should not lose you, I can even now believe that it is not an undesirable step for yourself. The mere fact of your being able to break the silence imposed by the University rule is an advantage. And while I am sure you will never lose your attachment either for Oxford or for the Church of England, yet a position of perfect freedom, and (so to speak) of greater impartiality, must at times be desirable for a statesman.

Pray pardon me the expression of these feelings, which at such a moment it was difficult entirely to repress, and which, I trust, you will not trouble yourself to answer, especially as I am now on my way to Italy for some weeks.—Believe me, yours very faithfully,

W. C. LAKE.

P.S.—I don't know whether I ought to say so, but, solely on public grounds, I should like much to see J. B. Mozley Regius Professor of Divinity.

From the Rev. Dr. Newman.

THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,
July 5, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. LAKE,—The July number of the *Contemporary Review* has been sent to me from the publisher by your direction, and I thank you very much both for your article[1] in it and your kindness in sending it to me. I read your remarks on Keble with great interest, and was exceedingly touched by your notice of myself. It is very pleasant to have thus brought to me the recollection of my Oxford days, and in particular of one whom I so liked and respected as yourself. I do not wish to claim a nearer acquaintance with you than I was allowed to have, but I knew you enough then to feel very kindly towards you, and to be much gratified to find now by your present word and deed that you feel kindly towards me.

Let me take the privilege of an old man in expressing my earnest wish and trust that God will ever bless you, and believe me to be, my dear Mr. Lake, very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

To the Master of Balliol (Dr. Scott).

HUNTSPILL,
June 25, 1868.

MY DEAR MASTER,—Do you see that I have become a *militaire* again[2]—very unintentionally, however, though I cannot say unwillingly, for I was altogether surprised by a most polite and pressing request from Sir John Pakington to join the Commission. I have never met

[1] On 'Mr. Keble and the "Christian Year."'

[2] He had been appointed a member of the Commission to report on Scientific Education in the Army.

Vaughan on any work since we were friends at Rugby twenty-four years since. Now in our old age we meet in the camp.

I should like to know, in case I have to hang about London for some few days at a time, whether I should find you all in Oxford. It would be a great inducement to run down.—Ever yours,

W. C. Lake.

From the Bishop of London.

Stonehouse, St. Peter's, Thanet,
October 21, 1868.

My dear Lake,—I was delighted to have your letter and thoughts this morning. I will ponder well what you say. No doubt anxious times are before us, and the difficulty of the Bishops acting together is very great. I doubt not that at this moment there is an opening for some wise scheme respecting the Irish Church, if public men had only the courage to despise the senseless mob.

We have come down here to repose for some weeks and think, before the hurricane bursts in London.

One increasing difficulty in the Church is likely to be the state of the Archbishop, respecting whom there are great fears that he will not be able to attend to any business, as he has certainly had a severe shake, from which it is difficult to rally at seventy-five.

We have here a noble sea, groves of ilex, and a most comfortable house, with perfect quiet, all suitable for encouraging profound thought. —Affectionately yours,

A. C. L.

From the Same.

Stonehouse, St. Peter's, Thanet,
November 9, 1868.

My dear Lake,—I have your most friendly letter. I have desired Fisher to send me Sadler's book or pamphlet here.

Truly the death of the dear Archbishop has brought a crisis, but God directs all things.

Ordinarily and politically speaking, I should say the most likely thing was for Thomson to be pushed out of York to make room for the great Samuel; but it is impossible to say. For myself, I cannot but be a little unsettled for a day or two by the uncertainties; but the responsibilities so heavy at this time, and the fact that the solemn step of mounting to that post is removed, or ought to be, entirely out of the region of human ambition, makes me quite contented, whatever is decided.

Indeed, a man must be crazy who does not find enough both for his energies and his justifiable ambition in the See of London. Sometimes, when I have time to look quietly on my present responsibilities, and to think how little can be done in so vast a sphere as London even by years of labour, I am appalled. And certainly it would be madness to desire even heavier responsibilities.

Surely men's minds are at present in a very strange state. No day passes without my receiving complaints of some fresh extravagance. Surely there is more need than ever there was for superhuman guidance. It is as if all the winds were let loose, and men's minds were tossed hither and thither. And nowadays a man does not keep his doubts or eccentricities to himself, but straightway sets to work to proclaim them from the housetop, and before he has made up his own mind, to force his crudities upon all around him.—Ever yours affectionately,

A. C. London.

From the Same.

Stonehouse, St. Peter's, Thanet,
November 14, 1868.

My dear Lake,—You will give me your prayers when I tell you (what is secret till it appears in the newspapers) that I have accepted the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Truly I feel the great difficulties and my own weakness.—Yours affectionately,

A. C. London.

To the Bishop of London.

Huntshill,
November 14, 1868.

My dear Bishop,—I need not tell you with what a solemn feeling I heard from Hassard that you are to go to Canterbury. I had strongly wished it on public as well as private grounds, and am deeply thankful that you could be released from much of a daily strain which might have shortened your life. But what an awful post, and what a moment of tremendous difficulty in which to occupy it! One cannot but remember Bishop Butler's reported ground for refusing it, that "he was too weak to bear the weight of a falling Church." May God grant you the strength and the wisdom to do it! This sincere prayer was my first natural feeling. It is a great crisis, but also a great opportunity; and, among other things, I am most thankful that you will have more time for calm reflection on all existing difficulties, and that your experience of London—no light point—has given you such a knowledge both of the clergy and laity of that great diocese. I do firmly believe that with the fairness which *now* most people attribute to you, you will be able to do all for the English Church which, humanly speaking, can be done. . . . May God's blessing be on you in this great and most anxious work will be the prayer of many besides myself!—Your most affectionate friend,

W. C. Lake.

From the Right Hon. Roundell Palmer.

Portland Place,
November 19, 1868.

My dear Lake,—I have had so many letters to write since the electioneering campaign began that I have thought you would allow

me to postpone answering yours of October 31 till it was over. Let me now thank you for it, and for Mr. Sadler's pamphlet, which I have read, and which, I think, bears out your opinion of the writer.

Although the Oxford contest has not ended *secundum rota*, I do not regret that it was undertaken. Independently of the personal gratification, which I could not fail to receive from the marks of confidence bestowed upon me by so many kind friends, whose very names were an honour to the cause supported by them (yourself among the number), I hope I am not incapable of profiting by the knowledge of my own position in the judgment of various classes of men, which nothing but such a contest would have enabled me to gain, and which ought to be most useful in various ways to a man of my pursuits and in my peculiar political situation.

I think I shall act upon your suggestion as far as to say to our friend the Bishop of London (whose promotion to the Primacy may be attended with great public benefit, though he seems to me to attribute somewhat too much to the civil power in spiritual affairs) that, if he should at any time think that the interests of the Church might be promoted by confidential communication between himself and me about matters ecclesiastic or political, I would willingly and without reserve put him in possession of my views, be they worth what they may.—Believe me, my dear Lake, ever yours truly,

R. PALMER.

From Archbishop Tait.

OSBORNE,
January 6, 1869.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I return the letters, which I have read attentively. Many suggestive thoughts are contained in them. Your plan, however, of Diocesan Courts to adjudicate a doctrine seems to me fraught with danger. Respecting such synods as Lichfield and Ely are trying, the difficulty is, What are they to do? My fear is that Selwyn is possessed with a mania for organization without having distinct ideas as to the work to be done by the organized body. My own plan has, if I may venture to say so, always been this—first set to work practically, then organize to carry the work into effect, and I believe the Bishop of London's fund, which has been mainly a lay work, or, at least, a work carried on by a large infusion of the lay element, has done great good in drawing the laity more actively into the Church's work.

What you say as to the necessity of giving parishioners a voice in correcting excesses is very important. I hope by the meeting of Parliament some plan for infusing order into the government of the Church will be laid by me before the House of Lords.

We are here for two days. To-day I have done homage, Stanley officiating as Clerk of the Closet. Strange, indeed!

To-day we went to church at Whippingham, and my eye was struck with the monuments of Arnold's father and of his elder brother, a Fellow of Corpus and B.D., who lived to be thirty-three, of whom I

had never heard. If he had lived, would he have been a distinguished man? Who can say? Life is strange.

The Queen seems in great force. Bruce, the Home Secretary, has arrived to-day for the homage, and is to dine with the Queen for the first time as Minister. John Bright seems to have left a favourable impression.—Affectionately yours,

A. C. CANTUAR.

We leave Fulham (D.V.) for ever on the 18th. I hope you will find us at Lambeth by the end of the month.

On August 2, 1869, *Mr. Lake received from Mr. Gladstone the following letter, offering him the Deanery of Durham.*

CHISLEHURST, ADDRESS TO DOWNING STREET,
July 28, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. LAKE,—It is my pleasant duty to propose to you, with Her Majesty's sanction, that you should succeed Dr. Waddington as Dean of Durham and Warden of the University. If, as I hope, you accept this appointment, which is so well deserved by your abilities and services, much will be expected from you in both capacities, and much, I feel convinced, you will supply. The University, if I am rightly informed, wants nothing less than life infused into its dry bones. In grappling with its difficulties, you, as a theological student yourself, will not be likely to abet any disparagement of theology, while you labour to supply what ought to be a great institution with a comprehensive and powerful equipment. I must not write more at length, but I remain, most faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

August 2, 1869.

DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—I am extremely sorry that your kind letter should have been delayed. Owing to its being kept a day at Huntspill, I only received it this morning.

I accept the offer which you have made in such kind terms, and which Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to sanction, of the Deanery of Durham, not, as you may be sure, without anxiety and a feeling that the post will be one of real responsibility. But certainly the Wardenship of the University greatly increases in my eyes the interest of the Deanery, and I hope I may say that I will do my best to justify your confidence, and that my deep interest in theology, as well as my old Oxford work, may enable me to be of some service to the University.—Believe me to be, yours most faithfully,

W. C. LAKE.

From among the many congratulatory letters called forth by this appointment, a few characteristic ones have been selected.

From Archbishop Tait.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON,
August 3, 1869.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I have this moment received your two notes, and am in raptures. I almost forgive Gladstone all he has done about the Irish Church. I am to be at Lambeth to-day with candidates for Orders from two to three. Pray let me see you and shake you by the hand.—Affectionately yours,

A. C. CANTUAR.

Can you come and spend Saturday and Sunday here to meet the Chancellor and Lady Hatherly?

From the Same.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON,
August 5, 1869.

MY DEAR LAKE,—We will condone the offence of coming down here after service on Sunday on an emergency. I am obliged to go to Tonbridge on Monday, so I should not otherwise see you. You will find the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker here, whom it is meet that so great a dignitary as the Dean of Durham should cultivate. We shall expect you to creep over privately from Croydon in good time for a walk before dinner.

I think you will find Durham a great field. You ought to give some lectures, which you can afterwards publish as a book—say on your favourite St. Augustine. The easiest way of writing books is by delivering them as lectures. And then the whole education of the North will naturally fall into your hands.—Yours affectionately,

A. C. CANTUAR.

Gladstone gave me to understand that he thought you had far too long been overlooked, and that the move was entirely his own. This is pleasant for you to know. I gather that Temple will certainly soon be a Bishop, though not just at present. I hope he has not so expressed himself about his desire to continue at Rugby as to give the impression that he must not leave the place.

From the Dean of Norwich.

UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB,
PALL MALL EAST, S.W.,
August 3, 1869.

MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,—*Hip! Hip! Hurrah!* That dreadful Premier has at last done an action beneficial to the Church and creditable to himself, which I never expected from him. I only hope it may be equally agreeable to yourself, and I do not doubt it will. The Wardenship of the University will suit you admirably. You will have there a field for your energies, and will, I doubt not, make the

Institution far more efficient and vigorous than it has been hitherto. The only regret is that you were not placed in some position of the kind long ago. But there are still many years of usefulness before you, and if you are spared, Durham will become good and great. I don't know whether you are ambitious of a further and higher move (I confess, when I see what secular work and worry it involves, and how the whole charm of domestic life seems blighted by it, I am not); but if you are, may you have it, and live to govern the Church to as much purpose for it, and with as much credit to yourself, as you will have governed the Chapter and the University.—Believe me to be, in the bonds of 'Auld Lang Syne,' ever yours affectionately,

E. M. GOULBURN.

From Dr. Liddon.

CLIFTON,
August 4, 1869.

MY DEAR LAKE,—The announcement of your 'elevation' to the Deanery of Durham can have taken no one by surprise, and will have been welcome to a very great many of your friends. Especially after our conversation the other day, I cannot but say to you how heartily I trust you will have strength and health for your work, and will be able to delay the conversion of the finest of our cathedrals into a museum of some kind (at least, until the end of the present century), by making it more than ever a worthy centre of Christian worship.

Don't think, please, of answering this; you have plenty of work of this kind to do, and it is very difficult, I should think, to know what to say on such occasions.—Yours very truly,

H. P. LIDDON.

From Archbishop Trench.

BROOMFIELD, WICKLOW,
August 6, 1869.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I ought to have expressed to you three days ago the very great pleasure with which I learned that your long labours in the Church were not to go for ever without some recognition; and, a deanery being very much what a man will make it—nothing if a man be nothing, very much if a man be much and disposed to make much of it—and this being true above all of the Deanery of Durham, I rejoiced on behalf of very many others that you were about to accept the honours and the burdens which that Deanery will bring with it. I very much doubt whether we of what was once the Irish Establishment shall so much as get out of harbour—the rocks and quicksands which beset our course are so many. It is a mournful pre-eminence that this ruin which one is impotent to avert should be under one's hand, and there is no curate's position in the Church which I do not envy as compared with my own.

But I will not trouble you with my troubles, and believe me, I can well rejoice most heartily in the prosperities of a friend.—I am, ever my dear Lake, most truly yours,

R. C. DUBLIN.

To the Master of Balliol (Dr. Scott).

? HUNTSPILL,
August 17, 1869.

MY DEAR MASTER,—Hearty thanks. There will, I suspect, be a great deal to do at Durham; for, not to speak of the regular work of Warden (which you know will not be slight), there seems a chance of doing a good deal in one way or other to give life to the University. I hope to go there very soon, though my installation could not be managed—*absente Episcopo et Universitate*—for some weeks. I must previously, and indeed wish to be, DD.'d by them. I shall therefore at once get a run, which, after much hard work this summer, I really need, for three weeks or a month, and hope to be there towards the end of September for most of the next term; then to come back for a final month or two here. Had I been free I should probably have left Huntspill in a month or two, but you know that church restoration is bothering work, and this, with my other irons in the fire, obstructs my movements. I don't think I can get the church finished, for the inside is not yet settled, till after Christmas, and it would be bad on all accounts to leave it half done. I fancy, but am not sure, that the presentation will go to Balliol, and not to the Crown.

The appointment was very kindly done, and was entirely Gladstone's act, unsolicited (I believe) by any one of my friends. I was not looking for it, though I thought it possible, and the letter lay some days here before it was sent on, so that I received at the same time with it a second letter from the Treasury, fearing that the first had miscarried.

Give my best remembrances to all your party. I hope I may get to you for a day or two about Christmas.

I spent part of last week at Durham—a noble place certainly—and was received with great kindness.

Inter alia, I have had a hundred and twenty letters or so, so you will excuse my being very hurried.—Yours affectionately,

W. C. LAKE.

To the Same.

DEANERY, DURHAM,
October 13, 1869.

DEAR MASTER,—I did not get your note till my arrival here about a fortnight ago, and I assure you that, with the best will to answer it, my time has been so cut to pieces that I have found none till this moment. Certainly a deanery + a wardenship does not seem to promise much leisure, whatever it might do − one. My time would have been quite enough occupied by about twenty kind suggestions to go and preach. However, in time this will wear off a little. I have just got into three rooms at the Deanery, and can look around me a little.

There is no doubt, I fancy, whatever about the retention of existing preferment, at all events a living, for *six months* after a dean's *institution*.

The law is clear, and my lawyer tells me that all recently-appointed deans with livings have done so. I should probably have gone earlier, but that I wish—indeed, it was almost necessary—to see my church restoration finished, for which doubtless my successor, if (as all Balliol Fellows are) he is a man of a grateful mind, will be duly thankful. I hope to see you here soon. It is a grand place, with great opportunities, but requiring, I see, a great deal of work. I shall like it if I have health and strength. . . . So Temple goes to Exeter. . . .—With love to all, most truly yours,

W. C. Lake.

Writing from Durham to the Master of Balliol in the autumn of 1869, before he had finally left Huntspill, he says that, in consequence of the unavoidable postponement of his installation, he is

disposed to leave things to take their natural course, when the living[1] will be vacant at Lady Day. This will partly depend, however, on how I think the parish gets on under my curate. I shall myself be there, I hope, till the beginning or middle of February. . . . I hope to get the reseating of the church soon completed. It was ordered nearly two months ago; but things move slowly with builders when you are not yourself present.

I trust to get a sight of you at Oxford towards Christmas. I shall have a journey or two to London to finish Commission[2] work.

Prospects here look hopeful, but there is enough—at first, at least—to task all one's energies.—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

On May 5, 1870, when settled at Durham, he writes to the same: 'I find plenty to do here, and begin to wish I had never heard the words "Popular Education," for there is not a meeting in this far North that I am not pressed to attend. I hope to get a pleasant day or two at Oxford, perhaps in July.'

To Archbishop Tait.

Deanery, Durham (1870–71?).

My dear Archbishop,—I have not delayed writing from any forgetfulness, but I thought it the kindest act to send nothing till I found you completely settled. This I may trust that you now are, as I saw with great satisfaction your reappearance in the Lords, and quite shared in the pleasure which it caused. May you long preside in their councils. I am myself very hard at work upon an extension of this University to Newcastle, in the form of a college of physical science for miners and engineers, to which I have persuaded the people here[3]

[1] In the gift of Balliol College. [2] On Scientific Military Education.
[3] The Durham Chapter.

to devote £1,000 a year, and the people in and about Newcastle to subscribe £30,000, and I hope that in a short time this may become the nucleus of a University on something of the Scotch model, which suits our North of England better than the Oxford and Cambridge types. Of Durham itself there is little to be made, except as a college for educating clergymen. I find this place very interesting and very *friendly*, and have every cause to be grateful for much kindness; but there are certainly considerable arrears in every way, and I sometimes growl that to be a Dean here is almost as bad as being a Bishop, not to speak of Archbishops. Luckily, you know very little of what we do or omit to do, in the South of England, so that our obscurity protects us. I shall greatly wish to see you before I leave England, which I hope to do for five or six weeks about July 25. Let some secretary keep me *au courant* of your doings; we can then talk over the obscure prospects of the future, which seem uncertain enough so far as the Church is concerned, though I think we are strong if we could but combine and act together.

It seems vain to *write* to you when there is so much to talk of. I will, therefore, only hope that I may hear something about you in the next few weeks, and that you will believe me, ever yours affectionately,

W. C. LAKE.

To the Same.

WHITBURN HALL, SUNDERLAND,
November 16, 1871.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—It was very kind of you to take the trouble of writing, which I certainly did not expect in return for my poor harangue, which (as you say) was a regular imposture, for the subject above all others of which I knew nothing was physical science, and now I am obliged to answer "intelligent artisans" who send me solutions of the problem for squaring the circle. Though the move has been in some ways very successful, I am afraid nothing will be done unless I can get the finances of Durham itself into order, and for this I much fear I shall need a Commission. The Bishop has no conception of extending the University except to his own clergy. . . . In fine, I have a hard game, and can only win it by regarding it *as* a game, and playing it coolly. Luckily, I have all the intelligent feeling of the country with me.

I doubt much the wisdom of going in at present for cathedral reform, which (I hear) Gloucester and Law are concocting. Most of the cathedrals seem to be working well, though they can never, of course, be filled as Roman Catholic cathedrals are. A 'Commission like that for Oxford' would simply inquire into their revenues, and this would be (I think) gratuitous folly. . . .

I am rather tired, and am staying among Williamsons and Liddells here for a few days.—Ever most affectionately yours,

W. C. LAKE.

If you really have any thoughts of cathedral reform, let us have a talk first; but I regard it as premature.

To the Same.

DURHAM,
December 1, 1871.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—The occupations of deans are so absorbing that, though I have wished to write to you for the last few days, I have found no time. I am rather disposed to think this idea of cathedral reform a mistake. It does not seem to me *tanti*. You will make a great fuss and get nothing for it, except a saving here and there of two or three canonries—or, rather, a destruction of some of the few prizes for men of ability. The following are my reasons:

1. The cathedrals are, on the whole, working well now, and are popular. Take, *e.g.*, Westminster, St. Paul's, York, Chester, Lichfield, Exeter—in fact, almost all. These are all, I think, doing nearly all that a *Protestant* cathedral can. Do what you will, you can never make them like the Roman Catholics, simply because you cannot fill them all day with worshippers, and it seems to me some vague, loose idea of this kind which is flitting before the mind of some such would-be reformers as * * *. 'Tu non sis credulis illis.'

This, then, is my difficulty, that I really don't see how they are to be made so much better as to justify all the row which will be made. Perhaps you will say, 'They are so immovable.' Well, I don't know. I think you, or even I, could manage one pretty quickly; but I can't say how it will be if you go and increase the power of some Bishop, who may interfere at every turn.

Well, seriously, I don't see what is to be got, especially just now, by cathedral reform, and I counsel, for the present, at least, a masterly inaction.

We had a very sensible committee of the York Convocation at Leeds on Monday, which almost wholly endorsed your *ritual* proposals, H. Carlisle managing matters very well. We reserved the Athanasian Creed for another time, but they will probably take a sensible line about it. In fact, the York Convocation is ten times better than the Cantuar —I don't mean *you*, but Convocation.

How involved politics are getting. Would that G—— would have a pretty little quarrel with his tail, and combine in the end with Derby, Forster, Hardy, etc. I dread him, and should not wonder if Forster had to leave him. I believe the only wise politicians are the followers of Arnold's principles, among whom I reckon Forster. I *may* be in town for a day or two after Christmas.—Yours affectionately,

W. C. LAKE.

To the Same.

THE PALACE, EXETER,
January 9, 1872.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—I only saw Church late on Saturday. Liddon was away, and very unwell.

Church doubts whether much can be made of him at present, and, though he agrees with my view of the damnatory clauses, he much

dissents from your objectionable motion that the Creed is valueless. As to the cathedral question, Church is very strong on the point that, though you may make a few alterations in statutes, we (*i.e.*, Deans and Chapters) ought to have the management of our own house. . . .—Yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

To the Same.

Deanery, Durham,
April 12, 1872.

My dear Archbishop,—I found to my sorrow, on returning to-day from ten days at Rydal, that your letter had been mistaken by my housekeeper for a bill or a petition; but I hope from what I *read* of Convocation that all passed off smoothly. I conclude, from the immense number of 'Your Graces,' that you expected some restiveness. . . .

I think that both the Athanasian Creed and the cathedrals had better be allowed a little peace. The latter certainly. Have you seen Girdlestone's disrespectful but amusing brochure? But *you* underestimate both what many of the cathedrals are doing and the difficulties of the case. Even here we had good congregations, and those sermons so dear to your Presbyterian mind every day in Passion week. —Yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

In a playful letter to the Archbishop, Dean Lake writes on April 18 (? 1872):

Deanery, Durham.

So you mean to go on with your persecuting edict against poor Deans and Chapters! Well, I will not discuss it with you now; but take care of the letter *G*—I warn you as a soothsayer. I want to speak on another matter, smaller in appearance, but really rather an annoyance. Surely it is an absurdity to tie us *cathedrals* to the everlasting repetition of 'Dearly beloved brethren.' Surely you can manage to get this struck out. It is most unfeeling in you who arrange things as you like in your nice little conventiculum at Lambeth, and never attend cathedrals, to mar our beautiful services. You might, indeed, allow us also to shorten some of the post-anthem prayers; if you don't, I think we shall take the law into our own hands.—Your oppressed subject,

W. C. L.

To the Same.

Deanery, Durham,
November 10, 1872.

I have been longing to write to you this age, most beloved Archbishop, but (of course you won't believe me!) I have really had hardly a quiet hour since I returned here. To-day I *have*, for I have only had

a preaching at Newcastle and a thirty miles' drive, and am alone and somewhat sleepy. I have followed the vicissitudes of your Charge with interest. You seem terribly astray about cathedrals (*vide Saturday Review*, both on you and me), and I don't know whether you noticed the Dean of ——'s fury with you at Leeds; but you *are* too much overridden by the whim of *preaching* being the one thing needful, whereas you will hardly ever get it effective in our small cathedral towns, or indeed anywhere at all, for that matter. I really cannot see my way through this cathedral millstone at all, except that I more and more incline to *residence* in some shape being absolutely necessary. I believe this is the one anomaly on which the popular mind fixes, and that you *must* have your canons resident and find them something to do. As to the Bishops and Chapters together making a reform, why, take our own case. Baring knows and cares nothing for cathedral life in any form, and we should only have matters worse than they are already. So at York, so undoubtedly at Gloucester. So I doubt the wisdom of a *Bill*, which, moreover, I think you will find it hard to carry. Elliot[1] is much alarmed at the thought of your bringing one in, and I think you may as well see one of his notes on the subject. Residence and decanal responsibility and power are my two axioms.

All cathedral matters go on well and smoothly here, and the University rather mends, the Newcastle College flourishing. But all these things, with plenty of preaching and lecturing, keep me hard-worked, and sometimes knocked up, rheumatism and other senile disorders increasing. You, I hope, are thriving and caring for yourself; I thought you almost overdid it in your wanderings through the diocese. Where shall you be early in January, when I *may* be Londonwards for some weeks? I have a lecture to give at South Shields on Thursday, which I must now turn to, so, sending you a note of Elliot's (which you may as well return with some lines of your own), I am, ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

P.S.—There is a clever pamphlet of Dr. Littledale's (*nomen exosum Episcopis*) on 'Church Reform,' with some good hints on cathedral reform.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Athenæum Club,
March 18, 1873.

My dear Mr. Gladstone,—I hope you will not think that I am unnecessarily troubling you on a subject which now, perhaps, belongs to the past, but, having from the first had a strong feeling of the excellence of the Irish University Bill, I cannot resist the pleasure of mentioning to you a conversation I had on the subject yesterday with the Bishop of Peterborough.[2] No man knows Irish Universities better, and he is a most attached pupil of Trinity, Dublin, and also, as you know, a Conservative; but he told me that he had throughout had the strongest

[1] Dean of Bristol. [2] Bishop Magee.

opinion in favour of the Bill; that he thought it thoroughly fair to all sides, and the only Bill which could possibly be so; and that he regretted its loss as the greatest blow that Irish education could have received. He said: 'One or two points I should have wished altered, but I should have spoken warmly in its favour in the House of Lords.'

There has been (as I think) so much ignorance and injustice in the attacks on the Bill, due, I am sure, mainly to the press, that I think it may not be unsatisfactory to you to hear of this one instance, out of many which I could give you, where an able and independent man, and with the very best opportunities for judgment, is convinced of the soundness of the principles on which the Bill was founded.

Hoping you will excuse my troubling you, believe me, yours very faithfully,

W. C. LAKE.

From the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
March 18, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. DEAN,—I am much gratified by your letter, which has a double value in conveying to me your approval of the principle of our Irish University Bill, as well as that of Bishop Magee.

I am glad to say I have had many such testimonies, and I even think that the emancipation of the University of Dublin, which was the object of our measure, is an idea so sound and so fertile that it may even yet bear fruit.—Believe me, most faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

To Miss Arnold, on the Death of her Mother.

ATHENÆUM CLUB,
October 1, 1873.

MY DEAR FANNY,—I need not tell you with what grief the sad news which I read in yesterday's *Pall Mall* has filled me. It did not, indeed, entirely surprise me, for I thought your account of a congestion of the liver in a person of eighty was very serious; still, I hoped the worst was passed, and was looking forward with pleasure to seeing your dear mother again this autumn. It is to me hardly less than the loss of my oldest and dearest friend, and I cannot tell you how great a blank it seems to cause.

My visits to Fox How have lately been quite the happiest and most refreshing I could pay anywhere, and I, at least, know nowhere else a life and character so delightful as hers, so much simplicity and sweetness, so much of brightness and natural talent, ripened and softened by the many experiences of her life into the most thoughtful and considerate goodness. It is indeed the greatest comfort one can have at this sad moment to remember how every year seemed to bring out some fresh beauty of character, and how completely she was growing in goodness, and in all that was lovable to the very end. And I

cannot but think that, deeply as we may grieve when the blow falls, you must feel thankful that no decay of her mind and feelings was permitted to mar the perfect and delightful image you now have. I have no doubt that these and still better thoughts are a deep comfort to you, and will be so through life, for there are but few who have had the happiness of such a companionship, and of being the support, as well as the partaker, of her really blessed life.

I should be glad to hear of the day on which the funeral is to be. Unless it is strictly limited to the family, or if any friends attend, I must say I should much wish to be present, and to show my last affection for one so deeply connected with forty years of my life.

I trust you are yourself able to bear up courageously under this heavy trial, which, worn as you must already be, must test your strength severely.

Do not trouble yourself to write; there will be someone in the house who, I dare say, will send me a line.—Believe me, always your affectionate friend, W. C. Lake.

P.S.—I fear this great blow will be felt very much by S——, your account of whom has made me anxious for her, and I shall be thankful to hear that she bears it pretty well.

From Archbishop Tait.

Haddo House, Aberdeen,
October 3, 1874.

My dear Dean,—I received your letter here this morning. I was on the point of writing to you to offer to come to you at Durham, myself, Mrs. Tait and Lucy, from Saturday 24th to Tuesday 27th. I have a half engagement to preach near London on the 28th, which I could put off. We cannot leave Scotland before the 24th. Will you kindly write to me by return of post to arrange, and I will do my best to spend two days with you, which, I agree with you in thinking, is very important in view of what lies before the Church in the coming month.

This place is full of the recollections of the canny old Aberdeen, yet, canny as he was, he upset a Church. To-day we go to the Duke of Richmond, Gordon Castle, Fochabers, and hope to remain there till Tuesday morning after post time. Tuesday night we hope to spend at 'Earl of Leven's, Glenfurness, Dumphail.' I shall very much enjoy two quiet days at Durham, and as you see intimately people who always shut up before me, it is of great importance that I should have a full talk with you. I have been reading in Lord Cockburn's Journal the history of the disrupture of the Scottish Church, and it is of deep importance that we should avoid the errors on which the rulers of those days stranded the ship.—Affectionately yours,

A. C. Cantuar.

P.S.—Please write by return of post.

Towards the close of 1874 an interview was arranged by Dean Lake between the Archbishop, the Dean of St. Paul's (Church), and Canon Liddon, in the hope that it might promote a better understanding on the burning topics of the day, and pave the way towards a recognition of the position claimed by the High Church Party, and so towards ultimate peace. Dean Lake himself was obliged to spend part of this winter in Italy, owing to ill-health and a cough of long standing. Extracts only from Canon Liddon's interesting letter can be given.

From Dr. Liddon.

3, Amen Court, E.C.,
January 8, 1875.

My dear Dean,—We went, as you kindly arranged, to Addington on Wednesday week. Nothing could be kinder than the Archbishop. We had about three hours' conversation. He, as was natural, gave it its direction, and the consequence was that it did not cover all the ground that was wanted. The main points on which I understood him to insist were (1) the undesirableness of further legislation; (2) the absence of any wish on *his* part to drive High Churchmen out of the Church of England in deference to the Puritanical and rationalistic parties; (3) the anxiety that the courts should be constituted in the best way, and that all should submit to them, whatever they might decide upon.

What struck me most in the interview was the stress which the Archbishop laid on the importance of keeping religious topics out of Parliament. Indeed, when one thinks of *what* ingredients that body is composed, it is inconceivable how anyone to whom our Lord's honour is in any sense dear can have any other feeling on the subject.

We did not get much into detail. The Archbishop expressed his strong objection to vestments—as I understood him, in view rather of the present state of public feeling than of their legal and rubrical warranty. As to the eastward position, I told him a few facts which put it in a different light from that in which it is regarded by the Puritanical party. He was very kind in allowing me to do this. . . .

. . . . Altogether I wish that the Archbishop may be able to control the course of events. But—can he? At Hatfield the other day I discovered that Mr. Russell Gurney's Bill is already in print; and there is a report that Sir W. Harcourt, in his new character of 'the Protestant Champion,' is going to re-open the question of an appeal to the Archbishops. . . .

Oh, how one wishes that that virtue of natural justice of which I spoke to you the other day were better cultivated than it is! What must be the state of mind of men who ostentatiously omit the Athanasian Creed, or who ostentatiously contradict the Baptismal Service, as

do many of the Puritanical clergy, and yet raise the cry of disloyalty against Churchmen? . . .

. . . Hoping much that the sunny South will set you up, and rejoicing that you are not here in such weather as this, I am, my dear Dean, yours faithfully,

H. P. Liddon.

From Archbishop Tait.

Addington Park, Croydon,
February 2, 1875.

My dear Dean,—I have been so busy in my dioceses that I have not been able before now to write. Thank you much for bringing me face to face with Liddon and Church, though, as usual in conversations, Liddon seems to have misunderstood much of what I said. Conversations are admirable for smoothing difficulties—very bad for accuracy of communication. On the whole, I think matters look well. Capel has done a great deal of good. On Friday Parliament meets, but not, I think, for an ecclesiastical Session. I trust you are enjoying, on the Riviera, the same glorious weather we have here.—Affectionately yours,

A. C. Cantuar.

One of the Dean's child-friends has alluded to the letters he never failed to write to her when absent from Durham for his holiday. The letter given here was addressed to his little correspondent when she was twelve years old, and is followed by extracts from one or two later ones:

Hotel d'Europa, Rome,
March 3, 1875.

My dear M——,—I have so often thought of you and * * * since I have been here, and also of 'Horatius,'[1] that I must write this letter to you, and tell you of some of the grand things here, and of the 'Yellow Tiber' who is just now 'tossing his yellow mane' most furiously, for we expect that Rome will be flooded in a few hours. I don't think Horatius could ever have managed to get across, however much 'Father Tiber' had 'held up his chin,' if the weather had been half as bad as it is to-day; indeed, I have often wondered how he managed to get across in fine weather, for the stream is always as bad as the Wear is at its worst. Rome is the grandest and the dirtiest town in Europe, and St. Peter's quite the finest church inside that I have ever seen, for many people might think that outside Durham is finer, and I don't think the beautiful music at St. Peter's is a bit finer than our music often is. Then the place is full of grand old temples;

[1] The Dean had given her a prize for repeating Macaulay's 'Lay' without a mistake.

and there is a very fine one to the 'twin gods' Castor and Pollux, who helped the Romans, when they were so hard-pressed at the Lake Regillus. And there is a very savage-looking statue of the old Wolf in the Capitol, which the lay of 'Capys' describes, suckling the babies, Romulus and Remus, and they keep two unfortunate live wolves, which do not look as if they at all understood that they were meant to represent Romulus's wolf. And then, above all, there is the immense Coliseum, where these savage Romans used to make thousands of captives fight with wild beasts, and where our British ancestors and the Christians used to be exposed. But indeed I should never end if I were to tell you of all the wonderful things here, which I hope some day you and * * * will see for yourselves. So I must only tell you that I have bought you and * * * some sashes at the best shop for colours in Rome, and a neckerchief for * * *, and I think you will like them.

I don't suppose you have had a great many rides, as the weather has been so bad, and I should think the cold has killed poor old Jessie; but I hope in another two months we shall have some more. I hope you have made tender inquiries after Harry;[1] I have seen no horse here that I like better. The Italians have very nice horses, though, but they use them very badly.

And now, dear M——, I am sure I have written you quite a long letter, and all to yourself, in memory of Horatius, though I mean it for both you and * * *. I should like very much to hear from you and * * *, one or both, and though the postage is ruinous (6d. !), I dare say you can tease papa till he gives it you. I shall be at Poste Restante, Naples, for three weeks, and shall be very much amused to hear all that you are doing, and about the rides, and whether you have begun your German, and fifty things.

And now I hope you will remember me to your papa and aunt, and to your grandpapa, and Miss ——, and special love to * * * and * * *, as well as yourself.—Yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

To the Same.

Lambeth Palace, S.W.,
July 21, 1879.

My dearest M——,—As I am going off (to Marienbad, I believe) to-morrow, I shall just take a few minutes, between preaching a short sermon to the servants here and dinner, to say good-bye, and tell you a little about myself. I shall not expect an answer till I have written again, and then a quick and a long one. I want to console you, too, for the loss of Miss ——, for I think it was just at this time that she was to leave you, and I know that you will be moping considerably, whether you confess it or not. I am very sorry she is going to leave you, for you girls' sake—yours particularly, for as you have alternate governesses that you like and don't like, the next chance may be a bad

[1] Dean Lake's favourite horse.

one. I wish I was with you to take you a ride and cheer you up a little—but, oh, I forgot, you have nothing to ride! I see such beautiful horses about, and ponies, too, and wish I could buy one or the other.

I have been very unwell since I got to London, with all sorts of aches and pains, otherwise I should have been abroad ere now. I expect to be at Marienbad next week, and shall send you a note soon. Meanwhile, you must take this as a proof of my goodness and affection in the midst of your sorrow at losing your beloved Miss ——, to whom pray give my best wishes and regards. The same, of course, to your father and aunt.—Ever, etc.

To the Same.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
August 9, 1880.

MY DEAREST M——,—I must write you a few lines to-night, as I shall leave London to-morrow if my dentist allows me. Yes, horrible fate, I have been kept here by one of those cruel strokes of fate (toothache), from which not even the best of Liberals can escape! . . .

In an interval of torment I went to Canterbury last Tuesday, and saw what I have not seen for twenty years—a first-rate cricket match (Kent and All England) in the Canterbury week. I must say it was splendid! . . . the batting, bowling, and fielding were all wonderful. I thought of you, and wished you could have been there to see it. Bligh got 78, Harris about 80, and Lyttelton 120, and against the best bowling and fielding in England; and Lyttelton's wicket-keeping, too, was wonderful. . . . There are about eight brothers, and each better at cricket than the other. Don't you think them demigods? And now what are you doing? I suppose you are at home again, after your little incursion into the world. I hope you get on better at archery than you began. At all events, you must now practise. It is a disgrace to you and to * * * to be beaten by I don't know who. . . . I hope you have really been sorry for poor * * *. The Tories have been very good about it, and shown almost as much kindness as the Liberals, which, considering that they are all born more wicked than we are, is very creditable to them.

August 11.

You will say that it is a punishment for my attack on your friends that has kept me under the discipline of my dentist. (It is a *real* nuisance, between ourselves, though I try to laugh at it.) I expect, however, really to be off to-day or to-morrow—*where*, I am not now quite sure, so I cannot tell you where to write, and you will get this long letter for nothing. I shall, however, much want to hear something of you soon, and shall write again. If I go, as perhaps I may, for a fortnight to the Lakes, I shall certainly try to get leave for you three girls to come and stay with me; please to back it with all your might.—Ever your loving friend,

W. C. L.

To Archbishop Tait.

MUNICH,
August 31, 1875.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,—I write you a few lines, not, I confess, without much regret that I cannot see you instead of writing, for if I had seen earlier in the papers that you were at Lucerne, I should have been tempted by the possibility of finding you there to make *that* my 'nach-cur' after Carlsbad, instead of going to Ischl, where I have been this week. It would have been so pleasant to have had some quiet hours with you in driving or walking about that lovely neighbourhood, which would have quite renewed old days; and I dare say some generous Lucerner has lent you a beautiful villa on the borders of the lake. I am very glad that you determined in the end to go abroad, for certainly the change and the refreshment are far greater than you could have found in England or Scotland, and, if I remember right, the church at Lucerne is quite ugly and Protestant enough to be free from the slightest association with Ritualism. . . .

We have had a terrible summer, especially in semi-mountainous places like Carlsbad, and at Ischl too it was nothing but rain; but I have hopes that it has been better with you in Switzerland. One manages to enjoy it somehow, but you almost wonder how you do. This year, too, there were very few English at Carlsbad. Lord Monson I saw most often; he is a very pleasant fellow. Old Lady Stanley was there also. . . .

I have looked in vain for any account of the real doings of the Pan-Anglican since its conclusion. I must say I congratulate you on its success, at least, if the proverb applies to it, that 'happy is the nation (or a congress) which has no annals.' You have realized the two most famous dicta of the Roman historians: *Quieta non movisti, magna merces*, and *solitudinem fecisti, pacem appellas*—a peace only disturbed by the injudicious decision of the Chief Justice, *in re* Mackonochie. At the same time, though these are real victories in a sort of a way, they are perhaps rather temporary than permanent, like your hero Disraeli's staving-off war with Russia; they will not permanently pacify the English Church. . . . I think your best chance of peace lies in meeting that sort of Ritualism, which is, in fact, the religious spirit of the age, and you had better be prepared in various ways to cultivate the spirit of beauty in worship. If you don't do this, I see nothing for you rulers but to uphold the *standstill* spirit in religion, than which nothing is more fatal to a Church. You *must* move, and must give people something to interest them in religion as much as in politics.

Pardon this digression, which will probably give you sufficient animation to abuse it. I wish I could have poured it into your confiding ear rather than written it; but you and we are not out of the wood yet. I think much may be done, *quonquam in re difficile*, and I don't want you to go down to posterity as the great man who

dammed up the deluge to allow it more completely to overwhelm his successors.

Anyway, I hope this may amuse you. . . .

With kindest regards to Mrs. Tait,—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

In his correspondence with Archbishop Tait, the Dean often wrote in a playful and bantering tone, rallying and 'chaffing' the Archbishop in a fashion which Archbishop Tait thoroughly understood and liked, but which might be misconstrued by those who do not understand the familiar relations that existed between them. One may even think that the Dean was sometimes able in this way to give additional point to what he wished to suggest or emphasize; nevertheless, a sentence has sometimes to be suppressed when giving letters written in the intimacy of so close a friendship, and the same reason has also prevented the publication of many entire letters.

To the Same.

Imperial Hotel, Torquay,
January 16 (? 1877).

My dear Archbishop,—A wretch who can trifle with an Archbishop by writing to him in an unknown tongue deserves the fate of Gil Blas when he insulted the Archbishop of Saragossa.

I was expecting a letter from you, for I knew you would be dying to have my advice about the Regius Professorship. On the whole, therefore, I should name a productive plum-tree, though half his plums are sloes, as the best man. He works hard, is a really good and honest man, and, *enfin!* Mozleys are not to be had every day. *Of course, you* didn't appreciate him—when (*pace summa dixerim*) did you ever appreciate a genius?—but Church and I did.

I hope to be in London on Monday for ten days; but go to Coleridge from Wednesday till Saturday. I really hope you will *make* Dizzy appoint well for the Professorship. It is *so* important just now.

With all affectionate wishes,—Ever yours,

W. C. Lake.

P.S.—Look in at the Athenæum if you are near on Tuesday or Wednesday afternoon.

To the Rev. Craufurd Tait.

April 29, 1877.

Dear Craufurd,—Please read these in a clear voice at breakfast; or, if they sound too funereal, just after chapel. Say that I withdraw them, if I find (as I expect) that his Grace is only trying some

Machiavelian arts against that outrageous folly the S.B.[1]; but I really *cannot believe* that he means to abet *that*.—Yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

A Silent Burial.

Αρχιεπισκόπῳ διψύχῳ καὶ ἀκαταστάτῳ.

I.

He was 'silently buried' at dead of night,
With no word or hymn of mourning:
By grim John Knox's dismal rite,
And a farthing candle burning.

II.

In no useless abbey his bones were blest,
Nor in robes sacerdotal they wound him;
But he lay like a 'Beccles' taking his rest,
With his cloak of Geneva round him.

III.

Slowly and sadly they laid him down
('Twas the old episcopal story!),
They carved not a line and they raised not a stone,
For he had recanted his glory.

To Archbishop Tait.

Deanery, Durham,
October 30, 1877.

My dear Archbishop,—As you are always abusing me, I think you may just as well see the reasonable view of my character (at least, of a small part of its excellencies) by even the Tory press in the North, so I send two Newcastle papers.

I have another object in sending these papers to you. I wish you would look at what I say in the *Chronicle* about the Universities (O. and C.) planting 'halls' in some five or six large towns. I really think they would do great good, and extend their own influence by this. They have together about £400,000 a year (I overestimated it), and this could easily be done for £20,000 or £25,000 a year *between them*. . . .—Yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

P.S.—Our little University has, I am happy to inform you, doubled its numbers in the last three years, since I have been able to put in some good men, and (with a tolerable episcopus) we could easily become the great theological school of the North.

[1] 'Silent burial.'

From Archbishop Tait.

STONEHOUSE, ST. PETER'S, THANET,
November 13, 1877.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I read with real satisfaction your account of the way in which your efforts are appreciated in Newcastle. It is, indeed, no light thing to have set this branch or college in the ground from your old tree, and to see it grow.

I am sometimes dispirited by thinking how the energies of the Bishops and clergy, which might by God's blessing produce such great results, are wasted by being diverted to paltry and miserable questions which ought to have been considered as settled when our Lord rebuked the Pharisees and St. Paul the Judaisers. What might not the Church of England do if, discarding absurd pretensions and disputes about anise and cummin, its clergy would place themselves at the head of the Christian progress of the age.—Affectionately yours,

A. C. CANTUAR.

We saw your brother and his son at Addington.

From Lord Coleridge.

HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY,
December 23, 1877.

MY DEAR LAKE,—First let me wish you with all my heart a happy Christmas and New Year. Next, let me confess that I have behaved abominably to you, for you wrote me a delightful letter and a long one, full of interest and amusement, I don't know how many weeks or months ago, and I have never had the grace to acknowledge it. I should like to have been with you and to have seen those places—all interesting, some very, and out of the way, too. But, partly from indolence, partly from a want of readiness in languages and that foolish shyness which so many of us have in trying to do without them, I have been a very stay-at-home man. All the same, when I could have gone most easily and conveniently, I was a very poor man living on my father, and could not indulge myself; and when I became well off, it was through such very exhausting work that by August I was generally worn out, and only too happy to be still and lie down and rest instead of starting on a tour. There are many things I envy in my friends, notably in you and Stanley, and nothing more than the power of travel you both have, and of constant and intelligent assimilation of new objects and new ideas. But I am afraid in the acquiring of new habits it is sometimes too late to mend.

You will see by my date that we are keeping Christmas in Devonshire. It is pleasant in many ways, especially that the sun and air tempt one out when London darkness would tempt one to stay at home and read; but this place is full of the saddest memories, and I do not know that the fog would not have been to me more cheerful than the sunshine. But it would be unmanly and unthankful, too, to forget the

many great and undeserved blessings poured round me here. One great pleasure of having a home here is to see year by year how old Temple is conquering the diocese; one singularly unfitted in matter of opinion for him by the long episcopate of that clever old fellow Philpotts, but one which cannot resist his simplicity and hard work and thorough goodness. Mrs. Temple is delightful, and thus far I think has been of real and great use to him. She is singularly unjealous, and accepts his old friends as her own in the kindest and sincerest way. Such men as he and Benson will do much to defer Disestablishment. Not that I think it myself at all imminent, either from outside or in. Its enormous power, not over the people, but over the people of property; the root it has in the very heart of the constitution, and the terror which all corporations and most individuals would have if its property were wrecked; the positive good it does of a kind which another sort of Church could not do, besides a hundred other things, make me think its disestablishment a thing of the future. No living man, I believe, could carry it except Gladstone, and he does not at present wish it, and is, besides, sixty-eight or sixty-nine. If he were ten years younger, and were minded to do it, it would be another story. I shall be anxious to see what he wishes to do and what he can do when Parliament meets a month hence. I imagine from all I hear that Dizzy wants war, and that the Queen wishes it, too; but he stands almost alone amongst his Cabinet, and unless he gets more support than I think he will, I suppose we shall keep out of it. Things are out of joint, however, and it looks as if our mingled swagger and inertness had ended in making us supremely ridiculous just now in Europe. Not that I suppose in the least our power is at all either lessened or doubted, but we have come now to be without a single ally except those wretched Turks, and the consequence is that we are without much weight. If I could look at it as a mere party man I should be glad; but I don't at all like to see England let down and isolated by such a man as Dizzy and for such a cause.

How vigorous and excellent Goldwin is upon it all. Good-night.—Ever affectionately yours,

COLERIDGE.

To Archbishop Tait.

DEANERY, DURHAM,
February 16, 1878.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—Is not the present a great crisis in which the voice of the head of the English Church might, without any reference to party, but as a great Christian duty, be used in favour of peace? It cannot be doubted that as yet nothing has been done by Russia which can by any reasonable man be considered an adequate reason for so tremendous an act as a declaration of war. But an absolute war fury seems to have got possession of a large portion of the nation, who threaten to force the Ministry to take an irrevocable step.

Is it not at such a moment the duty of those whose office is emphatically that of peace, and who would certainly be listened to, both for their office' sake and from personal respect, to warn their countrymen of the great sin and danger of a nation going to war except for some really great principle? I venture to think that you might have a great opportunity, almost for *saving* the country, on Lord Stratheden's motion on Monday, and that some forcible words addressed to both parties might not be without effect at this critical moment, both here and in Russia.

Delay, however, might be fatal.

I have said nothing, nor need I say it to a man of sound judgment, of the dark prospect of failure to England in such a war, and with scarce one, if *one*, ally.

I do not say the state of things is *hopeless*, but it is terribly dark, and any moment might see us in war.

Ponder these things. It is my serious belief that you might do great good,—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

P.S.—I expect to be in town on the 4th.

From Dr. Liddon.

Christ Church, Oxford,
February 27, 1878.

My dear Dean,—. . . You have, I see, been making a just and generous speech about Confession, for which I, for one, thank you. Most people, so far as I know, are agreed that compulsory confession is an unmixed evil. But there *are* sins from which people cannot recover without this remedy, and habits of sin which cannot be broken without repeating it. Synods may say what churches shall or shall not do, but they cannot touch those depths of our moral nature in which confession finds its true and abiding justification. They can only decide whether the wants to which it ministers are to be met in this or in that communion. It is strange that in days of ecclesiastical free trade, and with an unsleeping rival ever watching us, and ready to make the most of our mistakes, there can be any doubt as to the true course of the Church of England.

Eastern matters do not look brighter than when we met. Half the country seems to have gone mad. The language of the war-party enables one to understand vividly those descriptions of the infatuation of Israel in the prophets and in St. Paul, which in quiet times are almost unintelligible. But we see before our eyes something like a majority of a great people rushing towards a crime that can only bring suffering and self-reproach in its train at the bidding or prompting of a political leader whom no good man that you meet professes to respect.

However, no more, except that I am, very truly yours,

H. P. Liddon.

To Dr. Liddon.

THE OAKS, CANTERBURY,
March 20 (? 1878).

MY DEAR LIDDON,—I hope you will not disapprove of what I have done, though I have since thought that it might have been wiser to ask your permission. I sent both your and C. Wood's letters to the Archbishop, with certain commendatory remarks of my own. I thought time might be of importance, and as there was nothing in either letter which could at all annoy him, and as, moreover, I knew that he would be glad to give weight to the wishes of either of you, it seemed to me the best course. I trust you will not disapprove.

The Archbishop's difficulty, I should fancy, might arise from his unwillingness to do anything which might seem to discredit Lord Penzance's Court or decision, and he could hardly interfere with the Bishop of Gloucester, except at his wish or with his assent. But he repeatedly expresses his own wish that things should be done as quietly as possible.

I am getting on, I think, very well, under *very* kind nursing. I consider myself an obedient patient, but it is hard not to push on with one's recovery.

With many remembrances of your kindness at Oxford, yours most truly,

W. C. LAKE.

To the Hon. Charles Wood.

THE DEANERY, DURHAM,
April 8, 1878.

Canon Gregory was preaching here yesterday, and we discussed very fully all means which appeared to us practicable for a concordat in ritual matters. We were at first disposed to hope that Ritualists might be satisfied, and malcontents appeased, if high ceremonial were to be limited to, say, the hours before nine, but I doubt whether this would give permanent peace, and it would also leave ideas as to what high ceremonial is to the fancy of every individual. I am afraid we could find nothing more definite than this—to impress as far as possible on the Archbishop the importance of urging the Bishops to be as moderate as possible in their respective dioceses, and this I will do in a letter to him to-night or to-morrow.

The difficulty is to find any definite plan which, if generally adopted, would pacify, and if you could suggest any I would be truly glad. But one sees clearly enough that in almost every diocese rows have been avoided, even in those where they might have been most expected, such as Exeter and Manchester, and the inference is that forbearing Bishops might do a great deal both with clergy and aggrieved parishioners.

On the other hand, the people who have authority among your friends might also do much by discouraging needlessly provoking exhibitions—*e.g.*, Gregory tells me that the Prestbury row was mainly

caused by what he thought an objectionable picture of the Blessed Virgin.

I really believe the Archbishop would be most thankful for peace; but you must try and place yourself in his position as to opinions and recent action, and consider what it is possible that he should do.

From Archbishop Tait.

STONEHOUSE, ST. PETER'S, THANET,
June 18, 1878.

MY DEAR DEAN,—If I have not written to you before it has not been because I have not felt your kindness; indeed, scarcely any letter I have received has so soothed and cheered me as yours. You speak of our dear Craufurd as really knowing his worth. He was indeed worthy of all love and respect in his manly, gentle Christian life. You can understand our loss, and more than others you can understand mine, who had in him a most dear companion and a help in the difficulties of life, greater far than could have been expected from his years; and you can understand how at times my soul yearns for a sight of him, and for the sound of his pleasant voice. But we are sustained. His case was hopeless, and it is a great mercy that he was spared a lingering decay and the inevitable gradual fading away of that brightness, which, thank God! was vouchsafed to him through the three months of his weakness. He did not suffer except from weakness, and many things made his easy sinking cheerful; and his unbounded, though chastened, humour never failed him during all those months. I am glad he did not linger, and when the summons came, almost with startling suddenness, he was ready—as ready to die that afternoon as he had been on other days to keep still, and follow the advice given him in the hopes of his recovering. His death was like his life, and most certainly he rests in Christ, and has left us very bright hopes.

I trust I shall see you. I go to Lambeth to-morrow for a day's business, and soon I shall be there for the Lambeth Conference, I hope. He said to me one day: 'You must not stop your work because I am ill.' Neither, I am sure, would he like me to stop it because he is gone to Christ.—Ever yours affectionately,

A. C. CANTUAR.

To Archbishop Tait.

DURHAM,
November 7, 1878.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—I am delighted to hear that you are likely to come here about the 30th. Mrs. Tait very kindly asks me, if I am in London, to be present at Edith's wedding on Tuesday, which I should very much like to do.

I told Mrs. Tait that our poor Bishop was seriously ill. . . . Knowing his character, it seems to me that if he thought he could not do his work he would any day resign; for aught I know, he may have told

you that he means to do so. Under any circumstances, let me draw your attention to Lightfoot. You *must* have him some day; you ought to have some more men of learning on the Bench. He is now nearly fifty, and has refused a bishopric or two. *Verbum sat.*—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. LAKE.

The visit from the Archbishop and his family to which the Dean was looking forward when he wrote the foregoing letter never took place. Mrs. Tait was taken seriously ill in Edinburgh only two days before the time fixed for their going to Durham, and on the evening of Advent Sunday, December 1, she passed away.[1] This sudden loss of such a true and old friend was a great shock to Dean Lake, who naturally felt the deepest sympathy with the Archbishop in his heavy bereavement.

From the Dean of Llandaff (on Dr. Lightfoot's acceptance of the Bishopric of Durham).

THE TEMPLE, E.C.,
January 28, 1879.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I am so sorry to hear of your being laid up. Do not risk travelling in this weather till you are quite well.

The relief of the decision is to me unspeakable. I have not one misgiving. He[2] came here after seeing you, and was cheerful, though deeply impressed. He seemed glad to speak of the future, and to do so with hope and interest, in its details of plan. He spoke of seeing me again. He had telegraphed *himself* to Truro, and had waited for the answer, which was as decided as ever. If it had wavered, he would have done so at the very last moment.

I could run on at great length, but I have nothing new to say. Only I wish I could see you, and should certainly have come to you if I were at large.—Very affectionately yours,

C. J. VAUGHAN.

I *think* it will be a great pleasure to you, and you will yourself be of inestimable use to him. I said nothing of *our* telegraph to Truro, nor has the Bishop replied to it.

The appointment of Bishop Lightfoot had been hailed with intense satisfaction throughout Durham and Northumberland, and an immense congregation filled the cathedral to witness his

[1] The Archbishop, in his simple and touching record of those sad days, and of Mrs. Tait's last communion, says, 'She had settled on the day before that she would receive the Communion on this day, Advent Sunday. I reminded her how she had looked forward to a glorious celebration of it in Durham Cathedral.'—See the 'Life of Archbishop Tait,' vol. ii., p. 334.

[2] Dr. Lightfoot.

enthronement. Much uncertainty existed as to the date of the last event of the kind, as it had long been the custom for the Bishops of Durham to be enthroned by proxy. At the least, more than a century and a quarter had elapsed since an enthronement of the Bishop in person had taken place. There was, therefore, no recent precedent to go by; but the result of careful thought and research was a grand and impressive ceremonial such as had not been seen in Durham since the Reformation, the reopening service not excepted.

It may be of interest to recall the Dean's words—prophetic as they proved in their aspirations—as he placed Bishop Lightfoot in the chair of the episcopal throne[1] of his great predecessors:

My Lord Bishop, I place you in this throne, which has been the seat of many great and famous Bishops, both in old and recent times, and I pray God that the same spirit which guided the best of them may direct you in your government of His Church. You well know, my lord, how various have been the mental and the spiritual gifts of the illustrious men who have preceded you, and who from age to age have shone like lights in these parts of England. You will not forget that you are the heir of the Apostolic zeal of St. Cuthbert, of the love for God's house of William of Carileph, of the profound learning of Richard de Bury, of the resolution of Cosin, and of the tolerant and all-embracing wisdom of Butler. That you may receive from on high a large measure of the spirit of those great servants of God is the earnest prayer of those whose spiritual ruler and father you will this day become. We shall pray that you may be endowed above all with the spirit of truth, the spirit of justice, and the spirit of love; that the spirit of truth may enable you still to apply, as you have already done, the teaching of God to the wants of this generation; that the spirit of justice within you may win the trust and confidence of all men; and, above all, that the spirit of love may make us feel that you 'seek not ours, but us,' and that we may revere and love in you a spiritual father and a friend. With these prayers, which will be uttered by many on your behalf to-day, I now, my lord, enthrone and induct you into this Bishopric of Durham.

The Dean refers to this great function in the following letter:

To Archbishop Tait.

DEANERY,
May 19, 1879.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—As I know you consider me a horrid tyrant, I wish to show you by these letters how the Durham clergy

[1] The Bishop's throne at Durham is very large. His chair is placed in the centre of it, and there is ample space for all his chaplains round him.

appreciate my love for the shrine of St. Cuthbert. They are from two of our best clergy. The 'enthronement' was really a magnificent function, almost satisfying even my Roman tastes. Looking down the whole length of the cathedral from that lofty throne with 400[1] surpliced priests (not wretched *black* gowns like Westminster), the sight was splendid! Lightfoot's sermon was excellent. The *Guardian* will give it all. . . .

If you have anything to do with appointing the Commission, I beg to commend, as about the best Canon in England for the purpose, Rawlinson—very able and clear-sighted, with lots of work, and taking quite the right view of matters (*i.e.*, yours and mine).

It is very pleasant to have Lightfoot, though we are both so busy that I see little of him. How unlike the slothful way in which Deans of old used 'never to find out what they had to do!'

I hope to be up in town for two or three days next week, for I want to see Clark, being really crippled with rheumatism. — Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

From the Dean of Llandaff.

The Temple, E.C.,
April 2, 1879.

My dear Lake,—You kindly encourage me for once to use the dear old familiar name, and you have written me the truest possible appreciation of what this new prospect is to me. I was installed yesterday—a sweet little cathedral, lovely, reverent service, crowded congregation, and a welcome which I shall remember for ever.

It is a strangely unexpected thing, but I am charmed with it. Just as you say, changes, alternations of work, *now*, and hereafter retirement and a peaceful grave. I do feel so grateful. To have, unsought, the very thing that seems to suit me is so pleasant that I dare to call it providential.

It is the first thing that I ever *took* that I did not (virtually) ask for, and the first thing *offered* me that I have not *refused*.

I grieve to hear of your illness. May you soon be restored to us.

The 'dark night's work' was a good one, whoever did it, and I must always say that *you* were the Alpha and Omega of the new appointment. He[2] seems now perfectly happy, and, as someone said, can now even use the words 'my enthronement' without blush or embarrassment. A great stride from the 'Lightfoot' of two months ago.—Ever affectionately yours,

C. J. Vaughan.

[1] Another contemporary account puts the number at over 500.
[2] Bishop Lightfoot.

From Archbishop Tait.

LAMBETH,
July 24, 1879.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I do not doubt you will allow your letter sent to me after my visit to Scotland in June to appear in the memoirs of my dear wife. I have taken this for granted, trusting to your friendship. I trust you are safely arrived, and drinking under bright skies.—Affectionately yours,

A. C. CANTUAR.

To Archbishop Tait.

CARLSBAD,
August 13, 1879.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—I only got your letter a day or two ago, having come here instead of to Marienbad. I need not say that I accede willingly to the wish it expresses.

You have seen the result of the York Convocation. The York Proctors were too canny to allow the ornaments rubric to be swept away *pure and simple* without any such reserve or equivalent as you gave them, and I think they were right. . . , I hope, however, *you* will not try such a *coup d'état* as that of simply ejecting the ornaments rubric, and leaving no possibility of marking the importance of the Communion Service by a distinct vestment. *Crede mihi, that* is a strong feeling amongst many more Churchmen than the Ritualists. I have been turning over in my mind cathedral reform, especially as regards what is called the *great Chapter—i.e.*, of prebendaries. It will be a necessity, I think, to call it into more life, and the mere election of the Chapter Proctor and voting on the *Congé d'Elire* (!) will be very little. What do you say to letting them vote on the disposal of livings? It would be a very important step; but I am rather disposed to it, although in my own Chapter the livings are given away in a very fair manner. As to their forming an episcopal *council*, I doubt whether *that* would come to much, but it might be an escape-valve for talk.

But if you don't object to having me with you for a day or two about September 8 or 9, there are several of these points we might perhaps talk over. I have got rid of pains in the drier German air.—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. LAKE.

From Archbishop Tait.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON,
November 25, 1879.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I read yesterday your political economy speech, and marvel that at short notice you should have been able to produce so 'creditable an essay.' No doubt you sat up the night before cramming! I give you great credit for this University movement in the North, and I believe Durham's influence is beginning to be really felt throughout the whole district.

I hope you are getting on well with your answers to the Cathedral Commissioners. We take Canterbury and York first in January. . . .

Affectionately yours,

A. C. CANTUAR.

This is a sad week for me. You will remember us on December 1 or Advent Sunday. I hope you will come South soon and see me.

To Archbishop Tait.

DURHAM,
November 29, 1879.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—I have indeed thought much of you this week, so full of sadness to you. I am thankful to see you keep fresh and vigorous.

I must write to you more specially about the Cathedral Commission. I do trust you will go into the matter thoroughly, and settle some of our vexed questions *definitely* and *for ever*. The waste of life they cause upon the merest trifles would be most ridiculous, if it was not painful. . . . I am glad you think I have done something for the University, but I have had infinitely more real trouble in getting the cathedral (after Waddington's laxity) into order than even the University has cost me. I have never complained to you, but I assure you I have often wished I could throw the whole thing up altogether.—Yours affectionately,

W. C. LAKE.

P.S.—What a stupendous spectacle of power is Gladstone—at seventy!

To the Same.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
January 1, 1880.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—This is the first letter I write to a friend in 1880. How many thoughts does it recall of you! From 1840, when you had lent me your rooms at Oxford; 1850, when you were just leaving Rugby; 1860 at Fulham; 1870 in your severe illness—and now shall we ever either of us see an 1890?

Wilberforce's Life has brought as strikingly before me the flow of life as anything I have ever read. He was beginning to be astir in about 1838, just as you were beginning to act and I to think. And how intensely interesting it is—at least, to men like us two! To take the *amusing* side first, the early Radicalism, the swing round to Conservative Churchmanship, the hatred of Arnold ('his want of principles, makes his pupils Tractarians,' a strong generalization from me, I suspect), the distrust of Newman, the steady attempt to indoctrinate Gladstone, the onslaught on old Ward in 1845, the ludicrous fiasco about Hampden in 1848, now first revealed in its fulness, and crowned

by H. Exon's charming letter. Certainly to all who knew the private history of those days the whole thing is infinitely amusing. But then with all this, there is an amount of religious feeling, of affection for *all* his friends, of romantic passion for his wife, of genius, of high ideas, and unbounded energy in carrying them out, such as makes one really love and admire him. Of course, the general public will not enter into the whole history as you and I can do, but it is to me almost the most instructive, interesting, in many points charming, in some painful, Life I ever read. Ashwell has, from his point of view, done it well; he has at all events made it interesting, which is the first thing.

I have been so much pulled down by a cough and cold that I am going to the West to recruit, and shall for some days be at the 'Clifton Down Hotel.'

I send you a letter from the Dean of Canterbury, which it is well you should see. He will write openly to me, but scarcely to you. It expresses the feelings which I am sure most deans who wish to make anything of their cathedrals entertain, that to compel us to bring our arrangements for services before our Chapters is either to doom cathedrals to immobility, or to doom deans to a life of worry which is intolerable; and the more so the more their canons are all according to the favourite nostrum *resident*, a theory for which certainly the original conceptions of cathedrals afford no precedent.—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

From Archbishop Tait.

Addington Park, Croydon,
January 2, 1880.

My dear Dean,—Many thanks for your most welcome letter. All blessings be with you in the new decade—the highest blessing for us both will, I think, be, that we be gathered peacefully and after good work done here into the fold above. I have been writing to Coleridge lately. His life seems blighted by his great loss, yet I believe he feels, as we do, that there are brighter and better things in store. Yet it is very sad that we can know so little of the occupations, and even of the mode of being, of those who were ever so near and are still so near in thought.

Like you, I have been inexpressibly moved by S. Oxon's Life. I was one of those who expected that Ashwell would make poor work of it; but I have been most agreeably disappointed. He is wonderfully fair in his statements and documents—ridiculously one-sided in his own judgments thereon; and certainly the subject of the biography shines forth as one of the most remarkable men ever heard of, with tremendous faults, but also with most noble qualities of heart and energy. I hope we shall meet soon, for life is fading. I agree with the Dean of Canterbury.—Affectionately,

A. C. Cantuar.

From Dr. Liddon.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,
February 7, 1880.

MY DEAR DEAN,—. . . I quite agree in what you say about the late Dean of York.[1] It did not often fall in my way to meet him; but whenever I did meet him I was struck by his dignified, yet perfectly courteous and simple bearing, which left me with an impression of how much there must be beyond to respect and love. He seemed to be an ideal Dean of York, and it will be hard indeed to fill his place without enforcing the general sense of his loss. I have heard some names mentioned, but none, so far as I know, on any authority. However, that of the Bishop of Sodor and Man is most frequently repeated. The story is that the Archbishop wants a coadjutor, and would endow him with the Deanery; but I cannot suppose that there is any real foundation for it.

Bishop Wilberforce's Life was to me full of interest, though, of course, vol. i. stops short of the period during which I was thrown into much intimate contact with him. . . . The Bishop's language about Newman (in the Hampden matter) illustrates this; his letter to Miss L. Noel, about Dr. Pusey, is simply a curiosity, as showing how little a clever man may be able to do justice to the most obvious features of a saintly and majestic character. The publication of such a letter is, for the Bishop's own sake, greatly to be regretted: long before the end of his life, I feel sure, he would have wished it unwritten. But when he wrote it, he was still mixed up with the *Record* and Puritanism in general; and, in an atmosphere like that, a true moral judgment was well-nigh impossible. To me it seems that the Hampden matter, or rather its consequences, saved him. Until then he had the big world at his feet, and he was on the road to becoming a Courtier Archbishop of Canterbury, and, religiously (would it not have been so?) an ἀδόκιμος. After the Hampden matter he used his new moral independence to struggle as well as he could out of the mist with which worldliness and Puritanism had surrounded him. To me much of his later life seems very truly noble, and very lovable too. He *was* often enough disappointing, but, as I believe, he was always sincere. Theology, properly speaking, was not in his way; his puritanical education had taught him to think of doctrinal Christianity less as a body of exact and objective truth than as an indistinct something which produced in him successive phases of emotion. If, then, contradictions are observable in his theological utterances, they were not the product of a wish to accommodate himself to people who differ seriously, and at the cost of truth; he was, I am sure, 'guilty' of them in perfect good faith. . . . And then what a heart his was: how full of affectionateness; how truly unselfish he could be! What a contrast to the common type of dignified icicle that one has so often seen on an episcopal throne! I can never, never forget how he came to me when I was ill at Cuddesdon,

[1] The Very Rev. and Hon. Augustus Duncombe.

or how, among many other things, he then said, with a genuineness of feeling which I could not mistake, that he had *learnt* that nothing but the love of God would really carry a man through life and death. I shall always love him dearly.

A main fault in Ashwell's work is that there is no serious attempt to trace his moral and intellectual development. He was really the product of a great struggle, and to the last he bore traces of it. But in Ashwell's book he springs out of the earth as a full-grown 'Bishop Wilberforce,' and the result is bewildering to those who have seen him at close quarters. But I have a robust belief in him, and think that a more thorough treatment in the earlier period would have done him in the end a higher justice.—I am ever, my dear Dean, yours very truly,

H. P. Liddon.

From the Dean of St. Paul's.

The Deanery, St. Paul's,
December 2, 1880.

My dear Lake,—I heartily sympathize with you in the wish that something could be done to get us out of the deadlock to which we are come.

But what can be done? I take it that, as to new prosecutions, no one will think of them just now. What has happened is the answer, the foreseen answer, to the attempt to 'stamp out Ritualism'; and I should hardly expect even the Bishop of Manchester to sanction at present any fresh applications to carry on that policy. What is really wanted is to get tribunals and Bishops and imprisoned Ritualists out of the desperate mess into which they are all of them plunged, and I look in vain for any way out of the entanglement in which I could be of any use.

As to mere expression of opinion, I have no special authority to say anything. I entirely concur with your view that a place ought to be recognised for the 'Ritualists' in the English Church. Perhaps *your* saying so might tell. But this is just what some of us said in 1874, besides all that was laboriously done to try and find a *modus vivendi* in Committees of Convocation. But nothing came of it, and merely to repeat it now would not save anyone's honour, or make anyone give way, or open any prison doors. Still, if you can suggest anything that promises to be of use, I will gladly consider it. But I do not see myself any way in which I could do any good.—Ever yours,

R. W. Church.

From Archbishop Tait.

Stonehouse, St. Peter's, Thanet,
December 9, 1880.

My dearest Dean,—I return Church's letter.[1] I hope you have seen a very sensible article in this week's *Guardian* on Liddon's letter.

[1] Possibly the one given above.

This is the line I think ought to be taken. You are dissatisfied with the Highest Court of Appeal as it is. It was settled in its present form when Gladstone was last Prime Minister by the Government, the change of excluding the Bishops from being judges having been made expressly to meet the wishes of the High Church Party.

If you disapprove of it as it now exists, propose your substitute. If you can really find a better Court it will not be opposed unreasonably. The present Court is some seven years old, and was formed as it now is on your request. Get some influential person whom you can persuade that your new plan is better to propose it.

We are all quite ready to listen to any reasonable proposal. Cannot you write a good letter to the *Guardian* in this sense?—Affectionately yours,

A. C. CANTUAR.

As a result of an invitation to those clergy who were dissatisfied with the existing circumstances of the Church to propose a remedy, a letter was addressed to the Archbishop, signed by Dean Church, Dean Lake, Dr. Liddon, and many prominent dignitaries of the Church and leading clergy. A desire was expressed 'for a tolerant recognition of divergent ritual practice as the immediate need of the Church,' but it was further urged that 'our present troubles are likely to recur unless the courts by which Ecclesiastical causes are decided in the first instance, and on appeal, can be so constructed as to secure the conscientious obedience of clergymen who believe the constitution of the Church of Christ to be of Divine appointment, and who protest against the State's encroachment upon rights assured to the Church of England by solemn Acts of Parliament.' This address, which was signed by 2,000 clergy, was dated January 10, 1881, and is referred to in Dean Church's Life.[1] Dean Lake was one of the chief agents in this endeavour to secure comprehensiveness and peace.

The ecclesiastical troubles of 1880 had drawn from the Dean of St. Paul's a letter to the *Times*,[1] dated December 16, 1880, under the heading 'The Established Church.' This was followed a few days later by one from Dean Lake,[2] in which he supported the letter of his brother Dean against some adverse criticism, and then went on to 'ventilate the perilous question' (to use the

[1] See 'Life and Letters of Dean Church,' where he says (in a letter), 'There was a time three weeks ago when lifting a finger would almost have been a signal for revolt. . . . Our paper has averted that.'

[2] See the *Times*, December 22, 1880.

words of Dean Church) 'of touching the Public Worship Act.' This letter is here given, and runs as follows:

To the Editor of the 'Times.'

DURHAM,
December 20, 1880.

SIR,—I cannot but think that you are hardly just to the letter of the Dean of St. Paul's in describing it as nothing but 'an abstract proposition.' Surely its obvious intention was to suggest the question whether Parliament was wise in imposing a law upon the Church, which may bear hardly on the consciences of many of its members, and how far such persons are bound to obey this law—in other words, what excuse have the Ritualist clergy for their disobedience? And if the Dean put this point in too abstract a form, at all events he offended in good company; for the Archbishop of Canterbury took exactly the same point on Tuesday last at Westbere, when he said that the Ritualist question turned in great measure 'on the independence of the Church on the one hand, and the controlling power of the State on the other,' and that 'the gravity of this question is shown by the whole history of England, and indeed of all civilized countries.' I might therefore plead the Archbishop's sanction for asking you to allow a few more words in support of the Dean's letter; but I will venture to 'read it between the lines' by making a moral, as I am forbidden to make a legal, plea for 'arrest of judgment' against the Ritualists.

Let me at once frankly express my belief that it will be a great misfortune for the Church of England if it cannot find a place for most of the practices which go by the miscellaneous name of Ritualism within its borders. All Ritualism is not what a Bishop, from whom we might have expected a larger view, is never tired of calling it—a mere triviality. The self-denying devotion of its leading members, which is certainly not surpassed by any body of men in the English Church, ought to have saved it from this charge. It is, to say the least, an expression of their devotional feelings which is dear to many of the most religious minds among us, and (if I may give a practical proof of this) it is certainly closely identified with many of those now numerous congregations of devout workers, especially ladies, whose services we could ill spare in London and other of our large towns. Much of the 'high ritual' which is now so common in our churches is, in fact, the not unnatural development, to use a hackneyed term, of a tone of religious belief and feeling which has, ever since the Reformation, held a considerable place in the English Church. It is closely connected with those high Sacramental views which, whether right or wrong, were almost universal in the early Church. It has become much stronger among ourselves in the last forty years than it ever was before, and I do not believe it possible 'to put it down.' Crush it now, and it will only break out a few years hence in a stronger form.

I am not, indeed, myself by any means enamoured of many of the extreme Ritualistic proceedings, some of which seem to me only a

feeble imitation of the Church of Rome. But, taking a fair view, I think it impossible to deny that Ritualism has on the whole done good service to the Church of England. It has largely introduced the best music into our worship, has taught us that our rather cumbrous combination of services is not perfection, and has broken them up in a way which has made them accessible to the poor, and certainly not unpopular with the educated. Let anyone think of the wearisome dulness which still clings to the services of many of our well-pewed and 'three-decked' churches, whose rubrical irregularities are often quite equal to those of Ritualism, and he may well acknowledge the debt which the religious feeling and taste of England owes to those who have been our pioneers towards a higher conception of public worship.

Of course, I know that there have been many irregularities, and I fully admit the justice of your remark that 'a Church must eliminate divergencies tending to disruption.' But, in the first place, would they lead to disruption? I greatly doubt it. The number of Ritualist clergy who have been found intractable to their Bishops amounts at the utmost to five or six in all England, while dioceses—Exeter, for example—where Ritualism is generally supposed to be common, have not presented a single case of real difficulty, and that of the Rev. Mr. Bodington, as treated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was a model of mutual conciliation, which could not fail to have a good effect upon Ritualists. But even if there were many more cases of recusancy, I for one should not despair of its being overcome; for ask yourself whether there has ever been any movement in the English Church (and I might add the Roman) which has not for a time seemed to 'tend to disruption?' In the Roman Church the introduction of every one of the great religious Orders seemed to do so, all of which were accepted with hesitation, and all, once heartily accepted, proved the greatest bulwarks to the Church. The policy of the English Church has no doubt been different. It has hitherto always driven out its irregular enthusiasts, as it drove out the early Puritans, and the later ones, with Baxter, at the Savoy Conference, drove out the Wesleyans, and it would have nothing to say to Dr. Newman. Has experience taught us nothing? Have we ever gained anything by this policy of ejection, and can we really afford, at a moment when zealous men are labouring hard to enable the Church of England to regain its influence over the poor, to discard men like the late Mr. Lowder or Mr. Carter, or many out of the numerous congregations which I could name in London? It will be strange to me if our wisest Bishops do not do their utmost to avert what would be, indeed, 'another disruption.'

I cannot pursue the subject further; for though much more might be said against the policy of pushing matters against the Ritualists to extremities, I could not say this in a single letter, and I have encroached greatly upon your space. On the Ritualist protest against the present Court, and their pleas for a different one, I have said nothing. I believe them to be here quite mistaken, and that if they are to come into court at all, they could not have a fairer one than the present.

But the real question is whether no course can be adopted short of pressing the extremities of the law against them; and, as I have already referred to the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, I will, in concluding, try to answer the question which, as he says, everyone ought to ask themselves at this conjuncture, 'What would you wish to be done?' It may seem to many but a poor conclusion, but I fear it is the only one, to say that if I could not modify the Public Worship Act (which I should greatly wish), I would urge that the Bishops should strongly discourage prosecutions, and work the Act with the greatest conciliation and gentleness. In these respects they have a great deal in their own hands. I am afraid, indeed, that the days in which the Act could be modified are now past; but it must not be forgotten that it was at the time most strongly opposed by two eminent statesmen on opposite sides—one Lord Cranbrook, the other the present Prime Minister. Many of its disastrous consequences were too truly anticipated by these two eminent men. If they can now be checked or corrected, it can only be by those to whom the working of the Act is mainly intrusted—the Bishops.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. C. LAKE (Dean of Durham).

From the Dean of St. Paul's.

THE DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
December 22, 1880.

MY DEAR LAKE,—You have written an admirable letter, and you deserve all our thanks for it, as I heartily offer you mine. . . . I am very much obliged to you for taking up this foolish point about the 'abstract proposition'—'abstract' indeed—simply the major premiss of every newspaper article and every drawing-room gossip.

And I am very glad that you have 'belled the cat' about the Public Worship Act! I dare say it is like Roman decisions, 'irreformable'; but it is a good thing to say that it would be well to reform it, and people will listen to you, who would not listen to Liddon or me, about it. Liddon is very much pleased.

People are preparing for 'declarations'; but I doubt. Single letters like yours are worth many signatures.—Ever yours,

R. W. CHURCH.

Would not Lightfoot agree with you? A move from him would be telling; all the more for coming from the North.

From the Bishop of Ely (Dr. Woodford).

PALACE, ELY,
December 22, 1880.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I have this moment read your letter in the *Times*, and cannot help thanking you for it. I think it *most admirable.* What you have said expresses exactly what our policy *should be*, but *is not.*

If, as is not unlikely, an opportunity should present itself, I am fully purposing to speak to the same effect. Manchester seems to have no notion that he is living and acting at one of those critical moments in the life of a community, when revolution or consolidation turns upon its rulers being able to feel accurately the pulse of the times, and to modify the operations of rigid law according to the necessities of a transition epoch.—Ever yours most truly,

J. R. Ely.

From Dr. Liddon.

3, Amen Court, St. Paul's, E.C.,
December 22, 1880.

My dear Dean,—You will, I hope, allow me to thank you for your letter in the *Times* of this morning. Jupiter apparently regards it with scant favour; but its wise and large-hearted tolerance will not be without effect on both sides, I trust, in our present unhappy controversies. *O si sic omnes!*

I still think that our great want is a final Court, whose decisions would have an unquestioned claim upon the obedience of conscience. Mr. Keble said to me more than once that he longed for an opportunity of showing by act how entirely he rejected the authority of the Privy Council in all matters of Christian doctrine and discipline. Such a condition of mind is at least not irrational. I should think that a wise statesmanship would not ignore it, and the mischief to which it points might surely be remedied without any revolutionary changes. However, no more, except to thank you again for a most welcome specimen of 'the common-sense of generosity.'—Yours most truly,

H. P. Liddon.

P.S.—I have regretted Bishop Fraser's line more than almost anything else in this whole matter. I never can have any but affectionate feelings towards him; but he seems, for the time being, to have taken leave of his old generous self, and to be pandering to some of the lowest forms of vulgar prejudice and passion, for which he cannot possibly in his higher moments feel any sort of respect. I wish, as you say, that Bishop Lightfoot would say something to counterbalance him in the northern episcopate.

From the Same.

3, Amen Court, St. Paul's, E.C.,
December 24, 1880.

My dear Dean,—I will bear your suggestion in mind. To interfere in the *Times*, unless with a hope of doing some real good, would, of course, only make matters worse.

In any case, as you say, the laity must have a great influence over any great Church. The only question is whether that influence is to be exerted through the forms of its constitution or irregularly. So long as Bishops are appointed by the Crown (and I am by no means

sure that a mixed lay and clerical election would produce a better episcopate, whatever is to be said on the high ground of early antiquity) the influence of the laity is surely provided for.

However, the great thing *now* is, as you say, to stop the persecutions if possible. This continued irritation, provided by an instrument such as Lord Penzance has certainly become since the decision in the Queen's Bench, is putting a very serious strain on an already strained condition of things.

Once more thanking you, believe me, yours most truly,

H. P. LIDDON.

From Dr. Pusey.[1]

October 1, 1881.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I see that the Revised Version of the New Testament is to be a subject at the Congress. Its merits will, of course, be impressed upon the Congress. I know not whether anyone will draw attention to any drawbacks to it. To me the revisers seem to have paid more attention to the Greek than to the English, and to have been over-particular in retaining the same English word for the same Greek word. Yet how many English words does, *e.g.*, Liddell and Scott's Lexicon give for the same Greek word, which implies, of course, that the same English word will not always suffice.

But a formidable evil has passed unnoticed, except by Dean Stanley. This relates not to the revision of the version as such, but to the changes in the text of Holy Scripture, which is the basis of the translation.

The evil is the uncertainty which it throws on most passages bearing upon the Divinity of our Lord. On most passages which declare it there is an 'or' substituting some other reading which does not contain it. The Θεός in 1 Tim. iii. 16 is peremptorily dismissed, although St. Ignatius is an older authority than the Codex Sinaiticus. Two texts only remain upon which a doubt is not thrown—John i. 14, and Heb. i. 8. Of course, one text is quite enough, but to those who hold that the Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants it will, I fear, be a great shock.

The revisers, I believe, do not say in what sense they use the word 'or.' In our present translation it means, I believe, that they balance the two renderings, but, on the whole, preferred that which they inserted in the text. If the 'or' in the Revised Version means that those who settled the text which the revisers adopted were really in doubt, or leave the two readings as optional, then thus far everything is left to each reader according to his bias, or he is left to think that everything is uncertain.

If the revisers of the Old Testament shall proceed on the same plan, there will be an 'or' upon every passage in the Old Testament which teaches the Divinity of Christ. For in these days, of course, everything is disputed, and so there will be an 'or' on Ps. xlv. 6. And

[1] Reprinted from 'Life of Dr. Pusey,' by permission of Mrs. Brine.

then there will be the question as to one of the two remaining passages in the New Testament, and it will be asked, 'Did the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews argue from a mistranslation?'

I cannot imagine how anyone who knew Greek and the use of εὐλογητός and επικατάρατος in the LXX. could have imagined the constructions in Rom. ix. 5 mentioned in the margin to have been right. Hitherto they have been counted Socinian glosses. To me they seem absolutely dishonest.

Of Greek, those acquainted with the language can judge for themselves. Few can estimate so intricate a subject as the revision of the text. Another generation may no longer have the preference for a certain class of MSS. which are the favourites now. Alas for England! Everything seems let loose against the faith now. Some will be driven back to the 'quod semper, quod ubique,' etc., and will regard texts of Scripture in their office of proving the faith already delivered. Some will seek refuge in the Church of Rome from all this chaos. More will go to scepticism.

For I have mentioned only the uncertainty thrown upon the proof of one great doctrine. The effect of this and more is brought out by Dean Stanley in the article inserted in the *Times* of July 20. 'Doctrine' and 'heresy' are to lose their meaning, which they have had since the Apostles' times, and to become mere 'teaching' and 'party spirit.' All the modern fancies which have congregated round the words 'hell,' 'everlasting,' and 'damnation,' have, from different causes, been exploded in the version. And so as to 'inspiration.'

My only hope is that this revision will be revised, that there will be less antipathy to words expressive of doctrine, and that the show of alternative texts without any ground of judging between them will be withdrawn.

With every good wish, your affectionately,

E. B. Pusey.

From the Same.

South Hermitage, Ascot Priory, Bracknell,
October 6, 1881.

My dear Lake,—Kindest thanks for your kind letter. I have read with great interest what you said at the Congress about the ritual. I am sure that it is the line to take, and that anything else is hypocrisy, amid the unbounded negative laxity as to doctrine and practice, independent of what the State Court has allowed. 'Let both grow together till the harvest.' It will be seen then which has laid the richest harvest of souls.

The evil of the revision of the text goes far beyond the instances which Dean Stanley dwelt upon. I have it not with me, for I could not read devotionally what has so many changes and uncertainties. It would be a continual distraction. It has been an ambitious plan—to make a text which, in the individual opinion of some four critics (for which the rest have made themselves responsible), should be the text

which the Apostles and Evangelists left. It stands, I suppose, alone in Christendom. But then, there is also the uncertainty of this repeated 'or.' I think they leave it uncertain whether any of the Gospels relate our Lord's Ascension. You could see at a glance whether they do not cast a doubt on the 'and carried up into heaven' in Luke xxiv. 51. If they really doubted in the cases where they put the 'or,' so much the worse for them. If not, they should not have suggested a doubt which they had not themselves. It would be worse than pedantry.

Dean Stanley, in his eagerness to exhibit the negative side of the results of the revised text, did not think of evidences in which our Lord is not expressly called God. Any child would understand that it was baptized in the name of the Trinity (Matt. xxviii. 19), or that our Lord did not speak of an unreal oneness (John x. 30), or that in Gen. i. 26 God is not represented as inviting angels to share the work of creating man.

So that Dean Stanley's statement may not dismay those who rely solely upon texts so much as I feared that it would. So perhaps my remarks, as being founded upon it, without speaking of what the revisers cannot help leaving us, may rather aggravate the evil.

With every good wish, yours affectionately,

E. B. Pusey.

Writing to the Hon. Charles Wood from Durham, October 22, 1881, Dean Lake says:

'I think that both your and my effort should now be to keep the Ritual movement, or, as I would rather call it, the "movement for elevating public worship," moderate and sensible.'

A little later (St. Stephen's Day, 1881) he writes again to the same:

'. . . Poor Mr. Green's continued imprisonment, though it may be doing us good, has saddened many a heart this Christmas. I sent him a little present of game, and received a hearty and excellent letter from him in return. I would gladly do more if I could in interesting the public, but my name has so often appeared in connection with this and the whole case that I feel it would not be politic to thrust myself forward too much. To say the truth, three or four of our friends, such as Gregory, Alwyne Compton, Cowie[1] or Liddon ought to speak also. Those who have not a party character, such as Lord A. Compton, might do so with great effect. Church, as you may have seen, backed me with force in last week's *Guardian*, but I shall say no more at present in that half-hearted affair. I hope you approved my *tu quoque*. I am going to town next week, and will try to stir up some of our friends.'

[1] Then Dean of Manchester.

Towards the close of 1881 the 'Synod' called by the Bishop of Manchester added another element to the anxiety which filled the minds of Churchmen. An article on the subject in the *Guardian* brought the following reply[1] from Dean Lake:

To the Editor of the 'Guardian.'

DEANERY, DURHAM,
December 5, 1881.

SIR,—There was once a *Guardian*, who for some twenty or thirty years was a supporter of a high tone of teaching and ritual in the English Church. We have all, alas! grown older during that time; and whether from *his* changes or *mine*, I have some difficulty in recognising my old friend in the new face which he seems to have assumed in an article last week on the Bishop of Manchester's so-called synod.

I hope, however, that for the sake of old remembrances you will allow me to offer a rather different view from that which he has adopted, and to draw attention to some points in which, even if this 'synod' led to an apparent truce, it could not possibly lead to a lasting peace.

In the first place, not to speak of the validity of this so-called synod, you have yourself, sir, intimated that the Bishop of Manchester was not quite the person to call it. I touch on this point with pain, for no one has been a more sincere admirer than myself of the earlier part of a career which has made the name of a Bishop respected by many to whom it was previously unknown, and was once as large minded as it was (and I am sure still means to be) generous. But the Bishop of Manchester is now in the unhappy position of being the one English Bishop who has at least permitted the imprisonment of a clergyman of zeal and devotion, and one who was entirely in unison with his own congregation, for acts which, if illegal, are less distinctly so than (in the belief of many of us) is the practice of the Bishop himself; and his whole conduct in this respect is in marked contrast with that of the head of his own Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the case of Mr. Bodington. Having pursued this course, and finding that it has not succeeded, he now turns to one which, if he had adopted it two years ago, might at least have been called moderate. He summons a so-called synod, at which no one is allowed to argue but himself; prescribes a ritual in which he disobeys the law which the Archbishop of his province has laid down, and then puts his clergy upon their allegiance, which he has before endeavoured to extort by very different means. Such a synod and such claims are, as one of your correspondents remarks, unknown to the Church of England since the Reformation. And though the Bishop has thus attempted to play the

[1] The *Guardian*, December 14, 1881.

Pope on a very small scale, yet if one of the main acts of the Reformation (whose spirit he and others are never tired of identifying with their own) has been to weaken Church authority, it is certainly by no such unreal pretensions that it will be revived.

But, putting aside the ecclesiastical character of such a synod, the Bishop's advice has lost all moral weight from the manner in which he has prejudged the question. He has long been preaching a sort of crusade against Ritualism in his own diocese, denouncing it in one breath as the merest triviality, in another (with great inconsistency) as dangerous sacramentalism. This charge of triviality is one of the commonest against the Ritualists, and as it is also one of the weakest, I will say a few words upon it. For the real reason why many besides myself, who cannot be called Ritualists, are yet prepared to resist to the best of our power all unjust and one-sided acts against them, is simply because they are in many respects doing a good and needful work in the Church of England, and one which few but enthusiasts could have done. I do not here allude merely to their active devotion, though many of them are amongst the hardest workers in the Church; but I remember some time since being struck with an article upon them in the *Standard*, in which an expression of Cardinal Newman's was quoted which went to the root of the whole matter. He was reported as saying that the Church of England never could meet the Church of Rome till she had a ritual. Sir, the Church of England, as regards the greatest act of religious worship, the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, has practically till of late years had no ritual. Who can call that a ritual which came at the end of three long services and a sermon upon an exhausted congregation, not one-fifth of whom witnessed it four times a year, and which the greater part of them hardly ever saw, and still less partook of? Despite the treatises of its old divines, it is hard to conceive a more slighted portion of worship than the celebration of the Eucharist was till lately in the English Church; it practically held a much higher place in the quarterly Sacramental services of the Scotch Presbyterians. Who have changed all this? Who have made the English Churchman look upon the Eucharist as the great service of the Christian Church? Mainly, if not wholly, the Ritualists; and it is because Bishop Fraser and others seem so insensible and opposed to this work, and would, in fact, willingly have left the service to its former insignificance, that we entirely distrust their attacks upon those who have been the principal agents, even if sometimes in an exaggerated form, in this great revival.

But this is not all we owe the Ritualists. The Bishop of Manchester and others, as they can see nothing but 'triviality' in a beautiful ritual, so they are perpetually assuming that they are the only persons who are doing the 'real work of the day' in the 'conflict with infidelity,' and the like. Now, here, again, I gladly admit that the Bishop of Manchester's own work *has* been eminent; but I am convinced that his way of speaking of others is an entire delusion, and that a far more real conflict with infidelity is carried on in the attempt to evangelize the semi-heathen population of our great towns than in any

amount of sermons or lectures about 'Deism' or 'Agnosticism.' And who have made the most vigorous attempts in this direction? In my belief, it has been chiefly done by the associations of clergy and of devoted ladies in the centre of London, and of Kilburn, Clewer, and elsewhere. These are, humanly speaking, almost entirely the creation of the advanced and more enthusiastic section of the High Church party; and to such persons beautiful ritual observances are dear, for they are the very solace of their life. The Bishops of Manchester and of Liverpool can afford, it seems, to treat such aids to Christian work, and to speak of the ritual which supports them, with contempt. Manchester and Liverpool need no such work. Well, naturally, the effect of such utterances as we have heard will be to guard those happy dioceses from all danger of the intrusion of 'semi-popery' and ritual religionists. But I am mistaken if the very contrast will not increase the power of ritual elsewhere. The religious observances dear to Manchester may continue to be those of the clergy who have just addressed the Bishop, and who decline even to partake of the Communion where the table is desecrated by a cross. But I may be allowed to doubt whether this 'beautiful Protestant simplicity' is really suited to elevate and evangelize the masses, much less men of religious thought and feeling. Dulness and coldness are not dear to the human heart, either natural or religious, and the Bishop of Manchester may live to regret that in an evil moment he has done all he can to discourage any honest attempt to beautify and animate the public worship of his diocese.

I have no time at the end of a long letter to touch on the many curious results which would follow if the Bishop's plan of making the cathedral services the *ne plus ultra* of ritual is to be adopted in every diocese. 'Those who want ornate services,' says one of your worthy contemporaries with much satisfaction, 'are to have *what have been known for generations as cathedral services.*' Cathedrals, I hope, are more alive now; but 'what *have been known for generations as cathedral services*' were not a very warm description of worship, and the ritual of many of them is not very inviting still. They would, however, certainly illustrate the curious varieties of ritual permissible among the Bishops. The Bishop of Manchester tells us that he should wear what may be called an *undeveloped* cope which exists, *in posse* if not *in esse*, in the chimere of a Bishop, and the Archbishop of his province would do the same, as he informs us, speaking as a judge, 'that the cope is to be worn on high feast-days in cathedrals.' Another eminent judge in the same judgment, but with a more tender ritual conscience, would wear (together with four or five other Bishops) the more real or developed cope; while the majority, like M. Jourdain in Molière's play, are probably ignorant that they had been wearing copes all their lives. By all means let all this variety exist; but is it quite fair that those who hold such opposite theories on the nature of copes should let their clergy go to prison because they think that, by some process of 'natural selection,' a 'cope' may be changed into a 'chasuble'?

W. C. Lake.

From Dr. Pusey.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,
December 19, 1881.

MY DEAR LAKE,—The Bishop of Manchester's manifesto is a very clever move. It is more the act of a Roman than of an English Bishop; it is like the Cardinal Bonnechose: 'My clergy are like a regiment. I say "March," and they march.' It would be well if cathedrals could be the models of the diocese. But in the present state of things there would be different rules in different dioceses. The Bishop of Manchester himself does not even recommend the cathedral of his diocese as a rule. He bids his clergy not to exceed it; they may fall short of it as much as they please. In a Southern cathedral I hear that evening Communions have begun. In this case the new ritual of one cathedral would be set against the practice of the whole Church. Even St. Paul set in order the abuses at Corinth.

Disguise it how anyone will, it is a *sic volo sic jubeo.* The word 'law' is dropped, but it is plain that the Bishop requires absolute obedience to himself in a case in which he himself obeys — a court against which a large proportion of the clergy have protested.

But all these are reasons why the Bishop of Manchester should not have issued such an edict, not why the clergy of his diocese should not obey it. We of the old Tractarian school loved to obey our Bishops. If any seemed to condemn anything which we taught, I for one minimized it (rightly, I hope). We took pains to set ourselves in accordance with the Bishops. The Bishops might have directed the Tractarian movement if they would.

I am not the person to write about this, because I do not think the rubric *imperative*, so I could not think it matter of conscience to obey it. I hardly like to write at all, because an opinion of mine might embarrass those who are under very different circumstances. The Bishop does not take into account the case of the clergy who, like Mr. Green, had fresh ground to win for the Church, who by one and the same course of teaching won souls to Christ and to the Church, and whom he calls upon to own that their teaching was wrong.

But the Bishop of Manchester seems to be a person of iron will. There is not one word of sympathy or tenderness in this mandate; no consideration for the wishes of the congregations who would be affected if their clergy obey his mandate. He is not one to be moved. I wrote him two letters, praying for peace, and this is the result. I said to him that I saw signs that the Ritualists would turn to missions, or the like, if Ritualism were not attacked as a matter of principle, so that it became matter of principle to continue it, and he only wondered that I should quote the *Church Times.* I answered, disclaiming the *Church Times*, and that I quoted it as an admission, and here is the result.

But it would be inconsistent in me either to write to the *Guardian* (which for many years has uniformly failed us on any point of principle) or to write to a paper criticising a Bishop.

You can make any use of anything in this to anyone, but I live mostly by myself, and am not asked.—With best Christmas wishes, yours affectionately,

E. B. P.

Dean Lake to Archbishop Tait.

DUNELMI, IN FESTO NATIVITATIS XTI, 1881.

PONTIFEX VENERANDE, CARISSIME ET CLARISSIME!—Gratulor tibi, hoc festo et solenni die, quod tametsi (ut ais) septuagesimum fere annum agas, eundem semper erga indignum discipulum animum fraternum, ne dicam paternum, geras, nec languescens annorum ponderi succumbas.

Pergratæ mihi fuerunt litteræ a te nuper acceptæ utpote qui timuerim ne voces brevitatis causâ (quam diligis) abruptiores audax aliquid immo ferox sonuerint, quod aures tuas obsequentium blanditiis assuetas offendere potuisset. Quod te saltem ignovisse gaudeo.

Quod ad septem viros selectos attinet, securus nunc dormibo; quoniam te ducis officio functurum esse pro certo sciam; nec angues in herba latentes, nec Spem hostium futilem aliquid nocere posse arbitrabor.

Vale.

Epistolam addo, ab amico ritibus sanctis dedito acceptam, quam te jucunde et benigne lecturum satis scio.

To the Same.

BOWDEN PARK, CHIPPENHAM,
January 24, 1882.

What has become of late of my lord of Canterbury? I wrote to congratulate him on his seventieth birthday (many years older than his younger pupils!) and have heard nothing since, except that he was spending his mornings in bed, and dreaming of the Riviera. Having lately practised a letter on his brother of York, I think I must wake him by some attack on his 'uncoped' condition! Then, no doubt, like the martyred Thomas (Cranmer), he will become quite affectionate:

> 'Do my Lord of Canterbury a shrewd turn,
> And he's your friend for ever.'

However, enough of this nonsense; you have been busy, as I have, and we shall soon again be meeting at our Commission, though in the interval we may have some lively work in Convocation. I wonder whether you are most tired by this time of Fraser, or of Mr. Green. Poor fellow! he will die in prison if you don't take care, like some of the early Puritans, and then—— I think the English Church is gradually drifting into a very unsatisfactory state of general dissatisfaction. You may weather this storm; but it will be the next outbreak of some Popery, along with disestablishment, that you have to dread. However, we shall probably not live to see it.

Did you see that some vagabond accused me of misquoting the *Ridsdale* Judgment and its great assessors? Far was such audacity from me. I was thinking only of York and Purchas. However, he has civilly enough cried, 'Peccavi!'

I am anxious about Newcastle, and really don't know who to wish for. On the whole, I should say Wilkinson or Barry or the Bishop of Bedford.

I hear rather sinister rumours about the Cathedral Commission; and Merivale thinks that, after all, you will sacrifice the deans to the cry of Gregory and his friends. I hope not; every year makes me care less for power in a nutshell, but if you deprive the dean of a real power of direction, a cathedral will become the most unmovable and disagreeable of institutions.

We have been paying visits, and are here for a final week with my wife's brother. The country and weather are both beautiful. We go home on Saturday.—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

From the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Harold Browne).

Farnham Castle, Surrey,
August 18, 1882.

My dear Mr. Dean,—I am much obliged to you for your sermon,[1] which I have read with great interest. I entirely agree with you in thinking that large toleration should be given on both sides. Though I do not think the 'Ritualists' have acted wisely or constitutionally, I deeply regret the course of proceedings against them.

I think you are rather severe on the Bishops as a body for not wearing the cope, and yet persecuting the Ritualists. I never persecuted, nor have encouraged others to persecute, the Ritualists. The chief reason why I did not adopt the cope when the first judgment was given in its favour was that I had reason to think that I could not take a more decided step against the Ritualists. For the purpose of opposing them, Dean McNeill, and, I think, some others, adopted the cope. I thought it quite possible that the judgment was not final, and, under what I thought good legal advice, I did not adopt the cope.

Whilst I agree with you that Newman, etc., did a very great deal to bring out the thought of, and belief in, the Church, I can remember that a few of us at Cambridge, before we ever heard of 'Tracts for the Times,' were getting dissatisfied with Calvinistic traditions, and struggling into respect for antiquity, belief in sacramental grace, and other Church doctrines. Somehow or other there seem, at certain seasons, to be waves of thought spreading far and wide. As Newton and Leibnitz simultaneously invented Differential Calculus, and as Le Verrier and Adams simultaneously discovered Neptune, so there are times when there seems a preparation for some new phase of thought in religion or politics or philosophy, and they show themselves at the same

[1] Sermon preached for the E.C.U. at St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, June 13, 1882.

time in different places and under different forms. Men vastly inferior to Newman had before him been paving the way, such as Bishop Jebb, Alexander Knox, Bishop Bethell, Archbishop Laurence, Bishop Kaye, Hugh James Rose, teaching us in some degree *antiquam exquirere matrem.* If Newman had never lived, I cannot but think that Church doctrines would have struggled into acceptance more slowly and haltingly, but possibly not less certainly. The wonderful brilliancy and deep thoughtfulness of Newman's teaching brought it all to a crisis; but I think the whole of the history of the Church revival of this century has yet to be written. What its future will be it is impossible to forecast. It is in the keeping of God.

Excuse so long a letter, quite unintended when begun, and believe me ever,—Very sincerely yours,

P. H. WINTON.

The sermon alluded to by the Bishop of Winchester brought the Dean many appreciatory letters. The Dean of St. Paul's wrote, August 19, 1882:

MY DEAR LAKE,—Thank you for your very touching and elevating sermon. Oh, that its wisdom and courage and loftiness of view were more shared by some of our great men and those who sit with you in the Commission! The Archbishop must have twinges at least, telling him that it is true. Thank you.—Ever yours,

R. W. CHURCH.

Canon Liddon's comment was: 'It is admirable, and it ought to have very practical influence in high quarters. However this may be, it will, I am sure, excite a lively sense of gratitude in a great many people besides. I hope you will send a copy to Dr. Pusey.'

From Cardinal Newman.

THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,
August 18, 1882.

MY DEAR DEAN OF DURHAM,—Thank you for your sermon, which is very interesting in itself, and is more than kind to me. It brought to my mind that first act of expressed goodwill towards me when I saw you, to my surprise, at my door at Littlemore, I think, to call on me. And that other saying, which was circulated as yours, that Golightly had done me as much good as Berkeley had done me (? harm). It was so different from your friend, poor Stanley, who, up to his dying day, never, as far as I know, said a good word for me.

As to the sermon in itself, it is a most important gain to the English Church Union to have such an advocacy, and, though it may seem inconsistent in me, I cannot but rejoice in it. I feel great sympathy with the Ritualists, because I know much high principle goes with their

acts, how much successful work, and again, on the part of their opponents, how much unjust and unworthy treatment of them. For these reasons I am used to think the second generation of them will triumph, unless, indeed, as I hope, and am inclined to believe, that second generation becomes Catholic.

Their want is an intellectual foundation, which, sufficient for practical purposes, the Evangelicals seem to me to have. The latter say, 'This only I know, that whereas I was once blind, now I see.' What do the Ritualists appeal to?—Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

To Dr. Liddon.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
November 3, 1882.

MY DEAR LIDDON,—Church told me to-day that he was writing to you, and would speak about the *Quarterly Review* on Dr. Pusey, and I promised to do the same, for I cannot help thinking that in some shape or other it ought soon to receive an answer. You have read it yourself: its simple upshot is that for the last forty or fifty years Dr. Pusey's life was an injury, and not a benefit to the Church of England, coupled with a strong appeal to the High Church party no longer to delay separating themselves from everything that breathes of 'Ritualism'—*i.e.*, not merely from ceremonial, but from 'confession,' communities of religious men and women with all their works, etc. You will agree with me, I think, that if this is done the English Church will become a very dry branch indeed; and yet the case is very ably worked out by the help of our friends S. Oxon, Hook, etc., and it seems likely to have considerable influence. I suggested to Church that both you and he should say something, if you possibly can do so, to counteract all this, and I would, if you think it worth while, do what I can to help you, only, on many accounts, it can't be much. I venture to suggest a strong letter to the *Guardian* as the most effective means. The article has, *meo judicio*, so much overshot the mark that it lays itself open to a strong attack, on the ground of its utter incapacity for fairly estimating a great religious movement.

You will best judge what ought to be done for yourself; but I can hardly doubt that the article will do much harm unless it receives an answer, and the *Guardian* seems the readiest means for a quick address to the clergy.

I return to Durham to-morrow.—Yours most truly,

W. C. LAKE.

From the Dean of St. Paul's.

THE DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
December 18, 1882.

MY DEAR LAKE,—I enclose a letter from Cowgill of Miles Platting to C. Wood, which is amusing as well as melancholy. After the Arch-

bishop has made some peace down here, it is sheer madness in the Bishop of Manchester to go on pushing us into the risks of a second Green row. He would not listen to me. He might, perhaps, to you, if you could put before him the extreme imprudence of not agreeing with the adversary quickly. At any rate, you have done such good work already that I don't like to lose the chance of your being able to say a word of sense and generosity to him, for his own sake, dear old fellow! as well as for us all.—Ever yours,

R. W. Church.

From the Dean of Norwich.

Deanery, Norwich,
December 25, 1882.

My dear kind old Friend,—I cannot say how grateful I am to you for your photograph, and, still more, much more for the kind remembrance of me which it betokens.

Yes, indeed, and I trust that I, too, am the same to my old friends. At all events, I look back with tenderest reminiscences to those dear old days which began in November, 1834. . . . Indeed, I feel I live too much in the past. It is a natural instinct with me, and a moral instinct, which ought to be striven against. . . .

I recently met the *son* of the 'Fat Friend'[1] at Aynhoe. I thought much of you, and *wished you could have been there.* In vivacity and versatility he is a worthy son of the 'Fat Fellow'; in musical powers he is above his father, because the father was only a singer; but this man is an accomplished pianist also, almost as much power over the instrument as John Parry himself. An evening spent in his company (and he was with us two nights) is therefore a great treat. The *pathos* with which he sang pathetic pieces I never heard equalled, even when poor old Buck was our organist and choirmaster here, and in comic pieces he was equally good. He had many stories of our dear old friend, which would have amused you, showing that he was on his death-bed what he had been throughout life, the same grotesque mixture of deep devotional feeling, with a *levity of expression* which scandalized those who did not understand him, as if, having been forced into seriousness for a minute or two, the pent-up animal spirits must have their fling, and kick up their heels a little! *Manning,* he told us, used to pull awfully long faces at the French novels he found on the shelves of the Fat Friend's study; and then the Fat Friend began to reason with him that novels and the opera were *his* way of getting his amusement, just as 'you get yours by going down to the House of Commons and hearing "debates." I prefer Carlotta Patti and Trebelli to all your great statesmen and orators.'

Then he had a lot of letters from Newman to Ward, which he showed us. Highly curious Newman's temperature (as regards the tone of the letter, whether warm or lukewarm), varying so much with the Fat Friend's polemical conduct since he last wrote, sometimes 'yours affec-

[1] W. G. Ward.

tionately,' sometimes 'ever yours in the Lord.' 'John Henry' will be 'John Henry,' and 'Ward' was 'Ward,' to *the end of the chapter.*

Have you been to Lincoln to preach at 'Christopher's' Ordination? *Never saw an ordination before.* Christopher, in a gorgeous cope, laying his hands on those youths with that *suave*, but ascetic face of his, and with the fervour and solemnity peculiarly his own. John Wordsworth holding with motionless rigidity a pastoral staff, the crook turned outwards, blazing with jewels. And then those lovely surroundings in the choir of Lincoln Minster, almost as good as yours, though in a different style—*a perfect picture.*

With all affectionate Christian wishes,—Ever yours affectionately,

E. M. G.

To the Hon. Charles Wood.

DEANERY, DURHAM,
December 31, 1882.

Thanks for your interesting letter, though I wish you could have come here to discuss some of its points. Would it be wicked to try and tempt you to run over here alone for Sunday and meet the Francis Greys?[1] I think Fraser and Thomson have made a false move in refusing Mr. Cowgill. It is, as the *Spectator* puts it, 'a manifest repudiation of A.C.C.'s[2] and the Bishop of London's act as a mockery of ecclesiastical discipline,' and in this they will not carry the great body of the Moderates with them. . . .

Meanwhile, I am glad that you feel that our line ought to be in every way to help Benson. 'It must needs be that offences will come' sooner or later; but let us do all we can to minimize them, especially at first. Really, if the Church of England is to be raised and made a great instrument for conveying the highest religious blessings, it must be by the help of the band of men of whom Benson is one, such as George Wilkinson,[3] Body,[4] etc. The more I think on this appointment, the more I feel him to be *very far* the best we could have had, *far* better, *e.g.*, than our own Bishop, with all his ability.

Gladstone certainly deserves our thanks, as having intentionally chosen the man who he thought might in a long episcopate materially influence the fortunes of the Church. He was, I think, *at first* more inclined to Lightfoot. He (Lightfoot) was very disinterested; rejoices heartily in Benson, and will back him vigorously.

With regard to S. Oxon, I was at first greatly shocked by the extracts; but . . . his letters in 1865 on the Ritual movement, *against* repressing it, seemed very wise and statesmanlike, and I think, if you have not done so, you should study the whole chapter carefully. I have been obliged to do so, from its being read aloud to me.

[1] Hon. and Rev. Francis Grey and Lady Elizabeth Grey.
[2] Archbishop Tait.
[3] Now Bishop of St. Andrew's.
[4] Now Canon of Durham.

From Bishop Benson (Archbishop designate of Canterbury).

TRURO,
January 1, 1883.

MY DEAR DEAN AND FRIEND,—If I may say so, having long felt so —let me confess it at once—the words you dropped in that quiet room,[1] whence the last great life had just departed, were at the moment distressing to me. I could not think they had anything to rest on but your kind heart, and was overpowered with a kind of ὄσσα καὶ φήμη sound in them, nevertheless. It was the first moment I realized (and I don't know why) that such a call could possibly sound anywhere near me, and I felt, too, what an awful thing it would be if it did! And now it has come to pass! I hope it is no false audacity or mean emotion which has overruled the sense of unfitness. So many, and you among the first, say it is not wrong, that I try to believe that some flood-gates of a strength, which I know not of myself, will be opened.

Of all the immediate work, the most deterrent by far is the Commission. How will you all bear with me after him? And now I should be rejoicing if you were robbed of your chief.—Yours sincerely and ever gratefully,

E. W. TRURON.

From the Dean of Norwich.

THE DEANERY, NORWICH,
January 11, 1883.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Most cordial thanks both for your kind letter and valuable and interesting brochure.[2] I think that as regards the latter, *rem acu tetigisti*—I mean that you have selected for commendation the *real central point* of the character, not always a very easy thing to do in a biographical sketch, very much the contrary of easy in a life so *many-sided* as that of poor dear Sam Wilberforce.

Of course, as you say, you knew Tait far better than I did; indeed, since our college days I have hardly seen him thrice—once, when I took Rugby from him, when he counselled me to get one or two men on the staff of masters who would support me, and I went and got *Benson* and Berdmore Compton (how funny it all seems now!); next when I went to him as my Bishop about baptizing a Jew, and had an interview which profoundly impressed me (though he said nothing) with his care for *single souls* (*oh, that I were like him!*) even amid all the calls upon his time in the Diocese of London; and, thirdly, the interview at Lambeth to which you allude, in which he showed (as I thought) to great advantage—sensible, kind, fair-minded, and humorous. ('There's the Archbishop of York just going down the stairs; would you like me to call him back?')

But I confess I shouldn't have ranked him, as you do, among *the great men of the day.* Of *our* contemporaries I should have assigned that rank without hesitation to 'Little Stan,' though I quite think that

[1] Suggesting that the Archbishopric might be offered to him.
[2] A sermon preached at Durham on Archbishop Tait.

he did more mischief in our Church and to religion than most men have it in them to do. Still, I should say that 'Little Stan' was a *great* man in his way, and has well earned a name to live in history.

As *I* knew the late Archbishop (but how little I did know!) he always seemed to me to be wanting in imagination, and also wanting in *warmth*. (Don't you remember that we always said at Balliol how, if he did seem to thaw a little, the next time you met him the water had all frozen over again, and one had to begin working with the pick to break up the ice?) I think, too, there was a dash too much of the *Scotch* get-on-itiveness and caution. This gives that self-control for which no doubt he was *very remarkable;* but one likes sometimes a little dash o' fire, even if a man does 'speak unadvisedly with his lips.' I have heard Wilberforce break out against * * * in society; yet when I went to him afterwards, and ventured to entreat him never to do so again, he was as humble as a child, and I thought the penitence he expressed (to one who was only his chaplain) more than an *amende* for a good gush of piqued and mortified ambition.

I am indignant with Reginald for bits of his papa's journal, which he has allowed himself to publish, and, having been his old pedagogue, think I shall write to him about it.

Pray excuse this long rigmarole.—Ever affectionately yours,

E. M. GOULBURN.

Am very busy with Wife's Sister's Question, upon which I want to make a good stout protest against that rascally Bill. Have been all morning over Van Espen. How beautifully *clear* the old canon law is!

Referring to Dean Lake's sermon on Archbishop Tait, the Bishop of Dover (Dr. Parry) writes to him (June 12, 1883):

You have spoken of him most truly and kindly, though I think the mistake which he made about the Public Worship Regulation Act is to be explained in a way about which we shall probably differ. No one could gather up the strangely diverse threads interwoven into his character better than you have done it. When we lay down our life-work, may the record be as blameless and as strongly underlined everywhere with an earnest desire to do our duty by God and man. . . .

Among Dean Lake's papers there is a great mass of correspondence between him and the Archbishop, extending over something like forty years, and testifying to the close and abiding friendship which wide divergencies of view and of conviction failed to weaken. The Dean of Windsor (now Bishop of Winchester), when writing the 'Life of Archbishop Tait,' asked to see his letters to Dean Lake, and in returning them he took occasion to refer to the Archbishop's tender affection for his old and constant friend.

From the Dean of Windsor.

DEANERY, WINDSOR CASTLE,
August 25, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. DEAN,—I am most grateful to you for the letters herewith returned. They contain several points of interest, and I have kept copies of what seemed likely to be useful.

I find a good deal of help throughout the Archiepiscopate period from your own letters to him. He seems to have kept them all, and I must now have read more than a hundred, I think. It is not, of course, that they will be quoted, but they throw light on much that was going on.

His genuine affection and even *tenderness* for you (almost above all other friends) comes out time after time in his diaries and letters, whether written at Oxford, Fulham, or Lambeth. In his diary he thanks God for your appointment to Durham. 'I owe him much, very much—going back to early days of College life,' etc. . . .—Very truly yours,

RANDALL T. DAVIDSON.

From Archdeacon Denison.

EAST BRENT, HIGHBRIDGE,
February 1, 1883.

DEAR DEAN,—All best thanks. It is a real comfort to me to feel and think much with you.

But, oh dear me! to think of your having been swept off your feet, or your fins, by the drag-net of Mozley's ignorances into the muddy shallow in which he would expose me floundering after the customary fashion of 'Liberals.' Why, he had just as well called me a 'Conservative'—paltry kind of *genus animal rationale.*

It is true that under the influences of dear Harrington's boat—salmon, toddy, and the like—I did, for a few summer months in 1832, descend into the low atmosphere of the Reform Bill. But the cooler weather revived and invigorated me, and by 1833 I was myself again, what I had been all along before and ever since, an old Tory.

I don't in one way quarrel with 1832; it was a genuine child of 1689, and its faults, which are many, are to be traced to its parentage—*i.e.*, to go some way further back, to 1540, or thereabouts. But it had its merits in having so shown its teeth, and bit so hard over and over again, that it has *partially* kicked up Church of England out of a very heavy sleep—very like death. But what a list the list of the bites is for the last fifty years! Now and then there comes a little pat on the back from hand of Civil Power, but it is only to be followed by a harder bite.

I think no people ever surpassed the English in gullibility and flunkeyism, which is a caricature of loyalty.

It seems now that the peace which the dear Archbishop died praying for is as far away as ever, and that it is a mistake to suppose that it can be

had at any price. Well, it is not for nothing that we read of Christian fighting so often in H. S.

I admire your handling of B. of Manchester; he cannot be so handled too often. I regret me that my sense of justice compelled me to make him Ireland Scholar in 1838. I had fought a tough battle in 1837 against him and for Lingen,[1] and won it by making the other two examiners sit up till 4 a.m., reading again together all the papers. First they nodded, then they slept. Then, being roused by my just indignation, they gave in. Fraser was in some respects the more finished scholar; but Lingen made *no* mistake. I think Fraser has forgotten even his scholarship. . . .

It was a very unwise proceeding the *not speaking out*, March 16, in the resolutions P. Mem.[2] I had fought against the foolishness all along, but want of courage prevailed. What a curious sight this generation would make if all dug up! So much gristle in place of backbone—scarce a real sound spine anywhere.

The mistake has caused many *not to care*, and quite as many to *complain* that they are being asked for money towards purposes not stated in resolutions. Somehow or other Liddon got scared early in the matter. I could not understand this, and don't now.

I am going to Torquay for P. M. Meeting Tuesday next, Lord Devon in chair. I shall speak my mind upon the position.

The D. W. S. Bill, Bristol, Thursday, 8th.

Must come back and rest awhile; I am in my seventy-eighth.

It would never pay you to fetch me up to Durham. I thought I had pulled myself in from outings, but can't help things. We are, too, very much kept at home by dear Mr. Henley's state. He is close upon ninety; has been blind and deaf for years, with much suffering, lying in his bed. I think him, upon the whole, the most remarkable man for extent and accuracy of knowledge that I have known.—Yours always affectionately,

GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON.

A letter having appeared in the local press[3] assailing the appointment of the Rev. George Body as Canon of Durham and Missioner to the Diocese, Dean Lake sent the subjoined reply to the same newspaper in support of one who was naturally not in a position to defend himself. Nor was this the only occasion on which the Dean wrote in defence of Canon Body.

April 3, 1883.

SIR,—I have read with some surprise a letter, signed 'A Clergyman of the Diocese,' in which the writer informs us that 'the clergy and laity of the diocese' have viewed the appointment of a distinguished clergyman, the Rev. G. Body, to a canonry at Durham 'with blank

[1] Now Lord Lingen. [2] Pusey Memorial.
[3] *Durham County Advertiser*, April, 1883.

astonishment,' and he thereupon proceeds to read a severe lecture to the Bishop for his choice. Now, some of us venture to think that the Bishop has shown his usual fairness and courage in this matter, and it may perhaps help to modify the writer's 'blank astonishment' if he will attempt to answer the following questions in your next issue:

1. Is not this the same Mr. Body who in last Passion Week has been preaching *by the appointment of the Bishop of Truro in his own church, and in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury*, a special series of sermons to one of the most educated congregations in England—that of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, London?

2. Has not Mr. Body been during the last ten years constantly selected as a great preacher in St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, in York Minster, in Durham, in Truro—in fact in half the cathedrals of the country, in many of which he has preached special courses of sermons?

3. Is it not well known that Mr. Body was looked upon as the person most likely to be chosen to fill the place of the Bishop of Truro at St. Peter's, and that if he had not come to Durham he would probably have gone there?

4. Is not Mr. Body at present a representative of the clergy in the Convocation of York?

5. If these questions must be answered in the affirmative, must not the Church of England be in a melancholy state, when archbishops and bishops, deans and chapters (to say nothing of the Prime Minister) have continued to honour a man whose appointment a 'Clergyman of the Diocese' can only look upon 'with blank astonishment'?

Lastly, as to 'half the pulpits in the diocese being closed to Mr. Body,' this is just one of those imaginary statements where 'the wish is father to the thought.' But as Mr. Body, besides his power as a preacher, is a man of warm sympathy with goodness of every kind, we think too well of the Durham clergy to suppose that in a year or two there will be a dozen pulpits in the diocese which will not welcome him.—I am, sir, yours,

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN OF THE DIOCESE.

From the Dean of Ely.

DEANERY, ELY,
May 8, 1883.

MY DEAR LAKE,—Glad to hear that you have been almost within measurable distance of us at Ely, and hope much for more success another time. . . . We have the great historian Freeman and others hovering over us for the next few weeks, but June and July are likely to be open months with us. You can kill *three* deans—nay, *five* deans—at a blow by a slightly slanting deviation from the north line.

As to public affairs, you may suppose I don't take the hysterical views of the Affirmation Bill, but I should be shy of shocking the prejudices, if such they are, which I hardly think, of the poor persecuted believers, and I am sorry that certain bishops and other leaders of flocks have outraged them. The circumstances of the case seemed to

me to form a substantial feature in it. The pretence of making the Bill non-retrospective to catch a few votes seemed very mean. I remember the O'Connell precedent, which even in those days, though a stanch pro-Catholic, I thought a poor dodge. But to make the Bill permissive swear or declare—was monstrous. As if any man would take an oath *animi gratia!*

Some thirty years ago—*cum numerare nos cœperant*—I remember calculating that the Establishment would just last my time. The race between us has been more dubious than I anticipated, and it is clearly running very close now. The late severe spring has affected me a good deal, as I fear it has you, with gout or rheumatism, unless, indeed, I suffer the more fatal symptoms of creeping octagintiasis, having lately entered on my fourth quarter of a century, and I feel more and more feeble and indisposed to exertion of mind or body.

I am to fulfil an engagement made two years ago to address a Devonshire Association of Antiquaries in August next, and am at a loss for anything to say to them. I am surprised to find, Devonian as I am, how little or nothing I seem to know about my native history or antiquities, or any other subject that is likely to interest the indigenæ, which reminds me of the sportive answer a lively young Tutor at Cambridge made to a pupil who asked him why the ancient inhabitants of Devon were called Damnonians—'because there is not a d—— known about them!' I believe that S. Boniface, of Crediton, is the first historical character of the county. Perhaps I could fashion a very limp connection between the apostle of North Germany and the schools, theological and secular, of the Middle Ages, so gliding into cathedrals and colleges, amusing, perhaps, to myself, but rather vapid to the Damnonians.

I don't rely much on the efforts of our fair vestals to save our holy cause by rites and ceremonies.[1]

My daughter attaches herself to none of the modern orders, but devotes herself not less assiduously to the old-fashioned use of finding places for lads and lasses. She has had more than a hundred on her books already, and continues to keep up a good deal of communication with many of them. I fancy her own name is entered for good in another Book elsewhere. . . .—Ever yours truly,

C. Merivale.

From the Same.

Ely,
December 12, 1884.

My dear Lake,—I have been reading with much zest James Mozley's letters, and comparing the two brothers, as shadowed forth in their respective reminiscences of men and things. You must have known them both well. I suppose you would say that they were very equal and alike by nature and early training; all the more curious the effect of their circumstances respectively. I can fancy James harnessed in

[1] Allusion to something Dean Lake had said about sisterhoods.

the team of the *Daily News* or *Telegraph*. He would have proved much more lively, but no doubt less instructive. But it is no use being instructive if you are so dull one can't read your books, as was James's case with me. I have tried his published volumes once and again, but without success.[1] There is some interest, however, in these letters from the insight they give one into the interior of the Oxford Movement, and particularly into its non-appreciation of men and things outside it, which indeed, I suppose, is characteristic of the genuine movements, when Providence, so to say, takes the box-seat and drives men helter-skelter in blinkers. However, these partial disclosures of personal and social character touch my imagination more than most things. I cast a very languid glance on the great public revolution in which we seem to be now whirling round, and rather amuse myself with comparing our politics with those of the Romans of old, when they discovered that parliamentary institutions were inadequate to the government of the empire, and democracy committed suicide without knowing it. So it was, and so it will be again. Analogies crowd upon me on all sides. I could be sorry to think that I shall leave children to see the event and its consequences. It used to be a consolation in anxious times to expect that the world would soon come to an end; but, as I was saying in my Advent sermon the other day, the scientific people, who assure us of an almost infinite past, drive us rather to the anticipation of an almost infinite future. Wherefore let us think less about the end of the world, and more about our own; so with the best wishes for you and yours, as well as for myself and mine,—Believe me, etc.,

C. Merivale.

To the Dean of Ely.

Deanery, Durham,
January 17, 1885.

My dear Merivale,—I am surprised that you do not appreciate J. Mozley, a different animal *generically*, I should say, from Tom, though I like them both. And surely, as to style, Jem had both imagination and acuteness, two strong gifts, though he had but little humour, and was apt to analyze too much. But all his articles, Laud, Carlyle, Luther, Arnold, are able and, *me judice*, amusing. I advise you to try and read, as I did this morning, a bit of Laud, which is effective, though he puts the old fellow too high. What a strange, wild production is poor Carlyle's 'Remains,' and yet what a genius he was! (A book called 'Obiter Dicta' is worth reading about *him* and others.) What amused me most was that Froude tells us he came in his last days to think Athanasius was quite right about the 'Ομοουσία,' and that Christianity would have become a myth without it. Froude I consider his *bête noire*, delighting to drag out all his coarsest dicta.

Who will go to London? Temple I hope and think. He is practically

[1] In a later letter, January 23, 1885, Dean Merivale says: 'I believe I did James Mozley less than justice in some impatient remarks on him in my last.'

far the strongest of the Bishops, and most just. He may possibly incline in some things to a hard and fast line more than I should like, but on the whole I think he will 'move on,' or at least allow others to do so—one of the main requirements for a Bishop in these days. . . .

I hope you have good accounts of Christopher Lincoln.[1]—Ever yours truly,

W. C. Lake.

To the Same.

Deanery, Durham,
May 15, 1885.

My dear Merivale,—I am verily guilty concerning you in the matter of writing, and I am afraid my guilt, as usual, has only made me shut my eyes to it. However, with this humble confession, let me try to cast off a part of the burden by writing—better late than never. You will have heard something of our doings through my wife. As to the winter, we broke its last months not unpleasantly at Bournemouth and Torquay, the former of which agreeably surprised me. I wish rather that I had seen H. Taylor there; but I did not like to intrude on him. It is a rather egotistical book, but, still, very interesting to you and me, I suppose, more than to a later generation. As to theology, no one now writes anything.

Dear Christopher's was a great loss in this as in other respects: that it has removed one of the few men of real learning. His 'Church History' is rather dry certainly; but I look with marvel at his diligence at seventy-two, as he must have been when he was writing it. I read with great interest of Gordon's admiration of him, only that he thought him unfair to the Roman Catholics. *That* he certainly was. Do you know where he got his craze of thinking Rome the Beast? I hope you share my admiration of Gordon, the purest and most Christian hero, *me judice*, that England has ever had. For once I agreed with my whole heart with Jowett's estimate of him. . . .—Ever yours most truly,

W. C. Lake.

From the Dean of Ely.

Deanery, Ely,
May 16, 1885.

My dear Lake,—A letter from you just stirs me up, but I am in a torpid, if not languid, state, neither doing nor writing anything, but simply acquiescing in the indolence of old age.

But I rejoice in it rather than complain. I have quite come to the conclusion that I don't understand the world, and am content to let things secular and ecclesiastical just take their course. Perhaps I allow myself a slightly grim smile when I see your name in the *Guardian*, and congratulate you on the interest you seem still to take in modern history. I think my chief amusement is reading the memoirs of my contemporaries. Pattison, for instance—if I had known him I

[1] Bishop of Lincoln and Dean Merivale's brother-in-law.

might have liked his book, or perhaps disliked it, more. Taylor's I have ordered, but not yet got hold of. Him I never knew either, and always rather revolted from the puffing of the coterie of his admirers. But his reminiscences ought to give one a truer likeness of him, and there must be a real man in him worth thinking of.

Are we really to be invited to go through the old story of the waggoner and Hercules, and invoke Providence to do for us what we might do for ourselves by turning out the G. O. M.? I hope I shall not be called upon to injure my chances of promotion by expressing my opinion of his policy. Such a character as poor Gordon's sets one's imagination to work; I suppose no man can be very great or very good without a touch of madness. I was so much touched with his case a *year ago*, though not generally too sentimental, that I had his name mentioned one day in the prayer for all conditions; but I was strongly reproved by one of my canons, and told it was a reflection on Mr. Gladstone, with a hint that it might compromise their prospects. Wordsworth was very good, and only just missed of being great enough to be mad. I was much affected with the loss of Blakesley, whose mind was much more akin to my own. But I have had other sad losses this season, and fear I have some more to expect. . . . Yours ever,

C. MERIVALE.

From Dean Lake to the Hon. Charles Wood.

DEANERY, DURHAM,
July 2, 1885.

Can nothing be done in the Southern Convocation by way of protest against this action against Bell-Cox? Even if, without any regular motion, a pointed question were asked (with a few remarks to correspond), or even if a strong sentence or two were uttered in some speech (say on Disestablishment), it might be very useful. At present it looks as if the thing would go on without anyone expressing disapprobation—in fact, as if Mr. Cox was to be quietly sacrificed.

I wish you would have a talk with Gregory about this; he would do either of the things I have suggested with more effect than anyone else; but *see* him if possible. It has, however, also occurred to me that there might be a protest similar to that of the four deans twelve or fourteen years ago. I am going to write to Church about it and ask him (if he agrees) to speak to Lord A. Compton. . . . It might be of the *most moderate* kind, only regretting that in one particular case the Veto was not acted upon, blaming no one.

From Dean Lake to Lord Halifax.

DURHAM,
December 2, 1885.

I have been longing to write to you again and again, but what with being very busy and not overstrong, I really hardly get a minute to myself. I wanted very much to see you in London, where I saw Lord Devon a fortnight since, and to have a full talk about this Disestablish-

ment business, with all its aspects. Under all the circumstances, I think the Church has taken quite the right line, and I greatly rejoiced to see your own circular as well as your name among the *Protestant* peers. And certainly the movement has had a wonderful success; *it* was the first thing that really frightened the country as to Chamberlain's utterances, and we shall have no more of these 'light-hearted' attempts to disestablish and dismember us for a long time now, I suspect. Here we worked hard, and the old member (though hearty against Disestablishment) lost his seat in consequence. Alas! I must say Gladstone seems to me a melancholy sight just now, vainly trying to explain away the fact that almost all the intelligence and religious feeling of the country is against him. The best I can say for him about the Church is that I strongly suspect he thinks that a modified Disestablishment and Disendowment would be the best thing for it.

And now what is to happen about poor Bell-Cox? We must not let him be quietly crushed because the country is thinking of other things. His case comes on, finally I suppose, on the 3rd, and I dare say I shall hear from you about it. I know you had some correspondence with the Dean of Windsor, to whom I spoke my mind on the matter plainly. Davidson would, I think, do all he can to help us.

Now that the question of Disestablishment is hung up for a time, we must keep our eyes open to the various projects of Church Reform. The Bishop of London remarked to me lately that he was not so much afraid of Disestablishment as of plans to reform the Church on lines which were not those of the Church of England. I think this is true, and that plans for admitting the laity to parochial councils, etc., involve great difficulties. I suppose we shall soon have Albert Grey's and similar plans, and it is not impossible that *they*, or such as they, may get some Parliamentary sanction. With all this in view, I think the Church Union may have a very important function. You are almost, if not quite, the only existing organization influencing a large body of Churchmen of definite convictions, and though it may be impolitic to try to *direct*, it may become a necessity to try to restrain public opinion if it is taking a wrong direction.

These are points on which I much wished to have some talk with you. Do you want recruits for the E.C.U., and would it be of any use my joining you?

Have you read the 'Life of Dupanloup?'[1] If you have not, pray get it. It is deeply interesting and instructive, and shows that they have, or had, much the same difficulties in France which we have here.

From Lord Halifax.

POWDERHAM CASTLE, EXETER,
December 10, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. DEAN,—. . . Words cannot say how disappointed I am with Mr. Gladstone. A leader such as he is surely bound to tell his countrymen what is *right*, and not to content himself with saying that such a measure as Disestablishment and Disendowment is difficult

[1] Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans.

and distant. About that we can judge for ourselves. I quite think with you—indeed, I am sure—that Mr. Gladstone is in favour of Disestablishment and Disendowment in some form and to some extent; but, then, he should tell us in what form, and to what extent, and why. I should not complain of him if he had done this. I might even have been convinced. But to do as he has done, and then to say the Conservatives brought the question forward for party purposes, is deplorable.

No, it is very grievous, and the more I think of it the less excuse I see for his conduct. You will have observed Chamberlain's last speech at Leicester. To tell us that we are fighting a shadow, because we say *now* that we don't intend the Church to be robbed, is to suppose that we are both blind and deaf and stupid into the bargain.

I wish our friends, however, would have a little more sense in the way they fight the battle. To talk of Disestablishment assumes what is not true, that the Church ever was Established. I suppose what occurred in 1688 was the nearest approach to it; but Disendowment everyone can understand. If we all agree in pointing out that the endowment of the Church and the endowments of the various Dissenting bodies stand all on the same footing, I have no sort of doubt we should win.

Albert Grey[1] provokes me with his proposals for parochial councils. The address of the Cambridge professors I think very mischievous. Any attempt to give authority to parochial councils not limited to communicants would make a schism at once. What religious community that respected itself would consent to such a proposal?

I believe we ought to have a meeting in London early in February, in order to lay down in some definite resolutions the lines on which we intend to fight in the future. We should state *what* reforms we desire to see carried out—*e.g.*, the prohibition of the *sale of* livings, etc., and what reforms, as, *e.g.*, those proposed by Albert Grey, we reject *in toto*, and in regard to which, if insisted upon, we can only say, 'Better by far be robbed of all our goods.'

As for Bell-Cox, I do not see what is to be done at present; the whole feeling of Liverpool is on his side. If they attempt to put him in prison, then will be the moment for stirring that fire; if they leave him alone, there is no reason for doing anything.

London was full of rejected members, all as cross as bears with sore heads. Mr. Chamberlain, if Parnell moves some *possible* resolution on Ireland, wants to support it, and I suspect Mr. Gladstone is of the same mind; if so, the Government will go out. Others feel that, whatever the Liberals might do *proprio motu* for Ireland, they cannot and ought not to do it on Parnell's initiative. We shall see. I believe myself the Government will somehow *not* be turned out, and that we are sure to have another Dissolution before very long. . . .—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

HALIFAX.

P.S.—Liddon spent last Sunday at Hatfield; he started on Tuesday for Egypt; he is to be away six months.

[1] Now Earl Grey.

From the Same.

POWDERHAM CASTLE, EXETER,
December 16, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. DEAN,—. . . I cannot help fearing that we are likely to have much trouble with this agitation on behalf of *lay government* in the Church, and I wonder how it had best be met. I think by bringing forward some such resolution as the following in the diocesan conferences summoned *ad hoc*, and so getting a general expression of Church feeling against handing the control of our affairs over to a mixed multitude of persons of all creeds or none.

The sort of resolution I should wish to see adopted would be something like the following:

'That this conference is of opinion that the laity of the Church should associate themselves with the clergy for carrying on Church work in their respective parishes, and recommends for this purpose the formation of parochial councils, *elected by the communicants* of the parish, to advise and co-operate with the incumbent, to the members of which might be delegated the responsibility and the charge of all the more secular side of Church business.'

The summoning of the diocesan conference would be very popular; and if the conferences throughout the country, as they certainly would, adopted some such resolution, it would strengthen the hands of the Bishops, and, I should hope, nip in the bud an agitation which may become very formidable. I have written to one or two Bishops on the subject. The Bishop of Exeter has been spoken to by Lord Devon, and it occurs to me, if you thought well, that you might perhaps moot the subject to the Bishop of Durham.

It will be a great privilege and a pleasure to propose you for the Union, and I am *very grateful* to you for consenting to add your weight and name to our ranks. It will be a great gain and a great help. . . . —Believe me, ever yours very sincerely,

HALIFAX.

To the Dean of Ely.

DEANERY, DURHAM,
January 1, 1886.

MY DEAR MERIVALE,—First of all, best wishes for your happiness and that of all your home party, *in sæcula sæculorum*. I rejoiced to see your handwriting again, intending to write, but dawdling on, uncertain which was the debtor.

Yes, the times are making history fast, and I am not sure whether we should be thankful that we are in the latter days, or, like poor Shelley, wish that we were 'Unbodied joys whose course is just begun.' As it is, however, I find all these changes, the destruction of idols, etc., rather wearisome. Perhaps it is best to take refuge in the belief that the only thing which 'changeth not' is religious truth, and the strongest and most enduring institution is the Church. . . .

I have read G. A. D.[1] People always send you things about yourself It is—I mean the story—amusing, but I suspect inaccurate. I never was 'chairman of G——'s committee,' nor, indeed, took much part. Poor G. O. M.! though he would scorn the epithet. Where is that line, 'He seemed to be, not one, but all mankind's epitome'? Is it Buckingham or Shaftesbury?

I grieved for your Bishop. All that he wanted was rather more animation and energy. And then, too, both Howson and Fraser are gone—all three men with whom I had been on terms of great intimacy, though, alas! weakened by the battles of life with the two last. But one feels when friends go how much more one had *with* them than *against* them. It solemnizes the New Year to feel how great have been the losses of the last. Of my early friends, Vaughan and Goulburn and Temple are the only ones left.

I suppose you don't care for such books much, but I have found Bishop Dupanloup's 'Life' wonderfully interesting, and it revived all my memories of Montalembert, whom I once saw a good deal of.

I wish it could have been arranged that we should meet. I must answer old Burgon, who has written to me about your questionable Lay Councils petition. . . .—Ever yours,

W. C. Lake.

From the Dean of Norwich.

January 2, 1886.

My dear Lake, — Many cordial thanks for your most kind and welcome letter, and many reciprocations of your affectionate greetings and good wishes for the New Year now opening upon us. It is, indeed, one of the greatest pleasures of consenescence (is there such a word? I doubt it) to meet the dear old friends (dearer now than ever) of former days, and make the old associations live again in conversation and memory. But what a trick that memory plays us! Those days—how bright they are in retrospect! And bright they *were* in passing (there being no cares then, or next to none), but yet not unchequered by sorrows and troubles, which, however, cleared off quickly and left the sky quite serene. Now, alas! the worries and troubles, when broken and dissipated a little, speedily collect again, and the sky becomes overcast once more; 'the clouds,' as the wise man says, 'return after the rain.'

How very much I should like to go with you to Mentone. But don't you find it very inconvenient to be away in Lent and Easter-time?[2] I suppose, as to extra sermons, etc., at those times you go on the stellar and not on the pastoral principle. Well, I began (years ago, when I first came here) with the stellar principle—that is, inviting stars to preach at special functions, but I found many drawbacks. First, eminent preachers thought it too far to come, and I was obliged to content myself with stars of a second magnitude. Then, though I hope I am not wanting in hospitality, I am not sure that a new star in the

[1] George Anthony Denison.

[2] The severity of the early spring in the North obliged Dean Lake, as he advanced in years, to be abroad at that time.

house every week in Advent or Lent was not a little more company than one desiderated at that quiet season. Then, again, I found that stars must have their own atmosphere to shine in, or, in a humbler metaphor, that 'cocks can't crow off their own dunghill,' and that preachers (like Wilkinson) whom all the world in London were running after, either didn't do themselves justice in Nineveh, or (anyhow) produced no great sensation here; and then there was an ugly doubt as to whether the efforts of any single preacher (however eminent) could be as telling in the long run as something more constant and less spasmodic in the way of Christian instruction. So in the end I took all the special sermons myself, and a very heavy burden (year after year) I find it to be. Most of them come in Lent, and that is just the time I should have so much liked and longed to come with you (who adopt, no doubt, a wiser system) to Mentone. But I am running on quite beside the mark.

You will not find anything in my letter to the *Guardian*, as I wrote in a hurry, and simply gave my cordial concurrence to Burgon's letter, which I thought admirable. I could have said something against parochial councils, but some persons being alive who might have been hurt by it, I would not rake up old sores. I don't the least believe in them. Boone[1] left something of the sort behind him at St. John's, Paddington, which sounded very well upon paper, but worked ill, called the 'Church Association.' The result was that the *good* laity (I had many of them) never attended, but that certain discontented folks made this organization a means of setting themselves against anything done by me which they did not happen to like. I could overwhelm them in a minute by asking such men as V. C. Kindersley or Wickens or Cotton (now Lord Justice) to attend on a particular occasion; but I was chary of doing this, as these were mostly hard-worked lawyers. Of course, the 'association' had no kind of *real* power to carry anything; but there was the shadow of it, which made me see how troublesome the reality would be. I remember one of the members objecting when I introduced 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' *Ought* the people to have the power of ruling such a point as that? I should say, 'Certainly not; the point is one of much too great importance.' Their remedy, if the clergyman imposes upon them hymns of questionable orthodoxy, is an appeal to the Bishop; the only sort of question, as far as I see, in which it might be prudent and helpful to give them a voice is as to the hours of services. 'We all want these services to be as effective and useful as possible.' 'Tell me what hours you think would suit the greatest number.' But I think that those who advocate the obligation on the clergyman's part to consult his 'parochial council' before making any changes will find before long that they have been preparing a rod for their own shoulders.

A shocking old Tory, ain't I? I always was, you know.—In great haste, ever yours affectionately,

E. M. G.

[1] Rev. J. S. Boone, Incumbent of St. John's, Paddington, 1832-1859.

The following letter from Dean Vaughan refers to a subject which was at that time engaging considerable attention:

From the Dean of Llandaff (Master of the Temple).

The Temple,
February 20, 1888.

My dear Dean,—I am astounded at your report of my supposed utterance about the Doncaster Races. I thought that there could not be two opinions as to the curse they brought with them.

It was not only the mischief, great as that was, of the race week.

The more permanent evils were (1) the temptation to reckless extravagance through the year on the strength of an expectation of the one week's harvest; (2) the encouragement given to habits of betting and gambling, and the ruin of young careers in trying to retrieve debt by dishonesty. (The enormous increase of attendants at the races, caused by railway facilities of traffic, had *one* beneficial effect —that it carried away, to a certain extent, each night the muddy stream which it poured in each morning. This, and the exorbitant charges for lodgings frightening people away, somewhat mitigated the more notorious evils of the week as regards the morals of the town. I believe that in some respects the statute fairs did more *direct* harm than the races.)

One of the worst effects of the race-system in Doncaster was the perpetual harm done to the consciences of well-disposed people by the ever-recurring question whether they ought to let their houses for the great week.

Some braced themselves to refuse to do so, and were half ruined by it; others did it, and reproached themselves for it, and did the same again. It was, indeed, scarcely possible for middle-class people to reside in Doncaster *without* doing it, the rents of houses being all calculated on the basis of the one week's harvest, which would recoup them. I could not bear to tell people that they ought not to let, being unwilling to 'create sins' or to inflame consciences. But all these things made a ministry in Doncaster unusually trying. One seemed to see that the working of the race-fact was bad, and yet that it was quixotic and totally impracticable to try to put it down.

The only possible result of a refusal to let the course (part of which belonged to a neighbouring, rather religious, squire) would have been, not to put down the races, but to move them to York. On the whole, therefore, it comes to this: The Church must be cleared from any complicity with them, and therefore I stopped the ringing of the bells in their honour; *but*, in my opinion, it was not good to run one's head against a brick wall in a vain and suicidal effort to put them down.

I have written loosely, but I think you will see my mind.—Affectionately yours,

C. J. Vaughan.

Some words of the Dean's are given here on the subject of 'Unity,' and the avoidance of bitter criticism among Christians. They were written at a time (July, 1886) when party spirit ran high, and violent attacks had been made on the High Church party and on the Church of Rome.

DEANERY, DURHAM,
June 28, 1886.

WHAT WE OWE TO THE CHURCH OF ROME.[1]

. . . To the general longing for a reunion of all good Christians, no thoughtful Churchman, or even Christian, could well object. Even if we could gather into one fold the many good and able men among our Dissenting brethren, and could be at peace among ourselves, what an enormous point would be gained by the mere cessation of our 'wars and fightings,' and all the other results of the 'Dissidence of Dissent, and the Protestantism of Protestant religion'! But Lord Halifax goes further than this; he is daring enough to desire that there may be once more a centre of unity for that Church of which our Lord prayed that they 'may all be one.' Here it is that I myself venture to urge, however unimportant my single opinion may be, that Lord Halifax's late address is timely and valuable to us, by his not having been afraid to express—what a false timidity sometimes prevents us from acknowledging—our debt both in past and present times to the Roman Church. In the past, this is as much a matter of history as of theology. It is supposed that Churchmen alone are ignorant, or are afraid to own, all that Christianity owed for at least a thousand years to the Church of Rome, as its centre of life and authority. Is it nothing that we owe so much of our highest worship, all our cathedrals, the maintenance of religion in the violence and ferocity of the Middle Ages, the great schoolmen, the great religious Orders, to say nothing of some of the greatest men that ever governed the Church—Gregory I., Gregory VII., and Innocent III.—to the central power of Rome? It may suit ignorant sectarians to assume that there has been no such thing as a history of Christ's Church, that Christianity disappeared somewhere in the third or fourth centuries, and revived in the numberless sects of the sixteenth; but such is not the view of any historian—of Guizot, of Milman, or even of Ranke. No! as long as polemical disputes do not wholly extinguish both knowledge and justice, no reader of history will doubt that our debt of gratitude to Rome is one which we of the English Church, who are unquestionably nearer to it than any other religious body, should be the last to deny. Nor is this by any means all. No one can have studied the Roman Church, especially abroad, without being much impressed with its working. The large attendance of the poor at its numerous hours of worship—what Mr. Sibthorp, who knew both systems well, used to contrast with our own: '*We* get few or none,' he said of some of the London churches; '*they* have them in shoals'—

[1] See a letter to the *Church Times* of July 2, 1886, on 'Lord Halifax, the *Record*, and Mr. Voysey.'

the devotion of their missionaries, which made Gordon say that he would never hear the Roman Catholics abused; the beauty of their best works of devotion; the noble characters they produce, such as Dupanloup, Montalembert, Lacordaire—these are but a few of the instances which might make our narrow sectarians pause before they attack what is so far above them. Nor need I add that the immense improvement in the beauty of our services, which is making the Holy Eucharist once more the great service of our Church, though still too commonly ignored, is due in no small degree to an increased acquaintance with the worship of the Roman Church. Far be it from me to depreciate the value of our own services, cramped as they are by the Act of Uniformity. But we owe them to the spirit of the ancient Church; and an acute outsider, like Mr. Arnold, can see that in this matter of worship 'Catholicism has a great future before it, and will endure while all the Protestant sects, amongst which,' he says, '*I do not include the Church of England*, will dissolve and perish.'

I am well aware that, partly from the cause to which I have referred —the greater similarity of the Roman Church to ourselves than to any other body in Christendom—this subject is a delicate one to handle. There are some of our friends who will be disposed to say, as some have said of Lord Halifax's address, 'injudicious,' 'ill-timed,' etc. But I have been always rather suspicious of such criticisms. If we are a real branch of the Church, what is the use of harsh criticism against another, and that the greatest, branch of the Catholic Church? We may have distinct differences on important points; we may criticise the want of wisdom which seems to us to have sometimes marked the proceedings of the Court of Rome; we may, above all, believe that our own branch of the Church is better adapted to do God's work in England than any other branch; but I, for one, will never conceal my warm feelings towards that Church to which Christianity has owed so much, the Church in the past of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, and in the present of Lacordaire and of Newman.

W. C. Lake.

In a letter[1] on Dr. Arnold and Mr. Bonamy Price (January 23, 1888) Dean Lake writes:

To the Editor of the 'Guardian.'

Sir,—In the deeply-interesting account which 'H. P. L.'[2] has given of my late dear friend, Mr. Bonamy Price, as well as in other letters on the same subject, so much has been said of the powerful influence of Dr. Arnold on Mr. Price's mind, even to the end of his life, that I am tempted to add a few supplementary lines, though more on Dr. Arnold than on Mr. Price. I am the more disposed to do this because, though Arnold is sometimes quoted as having encouraged the 'scepticism' or 'semi-scepticism' of some who call themselves his followers, I entirely

[1] *Guardian*, January 25, 1888. [2] H. P. Liddon.

agree with what 'H. P. L.' tells us. Mr. Price was in the habit of saying that Arnold, so far as his own opinions went, had not a touch of scepticism about him, but was in the fullest sense a believer in all the great supernatural truths of Christianity. He believed, in fact, with an intensity which in these days would be called uncharitable; and not to be a believer in Christ in the fullest sense of the word could, in Arnold's opinion, only be explained by very grave moral faults of character.

'H. P. L.' is undoubtedly right in saying that it was Arnold's real greatness as 'a great personality' which enabled him, in spite of the extravagance of his main opinions, to retain so strong an influence over Mr. Price even to the end. And, indeed, making every allowance for the remembrance of youth and the admiration of an attached pupil, I cannot but feel that, with the exception of Cardinal Newman, and perhaps one other person, I have met no man in life who has equalled Arnold in the impression of greatness which his remarkable combination of qualities conveyed. I am sometimes at a loss to understand how so great an effect was produced; but I believe it was in the main by the union of reality and simplicity of character with a constant freshness and liveliness of intellect almost amounting to poetry, all of which was animated by an untiring and restless energy and devotion to duty. And with all this there was an absolute and unmistakable love of truth, and of truth only, with an entire want of anything like self-seeking in his objects, which I have often since felt to be rarely met with—at least, to the same extent—in life. It must be added that these original powers were developed and took their final form in an almost instinctive grasp of history, and what I may call the higher forms of political life, which was particularly attractive to young men; and it will not be wondered that, however early some of us began to doubt his theories (and, above all, his grand panacea of the identity of Church and State), he was still to all a great historical authority. And this was shown pre-eminently in the extraordinary effect which was produced by his lectures delivered at Oxford only a few months before his death, abounding, as they did, with striking thoughts, though, like many of his other works, hastily and unequally written.

I cannot, however, help selecting one remarkable feature in Dr. Arnold's intellectual character, which, springing as it did from his boldness in inquiring into truth, has seldom been noticed by his critics, I mean the prominence, in those days most extraordinary, which he gave to the 'Church' as the leading feature in Christianity. I am not, of course, speaking of the peculiar form in which his belief was expressed. But it was, perhaps, his love of history which led him to see, what Guizot about the same time, and with still greater vigour, expressed, that without the early Church Christianity would, in fact, hardly have even existed; nay, he went still further, for at a time when the mediæval Papacy was the scoff of writers like Sismondi and even Hallam, Arnold did not hesitate, writing in 1833, to declare that if ever noble 'aspirations for the victory of good over evil could be pleaded in excuse for great errors, this defence might fairly be urged for great men like Gregory VII. and Innocent III.' I do not, indeed, know any man who, profoundly disagreeing with their principle, was

more ready to admire many of the practices of the Roman Catholic Church. It was he who first pleaded in an elaborate argument for that which is happily by degrees resuming its place in our churches, the crucifix. It was he who called attention to the extraordinary power of the Roman priesthood, in being drawn, as he thought, far more than any other from all other sorts and conditions of men, 'from the prince to the peasant'; and even in his strongest attack on the Oxford Tracts he guards himself by a most remarkable passage:

'No one[1] supposes the Reformation to have been otherwise than imperfect, and that visible aids to devotion, crucifixes, wayside oratories, frequent daily public services, Orders of holy men and women, were all required for a perfect state of the Church.'

. . . All this would be remarkable enough, written, as it was, now fifty years ago, even if we would only say, 'Fas est et ab hoste doceri.' But I am persuaded that this tone of manly, even of hostile, thought had its effect upon Mr. Price, as I know it had upon others of Arnold's admirers; and when I hear his authority quoted, as it was two years ago, for the extravagances of some of our Broad Church friends, I am disposed to say to them:

'Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the better one?'

I believe, then, that it was his deep and simple love of truth, and his courage in expressing convictions, however then unpopular, which gave Dr. Arnold so strong a hold over Mr. Price and others of his pupils. There is, indeed, a great deal more to be said of Arnold's remarkable mind—for many of his faults can be traced to his being a solitary thinker—than can be expressed in a single letter. But it is a constant pleasure to me to remember that no man would have been a more earnest upholder of the supernatural truth of Christianity than Arnold if he was still with us; and that, while in many points he entirely agreed with the noblest of his opponents in his own time, he is also in a very real sense a support to the higher worship of the present day. And, lastly, I have good reason for believing that no person has so fully recognised his high character, both moral and intellectual, as the very greatest of his still surviving antagonists.

W. C. Lake (Dean of Durham).

Certain quotations from Dr. Arnold in the previous letter having been received with some doubt, Dean Lake wrote again to the *Guardian*,[2] giving them more fully than he had been able to do from memory.

Deanery, Durham,
January 28, 1888.

. . . I should be much obliged if you would allow me to give the quotations to which I referred more fully than I was able to do last

[1] 'No wise man.'

[2] See *Guardian*, February 1, 1888.

week, when I was obliged to trust to my memory, though I believed it to be substantially accurate. I will only premise that Dr. Arnold's view with regard to the use of the crucifix is singularly identical with that of Lord Shaftesbury, who remarks that 'to bear about a memorial of what God Himself once exhibited to the world does but simply recall His death and passion, and forces us to look on Him whom we pierced' (Life, I., 177).

The passage on the 'crucifix' is in a note in the *third* volume of Arnold's 'Sermons,' p. 40, where, after saying that he had 'ventured in another place to regret the disuse of the crucifix in Protestant countries,' he proceeds to argue that—

'It is manifest to every thinking person that the fact of the Incarnation is a virtual repeal of the letter of the Second Commandment. For in the person of Jesus Christ there was given us an image of God which we might and should represent to ourselves in our own minds; and what our thoughts and minds may lawfully and profitably dwell upon may clearly be no less lawfully and profitably presented to our bodily senses.'

After arguing this point fully, Dr. Arnold continues thus:

'The Bible Society, and other societies of the same kind, can have circulated the Scriptures to little purpose if the sight of the cross and the crucifix would indeed minister to superstition rather than to godliness.'

And he finally adds:

'It will appear from what has been said that pictures or statues of our Lord are less required in a church than in any other place, and for this evident reason, that, by the very act of going to church, we are reminded of Christ without any external aid. It is in our own houses and in public places that such Christian memorials are most needed; and though many would pass by them unmoved, yet there would be many also whom they would touch in some softer moment, and whose better thoughts and resolutions they would powerfully strengthen. Nor would it be a light matter that a mark of our Christian profession would thus be set visibly over the whole land.'

It is evident that the author of this argument, whether we agree with every word of it or not, held that the cross and the crucifix were among the most powerful instruments of Christian devotion. . . .[1]

[1] The other passage previously quoted beginning 'No wise man,' etc., was substantially accurate. It will be found fully and correctly rendered at p. 15 in the chapter on Rugby and Arnold. After giving the passage fully in this letter, the Dean goes on to say: 'This, it will be admitted, is a singular anticipation of an advance still incomplete amongst us, and is some indication that at least in some of his devotional objects the spirit of Dr. Arnold was not so very different from that of Mr. Newman and Mr. Keble. And even his strange Church theory—which was an attempt to combine all creeds and sects in one national Communion—had at least this merit, that it was based on the belief that a universal Church was the first object of Christianity.'—Ed.

From Dr. Greenhill.

HASTINGS,
February 9, 1888.

MY DEAR LAKE,—It is late, but not (I hope) *too* late, to thank you for your two letters to the *Guardian* about Arnold, which pleased me greatly. I will mention three points on which I entirely agree with you:

1. As to his '*greatness*.'—I remember that in your article in the *Quarterly* (?), after his death, the editor struck out the words 'great and good man,' not exactly because they were unfitting, but as being rather a hackneyed expression. I have always thought of him as a *great* man, and I do so still, and I think it would be difficult to frame any definition of *greatness* which would exclude him.

2. Only a few days before your letter appeared I was saying to an old Rugbeian (but not an Arnoldian) how much he would have disliked and condemned the scepticism or semi-scepticism of the present day, with its scoffing, irreverent spirit. Nothing can be more unjust than to try to trace it to him or his teaching.

3. I quite remember his fairness towards the Popes and the Roman Catholics generally in his school lessons and in private conversation. It was he that first told me of the beauty of the old Latin hymns, and the passages about the crucifix, etc., were of course quite familiar to me, though I do not wonder at other people being surprised at them. It is long since I heard from you, but I hope both you and Mrs. Lake have got through the winter thus far tolerably well. I wish you would sometimes give Hastings a trial when you want a little change of air. —Yours very truly,

W. A. GREENHILL.

The print[1] which you gave me fifty years ago still hangs in my dining-room.

To Dr. Liddon.

DEANERY, DURHAM,
February 25, 1888.

MY DEAR LIDDON,—I must just write you one line to say that you were quite right as to Arnold's having known Pusey, and *all about* Newman, long before 1836. I had inserted one or two paragraphs in my last letter to say so, but I thought they would make the letter too long. Newman, as he tells us in the 'Apologia,' had 'fierce thoughts about Dr. Arnold,' and various sayings reported to Arnold made *him* fiercer than he otherwise would have been. But, noble as he was, he was a fiery old Achilles. He learned in his later days to think far better of Newman, and this I wish I had said. Pusey he had known earlier than you seem to think, and of him he always spoke kindly. In early days, by-the-by (*i.e.*, in 1836), our friend Bonamy was even more vehement than Arnold. I could show you letters to that effect.

[1] A crucifix, from Albert Dürer.

Thanks for your kind notice of my hasty scrawls.

I hope you are rather angry at these ebullitions against Rome. They seem to me so unreal and undignified, and encouraging a bad trait in our English clergy. You would see my sentiments in a letter . . . in the *Spectator*. Only fancy committing the English Church to an Anglican Mission in Umbria! Shades of St. Francis and St. Catherine, may you still arrest such a semi-Protestant, semi-political monstrosity, by whomsoever attempted!—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

P.S.—I hope you saw that the extract about crucifixes was thrown in with a special view to St. Paul's.

Dean Lake was very much concerned at the efforts that were being made in some quarters to involve the English Church in a so-called 'Anglican Mission to convert Italy.' He wrote himself earnestly deprecating such an entanglement, and urged others also to raise their voices against it. A letter from him to the *Spectator*, in February, 1888, was followed by another in March. While staying on the Riviera, his thoughts were much occupied with the subject, and all that he learned from the Bishop of Gibraltar and other persons acquainted with the true state of the movement in Italy only strengthened his conviction that the cause was not one with which the Church of England could consistently associate herself. Some letters now follow relating to this subject, which had been described by the Dean of Windsor[1] as one 'of almost world-wide moment.'

To the Same.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall,
March 12, 1888.

My dear Liddon,—I know you don't like writing in newspapers, neither, in truth, do I, though we both feel obliged to do it sometimes. But, if you think the subject important enough, I really think a few lines from you in the *Spectator*, with your name, about this 'Italian Mission' might be of much use. The Archbishop, I hear, is annoyed about the whole matter; 'does not like his name being used,' etc. They could not afford to be indifferent to anything you urged.

I just venture this hint. I shall send an answer to Lord Plunket this week. We are off to Bordighera to-morrow.[2]—Yours most truly,

W. C. Lake.

[1] Now Bishop of Winchester.

[2] Before going on to Bordighera and San Remo, Dean Lake spent a day at Cap d'Antibes in order to enjoy a long talk with Dean Church, who was staying there at the time.

From Dr. Liddon to Dean Lake.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,
March (? 13), 1888.

. . . My writing would not, as you think, have any weight with the Bishops. The Jerusalem bishopric matter showed that very plainly. I said all I could. The Archbishop took his own line, and reconstructed the anomaly in the Holy City, and not a single English Bishop breathed a word of regret at the transaction, or sympathy with those who opposed it. But it led, as such things always do, to unsettlement of minds, and in particular to the secession to the Roman Church of *one* excellent layman, whom we could ill spare, probably of others.

To Canon Bright.

SAN REMO,
April 10, 1888.

MY DEAR BRIGHT,—I have read with great interest your letters on the absurd course which some persons, calling themselves Churchmen, are adopting by assailing on most untenable grounds the work of the Roman Church in England. I want to call your attention to an even more mischievous idea, which seems to have taken possession of some of our Bishops, of supporting Missions in Italy, Spain, and elsewhere, to convert the Roman Catholics. I don't know whether you saw a correspondence in the *Spectator* about this, in which Lord Plunket figured, and the last letter written by poor Oxenham, describing the opinion held in Rome of the chief agent in the said Mission, one Count Campello, in the *Church Times* of March 23. If you have not seen this last letter, pray get it and read it.

Now, I cannot help feeling that anyone brought up in the principles of Newman and Pusey must see that this is an equally mischievous and contemptible proceeding. What conceivable right have we, if we call ourselves Catholic Christians, to interfere in the work of the greatest of Catholic Churches, and this in the very petty fashion of establishing little Missions here and there, which, like all such attempts hitherto, are only sure to come to nothing?[1] I wish you would think this over, the more so because it seems to me that a new race of Adiophorists is springing up, even among those who call themselves High Churchmen, and who have no very strong principles in these matters. You have done good service in the matter of St. Augustine, etc., and I have done what I could in the *Spectator;* but I wish we could get something like a *combination*, either in the way of protest or letters, for a single letter or name does nothing, while a few vigorous men united could do a good deal. I wish Liddon could be got to say something; I really think he ought. . . . Of course, it is a *nuisance* to come forward; but really nothing is done without a little fighting in these matters.

[1] See letter from the Bishop of Gibraltar, p. 323.

I throw out these hints, for the subject is a very large one. But you may have a chance of ventilating it at Convocation. . . . If you have time to write a line, it would find me here till about the 20th, at Hôtel de Londres. I will not apologize for writing, for I think you will understand it.—Believe me, yours very truly,

W. C. Lake.

A little later, writing from Perugia, on Ascension Day, May 10, 1888, he concludes another letter on the relations of the Church of England to seceders from the Roman Catholic Church on the Continent with these words:[1]

Having through life had many opportunities of acquaintance with the Roman Church, and with many of its best members, both at home and abroad, I am convinced that the contemplated Missions would only end in failure and confusion, and involve us in their discredit; and, feeling this, I think it my duty to speak out, which no wish to say smooth things should prevent. If, in doing this, I have been obliged to refer to the Archbishop of Dublin, who has come forward as the chief—I would hope the only—representative of these proposals, at least in their full extent, I trust I have done so with a due respect for the tenacity and conviction with which he has now for many years pressed this subject upon the attention of his own Church. But I earnestly hope that his plans, both at home and abroad, may fail, as few heavier blows than their success could be dealt to the Catholic character, and hitherto the consistent conduct of the English Church.

W. C. Lake (Dean of Durham).

To Dr. Liddon.

Durham,
June 27, 1888.

My dear Liddon,—I am very sorry not to be one amongst your honoured names; but as I thought it clear that you were not inclined to any memorial, I signed at the last moment one with which I agreed, though it perhaps might have been more full.

At the same time, I do not know that I could have quite agreed with your statement that the 'Old Catholics' were justified in *seceding* from the Roman Church on the ground of the infallibility dogma. I always thought a Roman Catholic friend of mine quite right who said to me, 'Well, it is passed, and I dislike it; but I'm not going to change my religion on account of it.'

I think *two* memorials will rather do good, and am amused that while you 'potent, grave, and reverend seniors' would have done nothing, the wise impetuosity of youth (Carter and myself, to wit) has forced your hand, and got a memorial out of you. . . .[2]—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

[1] See *Guardian*, May 17, 1888.

[2] Protesting against entering into relations with the Old Catholics.

From Dr. Liddon.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,
June 29, 1888.

MY DEAR DEAN,—The 'Old Catholic' *clergy* were in the position of having to assent on a given day to a proposition which they did not believe to be true. Their case was different from that of the laity.

I hope with you that the two memorials will do good, as showing the Bishops that the proposed action is open to more than one line of objections. Ours is a very humble affair, and will only have a very few names.—Ever affectionately,

H. P. LIDDON.

On the subject of our relations with the Old Catholics, the Bishop of Gibraltar wrote to Dean Lake (July 18, 1888):

'Our whole action in regard to them has been hasty. In the uncertainty as to the doctrinal position which the Old Catholics will ultimately hold, we ought to be especially cautious about making any advances.'

The letters which come next begin with a reference to the visit of the American, Colonial, and Missionary Bishops to Durham[1] at the close of the Pan-Anglican Conference in 1888, on which occasion the Bishop of Gibraltar and Mrs. Sandford were among the guests at the Deanery.

A great number of Bishops had accepted the invitation of Bishop Lightfoot and the Dean to visit the shrine of St. Cuthbert, 'the cradle of the Northumbrian Church.' Many of them were entertained at Auckland Castle,[2] and the remainder in Durham itself by the Dean, the Canons, and numerous residents who threw open their houses to the visitors. On Monday evening, July 30, the Bishops were all received at the Deanery, where there was a large gathering to meet them, and on the following day special services took place in the cathedral, under circumstances which rendered them unique in its history; for assuredly its ancient walls had never before witnessed such an assemblage of prelates gathered together from every quarter of the globe—an assemblage which, by its intrinsic interest, made up for much of what was lacking of the pomp and splendour of the olden time.

[1] A short account of this historic visit is given here, as it has not been already mentioned.

[2] The palace of the Bishops of Durham.

The services began with a celebration of the Holy Eucharist at eight, the Dean being the celebrant. Plain Matins followed at nine, and at 11.30 a special service for the admission of evangelists, lay-readers, and a lay-missioner by the Bishop of the diocese. This service began with a *Te Deum*, the anthem was Wesley's 'The Wilderness,' and the sermon (a very fine one) was preached by the Bishop of Western New York, Dr. Cleveland Coxe. The cathedral was crowded from end to end, and nearly sixty Bishops passed up the long nave in procession, together with a large body of the diocesan clergy, besides those attached to the cathedral. The Bishop of Durham, surrounded by his chaplains, occupied his throne, which is said to be the highest, as it is also one of the largest, in Europe. The Bishops filled the stalls, and the Metropolitans had places within the sacrarium.

At three o'clock a Convocation of the University was held in the great library of the Chapter (the dormitory of old monastic days), when many of the Bishops received from Dean Lake as Warden an honorary D.D. degree. This function was succeeded by another striking and beautiful service, the 'Festival of the Northern Choirs,' including Durham, York, Ripon and Newcastle, and many parochial choirs, numbering in all close upon 2,000 voices. The procession was on a still larger and more imposing scale than in the morning. Later on the episcopal visitors were entertained at dinner in the great hall of the castle (the hall of University College), and thus was brought to a close a memorable day in the annals of Durham.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, the Bishop who preached the opening sermon at the Conference, spoke on his return home of the service as 'perhaps the grandest of all he had attended,' adding: 'I could only think of that song which St. John heard, "as the sound of many waters."'

Those who know Durham will understand how the majestic old abbey, with its adjoining buildings, its unequalled situation, its hallowed and varied associations, would enhance the interest of this occasion, and form an ideal setting for the functions of the day. The chapter-house, since restored to its full proportions and original beauty, alone was wanting.

A striking feature in all great services in Durham Cathedral was the sound of the voices of the choir chanting in the distance

as the procession wended its way through the cloisters before entering by the south-west door. All arrangements were, as usual, planned and carried out with the utmost care, and nothing that could be done to add dignity or beauty or reverence was omitted.

On Wednesday, August 1, the scene was transferred to Auckland Castle, where the reopening services at the chapel, recently restored and greatly beautified by Bishop Lightfoot, formed a most interesting feature of the day. The Bishop afterwards entertained his episcopal guests at a luncheon, and gave a large garden-party in the afternoon. These scenes must long live in the memory of some of those who came from other lands, and then saw for the last time the great and gifted successor of the old Prince-Bishops, who was so soon to be taken from the diocese which had learned to love and reverence him so truly.

Among the many impressive services which took place in Dean Lake's time, none were, perhaps, more thrilling than the service for children at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, when the vast cathedral was filled with little ones, and the military services. These latter were rare, as Durham is not a military centre, but on the occasion of unveiling a memorial to officers and men fallen in battle, or of consigning old colours to the safe keeping of the Church, the Dean's addresses were always most moving. His wide sympathy and the soldierly instincts and traditions which he inherited at once put him in touch with his hearers, and enabled him to speak to them heart to heart, as he strove to awaken in them all high and noble emotions.

To the Bishop of Gibraltar.

DEANERY, DURHAM,
July 19, 1888.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—We shall be truly glad to see you on Monday week. I always understood that you were not coming here, or I should have asked you long ago. . . .

Pray fight hard *to the end* against the idea of establishing intercommunion with the Old Catholics. A more dangerous act for the English Church, or one more damaging to the credit of the 'Conference,' it is impossible to imagine. . . . I cannot believe Tait would ever have allowed such an *act*, though he might have *talked* a little sympathy.—Ever yours,

W. C. LAKE.

To the Same.

DEANERY, DURHAM,
July 23, 1888.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—Our carriage will meet you at 4.55 (the best train is that of 10.35), and bring you with two American Fathers. . . . We have a large gathering at the Deanery that evening, and hope to have altogether a pleasant and interesting meeting.

Now a word as to business. I do not know how the Conference will deal with the reports of committees. But supposing yours to be decidedly for anything like intercommunion with 'Old Catholics,' who, as you say, are an extremely uncertain body, I do trust that it may not pass without a strong protest from some of you. Surely the Bishop of Derry, for instance, and the Bishop of Chester would both take a statesmanlike view of such a proceeding, which will be dangerous to the Church in every way, both as being an entirely new departure, as likely to be a failure, and as being profoundly against the convictions of *thousands* of English Churchmen. Eleven hundred signed the petition against any 'intercommunion' in four days. . . .

The Bishop of Derry promised to give me a list of your committee, but forgot it. Would you mind doing so? I suppose it is no secret, but I will keep it if it is . . . .—Yours very truly,

W. C. LAKE.

The daily opening of churches, and the best means of encouraging their use both for short services and for private devotion, was a matter which greatly interested the Dean, and he was among those who took part in the correspondence to which the *Times*[1] opened its columns in the autumn of 1888.

To the Editor of 'The Times.'

DEANERY, DURHAM,
August 25, 1888.

SIR,—Before the discussion, to which you have so liberally opened your pages upon the daily opening of churches, is closed, may I be allowed briefly to call attention to the two principal and very important results which it has elicited? They are, first, the general desire on the part of the more active of the clergy to open their churches as widely as possible, and, secondly, the difficulties of various kinds which have hitherto prevented their being extensively used, especially by the poor, for the purpose of daily worship. I cannot but think that no fair-minded person who has followed the discussion will doubt that these two facts are equally patent, and that it is of great service to our Church that they should both be recognised.

[1] See the *Times*, August (? 30), 1888.

1. It is no doubt gratifying to hear of the large number of churches —more than 2,000, it is stated on authority—which are now open to worshippers, if they choose to use them—a vast improvement upon the days when Dr. Arnold, who was one of the first strongly to call attention to this subject, spoke of the 'uninterrupted loneliness of our churches from one Sunday to another . . . the doors fast locked, as if a Protestant church, except on a Sunday, were, like the Pelasgicum at Athens, "best when unfrequented."' But anyone who has scrutinized your correspondence will see, I fear, that this advance is very far indeed from implying any proportionate increase of worshippers. No doubt there are many cases, like that of which Mr. Bartlett gives an interesting account in the East End of London, where the churches are much used for devotional purposes; but the description of the great majority has a very suspicious sound, like that of two large West End churches 'open for many hours in the hope that they might be used for private devotions,' or the 'five open churches,' in which another correspondent says: 'I wish I could add that I saw any worshippers.' Of the many painful cases of desecration I need not speak; but it is obvious that there are not many instances where the church is looked upon as a natural resort for daily private prayer, or where the poor turn to it as their refuge for devotion from their own wretched and crowded homes.

2. I am sure that you are right in saying that 'the demand for free access to churches is not to be taken by itself, but in connection with the demand for more frequent and shorter services, and particularly with the demand for free sittings,' and this I take to be also the meaning of a remark of the Archbishop of Canterbury, when he suggests that more attention should be paid to the arrangements in churches for daily private prayer; 'they should have some look of a home, and quiet kneeling places.' Nothing will, I am persuaded, be done so long as it is supposed that the mere opening of the church is enough. Let some part of the church be specially set aside for private prayer; let this be assisted by an occasional short service at some hour when worshippers are likely to be present; and let the attention of the people be often called to the subject. Some things of this kind will have to be done, or it will be very long before we see any body of real daily worshippers in our churches.

I must apologize for what may at first sight seem to be details, but this is a case where in reality the details constitute the plan. And I am sure that, unless more active efforts are made to facilitate private worship, we shall continue to find that in our two or three thousand open churches there will be plenty of seats, often plenty of thefts, and very few worshippers.

Thanking you, sir, once more for the valuable and timely assistance you have given towards an object the promotion of which would at once raise the Christian and national character of the Church of England,—I am, your obedient servant,

W. C. LAKE.

From Archbishop Benson.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON,
September 10, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. DEAN,—I have had so much moving about lately that I have been a poor correspondent; but I have been deeply interested in the subject of your letter, nevertheless. It has just happened to me to know instances of churches being used for private prayer (which were left open for the purpose and unwatched) actually without the clergyman's knowing. *One* was much astonished some time since by being told of a young painter who *daily* used the church. The slipping in and out is a very quiet proceeding, and I have seen persons about whom I am sure my clergyman did not know, kneeling or coming and going. I hope more people *use* them, as I am sure more churches are open than is commonly known—a few more, at any rate.

But, however, in any case I hope chapels and quiet transepts and odd corners may have some little fittings, which *suggest* stopping, sitting to read, and kneeling, rather than walking about and walking out; a matted space with chairs, and with kneelers, and with simple fald-stools, or book-boards *without* chairs, seems like an invitation abroad. At Canterbury they have one or two bookstands with four or five books of devotion beside a great pillar, a *little* (not too much) out of sight, and they are used a good deal.

If we could get our clergy to use ten minutes' devotion aloud in the dinner-hour, or just before dark, I think people would come. These things will dawn in time, if we keep quietly suggesting them, without dictating, and I think, too, they will spread from the cathedrals. I thank you much for so kindly writing to me. I shall keep your letter.

I was delighted with your speech about your Bishop. I shall, of course, wish to subscribe if I am allowed. I fear he feels not well, but I think with carefully-regulated exercise and obedience he will restore himself by God's blessing to enjoyment of life. I hope you are better.—Sincerely yours,

E. W. CANTUAR.

From Dr. Liddon.

TEGERNSEE, BAVARIA,
September 12, 1888.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I learn from the *Guardian* that a testimonial is to be offered to the Bishop of Durham, and that persons who do not belong to the diocese, as well as his spiritual subjects, are invited to contribute. This leads me to venture to trouble you with my mite. No doubt it will reach you safely; do not trouble to acknowledge it. I am going away. I am on a short visit to Dr. Döllinger. He is greatly impressed by the Lambeth Conference; less by anything that it has achieved than by the fact that it has been held. It is, he thinks, the most important event in the history of the English Church for two centuries at least, and cannot fail to make a considerable impression

on Christendom. Above all, it will show that the English Church is something more than a merely national communion—'a part of a communion which already extends far beyond the British Empire.'

He was scandalized at ——'s performance, but thought that its decisive rejection by the Conference made it a mere passing shadow, which threw the general sunshine of the proceedings into stronger relief. On some of these he had criticisms to offer, as might be supposed, but he was well pleased with the general results.

Although he and Cardinal Newman are not in the same boat now, there is not a little in each to remind one of the other.—Yours affectionately,

H. P. Liddon.

From Archbishop Benson.

Addington Park, Croydon,
October 4, 1888.

My dear Mr. Dean,—It was not possible to get speech with you at any length, or I should have told you that we know well that you cannot magnify the cause for anxiety. Our dear Bishop saw A. Clark just before coming to Braemar. I was in consultation with the doctor at Braemar, and his regular attendant at Auckland, and no medical man can have any doubts as to the nature of the malady. The heart is so affected that while he might go on with comparative safety if he is very careful, yet a rash hurry or chill or even mental excitement would be most serious. . . . He is now beginning to be nervous; but if he is made *too* nervous (his doctors say) that would be just as bad for him as anything else.

Of course, we have been long trying to persuade him to *go away* to a warm country before it gets too cold, and I really now begin to think that he will. We had thought of Egypt as *interesting* him (with rest, warmth, and change), but I *fear* the doctors do not think he ought to do anything but be *quiet* for a while. He is to go up to London soon and see A. C. again and another.

We want him to come to Addington if he has an *interval* before going to the South, and there we can make him comfortable on one floor—ground floor.

But all his habits are so vigorous and unmedical that he is most difficult, even for doctors. However, he has been talked to again and again, as seriously as I dare, this last month, and increasingly so as he would bear it.

I tell you all this because you might be afraid that he was not being tenderly watched and dealt with as carefully as we can. Eden is the person who, at Auckland, has most influence with him, and can do a good deal with him.

It is most piteous to see such a noble life and power so threatened. —Ever sincerely yours,

E. W. Cantuar.

While there was yet hope of averting a step fraught with such grave issues as the consecration by Archbishop Plunket (of Dublin) of a schismatical Bishop in Spain, Dean Lake did his utmost in protesting strongly against it. In a letter to the *Guardian* (February 13, 1889) he quotes the weighty arguments of the Bishop of Gloucester and of Bishop Smythies against such a measure, which they showed to be in opposition to the resolutions of the Lambeth Conference. He looked upon the contemplated action of Archbishop Plunket as not only disastrous in itself, and painfully affecting the minds of thousands of English Churchmen, but also as calculated to indirectly compromise the Church of England in the eyes of Christendom.

The Proposed Bishop for Spain.

To the Editor of the 'Guardian.'[1]

Deanery, Durham,
February 9, 1889.

Sir,—The silence of the Archbishop of Dublin, after the weighty remonstrance addressed to him, from the midst of his labours, by Bishop Smythies, combined with the strong statement of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, may be taken (I hope) as an indication that the unfortunate scheme of a Bishop for Spain is given up. It is, indeed, hard to believe that after such statements the Irish bench of Bishops, whatever may be the feeling of Archbishop Plunket himself, would support him in a project which is obviously inconsistent with the principles of the Lambeth Conference, and, we may surely add, of the whole bench of the English Bishops. But a still stronger statement appears in your issue of Wednesday; and, before the deep interests of the ensuing week have overshadowed all others, I beg to call attention to the evidence which has been given by very different representatives of the English Church, both with regard to the appointment of any Bishop in Spain, to the character of the worship likely to prevail, and to the person who is to represent the Anglican communion.

1. The statement of the Bishop of Gloucester in his charge is as follows. He begins by asking:

'Can any Church in this communion—with reference to those primitive and established principles of jurisdiction on which stress is laid both in the resolutions and the encyclical letter of the Lambeth Conference—co-operate in the consecration of a Bishop in Italy, Spain, or elsewhere?'

And he adds with reference to these:

'"Primitive and established principles of jurisdiction," what can they mean save this?—that no such action as that of a Church

[1] See the *Guardian*, February 13, 1889.

sanctioning the consecration of a Bishop under the circumstances now before us ought to be taken without some reference to the whole great communion, which would certainly have its interests affected by the action.' 'No one,' he continues, 'can pretend to say that there is in this matter any such urgency or extreme necessity as might supersede the duty of making such a reference,' and 'no such momentous step ought to be taken on any less authority than that of the whole communion.'

It will be remembered that the Bishop of Gloucester was secretary to the Lambeth Conference.

2. The protest of Bishop Smythies is still more emphatic. After quoting the words of the Lambeth Report that, with regard to certain congregations in Spain and elsewhere: 'We trust that *in time to come they may be enabled to adopt such sound forms of doctrine and discipline as will permit us to give them a fuller recognition, . . . though we believe that the time has not yet come for any direct alliance with any of these*,' Bishop Smythies expresses his confidence that this last clause was inserted 'on purpose to express a disapproval' of Archbishop Plunket's scheme, and adds: 'I do not understand how we can form a more direct alliance with these bodies than by consecrating a Bishop for them.' Nor is this all; for the language of Bishop Smythies with regard to the person proposed is far stronger, and in the face of such a description it is difficult to conceive that Señor Cabrera can possibly be appointed by Irish Bishops.

'I learnt,' says Bishop Smythies, 'from some of your grace's clergy in Ireland that statements have been published about Señor Cabrera's doctrinal and ecclesiastical position which would certainly disqualify him for the Episcopate in Ireland or England, *and would unfit him for ever in the minds of Churchmen for a responsible position in the Church*.'

3. But the devotions of a Church are its highest and distinctive feature. And what are we to say of a prayer like the following, which is given in a letter in your issue of last Wednesday from Mr. Sheepshanks? It is said to be part of a general prayer for Spain, and 'is the composition of Señor Cabrera, the Bishop-elect.'

'Hasten, O Lord, the downfall of anti-Christ. Grant that the man of sin, he who sitteth in Thy Church as though he were God, may be consumed by the Spirit of Thy mouth, and destroyed with the splendour of Thy coming. . . . Let Babylon fall, let her fall, and sink like a stone in the abyss; but first take Thy people out of her, that they partake not of her plagues. Thou hast given us a pleasant and fertile land; but our people are a sinful people, blinded in their superstitions.'

It is difficult to know what to say of a prayer like this, if such it can be called. And though it may possibly have been withdrawn from the proposed Liturgy of the 'reformed Church of Spain,' it must still indicate the man whom it is proposed to make its first Bishop. Surely we may hope that the strong remonstrances of his brother Bishops (even if still higher authorities have not spoken) will have led Lord Plunket—at least, for the present—to give up a plan of which he must be sure that the vast majority of his brethren would disapprove. He

is a man of too religious and generous a character to wish to add a new difficulty, and one of which the Bishop of Gloucester rightly says that it 'involves most serious issues, to the almost overwhelming trials which threaten the English Church at present.'

W. C. Lake.

From the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Lightfoot).

Bournemouth,
May 19, 1889.

My dear Dean,—In answer to your kind inquiries about my progress conveyed in your letter to Harmer, I suggested that I had better take up my pen, and send you an answer myself. This is the result.

I am thankful to say that I have had no relapse, and am conscious of gaining strength from week to week. But I am still but a feeble creature, not able to walk far, and my deafness, though slightly improved, is still very inconvenient. Whether this will be a permanent consequence of my illness I know not.

However, my medical man not only permits me, but advises me to return home as soon as I can, thinking that the change will do me good. I purpose, therefore, leaving Bournemouth on Thursday next, the 23rd, and (if there is no unforeseen impediment) I hope to arrive at Auckland on Friday night.

On the following Thursday, Ascension Day, it has been arranged with the Canons in residence that a short thanksgiving service should be held in the afternoon, at which I hope to be present. I trust this has your approval.

If it please God, I hope to remain in my diocese till the end of autumn, when I am ordered by the doctors to go southward, so as to spend the winter in some sunnier climate—say, Egypt or Algeria.

It was a surprise and a shock to me to hear of Canon Evans's death, for though I knew that he had been seriously ill, I supposed he was better. It is a great anxiety to me to find the fittest possible successor. The three requisites—eminence in Greek scholarship, aptness to teach, and fitness as a member of the cathedral body—are not easily found united in one man in these days, when so few of our great scholars at the Universities enter into Holy Orders.

Give my very kindest remembrances to Mrs. Lake, and believe me, my dear Dean, yours ever,

J. B. Dunelm.

The Report of the Committee of Convocation in 1889 on the Establishment of Brotherhoods was warmly welcomed by Dean Lake, who read the Report when on his way back to England after a visit to Homburg and the Black Forest. A wet Sunday at Brussels was utilized by him to call attention in a letter to

the *Times*[1] to this important step, and to express his hearty approval of the principles laid down. This letter, for which he received warm thanks from Dean (then Archdeacon) Farrar, is given here.

To the Editor of the 'Times.'

GRAND HOTEL, BRUSSELS,
September 29, 1889.

SIR,—As I have always believed, since I began to study the history of the Church, that the great religious Orders have played a most important part in the life and teaching of Christianity—equally by their learning, their devotion to the poor and suffering, and their eminent zeal and success as missionaries—it was with the greatest pleasure that I read the decided and courageous Report presented by a powerful committee to the two Houses of Convocation, and signed by the names of the Bishop of Rochester and the Archdeacon of Westminster. Nor can I allow that this statement is to be taken as merely a party opinion. I believe it to be the opinion of nearly all recent historians, lay and ecclesiastical—of Ranke and Michelet, no less than Milman and Neander; and I need not remind you of the famous passage in which Lord Macaulay contrasts so contemptuously the Church of England with the Church of Rome, in its incapacity of enlisting enthusiasm in its service. It was, therefore, with real thankfulness that I heard—and I am sure that many fair-minded and thoughtful men would agree with me—that there was some prospect of this reproach being rolled away from us by the large and wise action of the governing body of our Church.

I need hardly express my regret that you, sir, have not been able to adopt a view which, I venture to think, would have been more consonant with your general liberality in treating Church questions than with the bitterness with which the narrowest section of our Church have rushed into your columns to express their gratitude for your support. I have no intention, indeed, of entering into any direct controversy with you on the subject; for not to say that it is ill arguing with the 'Master of thirty legions,' in the shape of a leader in the Press, the subject is so large that your arguments necessarily take the shape of assertions, with most of which I have the misfortune to disagree. I do not see, to give but one instance, how I can argue with the statement that the members of religious Orders were usually as much like their founder as the famous Dr. Jekyll was to Mr. Hyde, which, however lively and pointed, seems to me to misrepresent the history of nearly every great religious brotherhood. But I venture to hope that, notwithstanding or even on account of our disagreement, you will allow me to mention some points which seem to be of importance in the present position of the question.

First, then, let me call attention to the importance of this proposal

[1] See the *Times*, October 2, 1889.

having received such powerful support in Convocation—*i.e.*, in the governing body of the Church of England. It may suit the editor of a Review connected with the Church Pastoral Aid Society to express his contempt for Convocation in a manner which Convocation will probably estimate at its proper value; but if a measure pressed, as this has been, by some of the leading Bishops and most distinguished members of the Lower House, is not worthy of the attention of the members of the Church of England, I do not know how we can be said to have any power of action at all. Nor do I suppose for a moment that either the eminent persons referred to or Convocation itself can give to so grave a matter any other than the fullest consideration. It is, indeed, hard to conceive stronger language than that in which this proposal has been urged, in the name of the committee, by the Bishop of Rochester and Archdeacon Farrar. The first resolution, it must be observed, has been carried, and it is, with some short abbreviations, the following: 'That in the opinion of this House the time has now come when the Church can with advantage avail itself of the voluntary self-devotion of brotherhoods, both lay and clerical, the members of which are willing to devote themselves, without applying for funds, to any form of public support.' The second resolution of the committee is, 'That the members of such brotherhoods shall be allowed to bind themselves by dispensable vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience'; and the third proposes 'That such brotherhoods should work in subordination to the authority of the Bishop, and under the invitation and advice of the incumbent.' Additional emphasis is given to these resolutions by the repeated statements that 'no brotherhood of the kind contemplated could carry out the proposed work without something analogous to the old vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience,' and that 'the committee strongly feel that, without the adoption of vows of some kind, no effectual brotherhood can be formed.' I do not at all deny that these recommendations are of a very strong character, though in no respect more so than I believe to be wise and necessary. Their acceptance would mark an important epoch in the English Church; but it is in many respects even more important that they should have been proposed with such authority than that they should be carried.

For, secondly, it must be observed that Convocation and Bishops may sanction the existence of brotherhoods, but the creation of them is quite a different matter. Archdeacon Farrar has himself observed with great force that the creation of an order or a brotherhood has been always the work of a single man; 'it has always begun in the sacrifice of a single heart, and the self-sacrifice of one invokes the enthusiasm of the many.' And this is, in my opinion, the importance of this subject having now been brought forward. Supported as it has been by eminent prelates and divines, it will be impossible ever hereafter to say that a religious Order is opposed to the spirit of the English Church. Its history will, in all probability, be very analogous to that of the sisterhoods, which, beginning under even more unfavourable circumstances, are now so marked a feature in our Church. With little countenance from authority, they have been almost entirely the work of individuals, 'the sacrifice of a single heart.' If we are to have

Orders in the English Church, and we cannot doubt that we shall, their history must be the same. One or two devoted men will begin them, and they will be sooner or later sanctioned by authority. The question of 'vows of celibacy,' etc., will settle itself, as it has done or is doing in the case of sisterhoods. The vows which the committee recommends are open, as far as I can see, to no objection; but, at any rate, I do not know, if an individual or the members of a body bind themselves by vows, who is to prevent them.

May I, then, venture to say in conclusion, and with all due deference to your own difference of opinion, that both the Bishop of Rochester and Archdeacon Farrar may well, I believe, amidst all opposition, console themselves with the thought that, having brought before the mind of the Church a great truth, it is certain in the end to prevail, if, as I cannot doubt, it is thoroughly and courageously supported? There has been, perhaps, some not unnatural wavering and some shrinking from unpopular words. But I cannot doubt that, if the opinions expressed are really adhered to, they will be the means of conveying a great blessing and a fresh source of strength to the Church of England.

I hope I may be allowed to apologize for any carelessness or mistakes which, in writing in haste and at a distance from home, I have been betrayed into.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. C. LAKE (Dean of Durham).

From the Dean of St. Paul's.

10, EAST CLIFF, DOVER,
December 10, 1889.

MY DEAR LAKE,—We are here for a month or six weeks certain, and we may stay here all the winter. I think it suits us, on the whole, and it is convenient to be within easy reach of London. But if we find that it does not do we shall go South. Hyères would certainly be one of our points, so it is quite possible that we may meet.

Blachford's death is a great blow to me. It is such a thing to have a friend to whom you could talk in your 'shirtsleeves,' without caring the least whether he agreed with you or not, but quite sure that you had a man who understood you and did you full justice. He was, I think, the most honest man I ever knew, and he was, besides, so fair and so indulgent, and so full of unexpected sympathy and care for all that one was interested in or that belonged to one. He had all the unselfish generosity of the old days of the movement, with more than they had of intellectual balance and fairness. Newman loved him very dearly, and it was a bitter pang for both when they had to go asunder. But they quite got back to the old affection and frankness of intercourse of late years. Yes, indeed, as you say, 'the old order changeth,' ideas, axioms, estimates of character, habits of thought. It is a strange and wonderful world.

Kind remembrances to your wife. We are all fairly well, but not over strong.—Ever yours affectionately,

R. W. CHURCH.

To Lord Halifax.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
January 16, 1890.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,—I have often thought of you in the last anxious and trying month, and wished to write a few lines, but I was not sure of your direction till I heard it at the E.C.U. on Monday, where I had the honour for once of taking your place. . . . The funeral of our Bishop[1] was really a beautiful solemnity. I have never seen any funeral more touching and striking, and one felt how really great a Christian he must have been to have called forth such a universal feeling. . . . Poor Littledale's death was to me very melancholy—in the fulness of his powers, and certainly with extraordinary learning, though a little marred by his violent Irish anti-Papism. Then, too, Döllinger is gone, and the 'old order' will soon be changed entirely.—Yours most truly,

W. C. LAKE.

From Canon Liddon.

THE COPPICE, HENLEY-ON-THAMES,
January 17, 1890.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I am very much obliged to you for your sermon on Bishop Lightfoot. It does much more justice to him than anything which I have as yet seen.

What havoc death has been making this winter in the ranks of those whom one has known, respected, or loved!

I ventured the other day to say to Plummer what I might have said with more propriety to you, that I hope any memorial to the late Bishop which may be in contemplation will *include* some monument—a recumbent figure over his grave at Auckland Castle, or a cenotaph in the cathedral, or a statue in the close. Does it not seem to you that we have sometimes forgotten the real value of a monument, which is not by any means a matter of æsthetic feeling or ostentation, but a means of bringing a great life through the eye home to the thought and imagination of the people? For them the world of thought and learning does not exist; and if a century hence the late Bishop's name is to be *popularly* remembered in Durham, it must be by the presence of some monumental structure which will lead people to ask, 'Who was that Bishop?' The reply will do them a great deal of good; but the monument is wanted in order to make them ask the question.

Our Dean, as you probably know, is at Dover, and hitherto he has happily escaped the prevailing epidemic. Had he been in London on December 29 and 30, the fogs, I believe, would have killed him.

May I wish you and Mrs. Lake all happiness in the New Year?—I am, affectionately yours,

H. P. LIDDON.

In the following tribute to Cardinal Newman,[2] at the time of his death, the Dean expresses his deep sense of all that the

[1] Bishop Lightfoot. [2] See the *Guardian*, August 27, 1890.

English Church owes to him, and he also alludes with satisfaction to the unanimity with which persons of all creeds and opinions spontaneously united in doing justice to the saintly life of the great Cardinal.

Cardinal Newman and the English Church.

Deanery, Durham.

To those who equally honour a great and beautiful character and love their country, nothing surely can have been more striking than the manner in which the whole English nation has been moved during the last fortnight by the death of Cardinal Newman; and this feeling has been absolutely free from any distinctions of creed. With a fine instinct of generosity, our countrymen have universally shown themselves alive to all the features of a character in which genius was so singularly blended with nobleness and goodness, in which no stain of self-seeking or of littleness was ever detected, and in which the deepest insight into human nature was not inconsistent with the utmost tenderness, gentleness and affection. In sight of this all differences have seemed for once to vanish. The *Record* and the *Rock*, the *Nonconformist* and the *Wesleyan Times*, have been scarcely less appreciative of the 'saintly life and simple character' than the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Guardian*, the *Tablet* and the *Spectator*. Scarcely a country newspaper but has had its warm recognition; and may I say that it would be difficult to find anything more just or beautiful than several articles of our Northern press, particularly some of great ability which have appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle*?

Having said this much of the national feeling with regard to Cardinal Newman, may I venture to go a step further, and dwell for a few minutes on the special debt which we owe to the members of the English Church? No doubt he has worked an immense change in the national feeling in the view taken of the Roman Church, and in this and other respects the benefits which he has conferred on his own Church are great. But most fair-minded men will agree, I believe, with a statement of your own, that the Roman Church has not 'the same paramount reason to be grateful to him' as we have, for that he is the 'founder, we may almost say, of the Church of England as we see it.' At a time when the Church of England seemed to rest on no principle and to aim at no definite object, when the hearts of those who loved it were failing them, it was Mr. Newman who, at the moment when he was apparently dying in Sicily, exclaimed with a sort of inspiration that he should not die, 'for he had a work to do in England.' It was he who for twelve years influenced Oxford and the English Church generally as no man has ever done before or since. It is to those twelve years that we owe the establishment of principles which have gone so far to change the character of the Church of England during the last half century, and of which the full development is probably still to come.

May I be allowed to add what I believe some of those principles to have been, and how they worked among us? In the full estimate of Cardinal Newman's character which you have 'communicated' to us—the authorship of which few can doubt—it is stated that his 'Ideal of a true Church lay in its maintenance of two things of which the New Testament is full, and which are characteristic of it—devotion and self-sacrifice.'

I take this devotion to the highest ideal of Christian and Church life in its absolute reality to have been the predominant feature in Cardinal Newman, which must always be his characteristic in the eyes of religious men. I admit that it was influenced, perhaps excessively, by his vivid and sensitive imagination, and that it was this to some extent, though I cannot think unnaturally, considering the treatment which he received from the then heads of the English Church, which led him to take refuge in the Church of Rome. But surely this high ideal of a living Church in its reality and its power is among the best memorials which he has bequeathed to us. He left us because he could not then find it amongst us. He had tried the Church of England as it then was, as the Church of 'Evangelicalism,' the Church of Whately or of Hawkins, the Church of the '*Via Media*' and the 'Apostolical Succession.' All these had failed him. The one thing he craved for, and, alas! could not then find, was that the Church of England was the Church of the highest devotion and self-sacrifice.

Has this defect in any respect been remedied since? I believe it has, and that it is to Newman even more than to his great fellow-workers that we owe it—to the power and beauty of his life and writings, and even to the manner in which he pointed out our defects. In all these points it is not too much to call him 'the founder of the Church of England as we see it.' The great institutions which have sprung up, and are still springing up almost of their own accord—the sisterhoods, and now we may hope the brotherhoods, the higher standard of clerical life, the different conception of public worship, the increased freedom of adopting practices of devotion which so many find to be essential to their religious life; the spirit of all this new life we owe primarily to the great man whom the whole nation now mourns. I am far, indeed, from forgetting our great debt to Dr. Pusey, and the manner in which Mr. Mackonochie and others have under every difficulty carried much of Dr. Newman's ideal into practice; but for the origin of all this we must be mainly grateful to John Henry Newman himself. And it is in the universal admiration of such a character that we have the best guarantee that our Church may hope to be the parent of men who will emulate his high example.

W. C. Lake.

While the impression left by the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play last year is still fresh in the minds of many, it may not be amiss to recall the occasion of its discovery (as regards this country) in 1850 by Dean Lake and a friend who was travelling

with him abroad. In a letter to the *Times* (1890) the Dean thus relates the circumstance:

DEANERY, DURHAM.

SIR,—In the very interesting account which your Vienna correspondent gave last week of the Passion Play at Ammergau, he observes that until 1860 it was very little known in England. A short account of the manner in which it was first brought to the notice of the Oxford, and afterwards of the English, public may perhaps interest some of those who have since then enjoyed and profited by the touching representation of the last days and death of the Saviour, which has retained its solemnity under circumstances of no little difficulty.

Two Oxford Fellows, then both young—the remembrance of one of whom, the late Professor Henry Smith, is still dear to the last generation of Oxford—were staying together in the September of 1850 at Bad Gastein, when a passing traveller, walking with them in the Wandelbahn, startled them by a vivid description of a scene to which, as he said, he had never seen anything similar, in a then very out-of-the-way part of the Bavarian Alps. They had themselves heard some rumours of the existence of the Passion Play, and at once determined to be present at what was to be the last representation of that year. In these railroad days this would be a journey of about a day from Gastein, but was then three long days' work of *vetturino* travelling, not without some amusing incidents, owing to the crowded state of the small inns as they neared the scene of the play; for, though almost utterly unknown in England, it was even then widely popular among the Catholics of Southern Germany. It is needless to say they were both deeply struck by the beauty, power, and simplicity of the exhibition, which had not materially altered its character in 1871, twenty years afterwards, and they lost no time in describing it to their friends at Oxford, to whom it was then entirely unknown. Perhaps the person most excited by it was Dean Stanley, then also an Oxford Tutor, who at once exclaimed: 'Well, if I am alive ten years hence, I shall be at Ammergau;' and by a curious coincidence the friend who described it to him met him in Paris on his return in 1860, when his first words were, 'I have been to Ammergau, and it exceeds all your description.' Both its historical and its poetical and religious beauty he was sure to appreciate, and he at once wrote one of the most striking descriptions which we possess of the representation.

I have written this account mainly because it is curious to recall how utterly unknown a scene, which has since gained a world-wide reputation, was to the whole of England forty years ago. I will only add that when I saw it again in 1871—I have not seen it since—it was in all its principal features substantially unchanged; it had lost something, perhaps, of the simplicity of its surroundings, and the audience had suffered, and must inevitably, I fear, suffer, from the crowds of spectators; but the beauty and devoutness of the acting, the striking character of the chief actors, and the intense reality with

which the whole village flung themselves into the representation of the tableaux, were as great in 1871 as they were in 1850. It struck us both that, putting aside the religious character, its artistic conception bore a remarkable resemblance to the ideal of a Greek tragedy. It is but fair to add that I always understood that the beauty and devoutness of its representation, which had been much increased in this century, was due to the excellent religious influence of the priest of the parish —a monk from the neighbouring convent of Ettall. That it should retain this religious character, in spite of all the temptations of immense popularity, is surely no small tribute at once to the simple and excellent people themselves and to their religious guides.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

W. C. Lake.

To Lord Halifax.

Deanery, Durham,
September 5, 1890.

My dear Halifax,—We are anxious to hear how your invalid is, and this must be my excuse for troubling you with a letter. In this busy generation the good days of long letters are almost past, and one is often deterred from writing by a feeling that short letters are no use. I have longed, however, often to hear how you felt in all the interest which has been created by Newman's death and Apotheosis. To me it has been most striking, as showing, I think, an immense change in the national feeling, not merely as to Roman Catholics, but on religious subjects generally; the whole Oxford Movement (*e.g.*) has been spoken of with a general sympathy which is very encouraging as to its progress. I tried to express something of this in a letter to the *Guardian*. Then, too, how very good almost all the articles were on the subject, the *Guardian* (Church's) and *Spectator* particularly. I hope they will put the writing of his Life into good hands, and be quick about it. But what a very singular collection his letters will be if they fairly represent all the phases of his opinions. Meanwhile, as to our own matters, have you heard anything about the Archbishop's judgment? I see you are to read or speak at Hull on the 'Limits of Ritual'—pray make them very elastic! I almost wondered you condescended to go, but I dare say you were right. You will be a happy band! However, you, I am sure, will keep them in good temper.—Believe me, yours most truly,

W. C. Lake.

P.S.—Have you any good news of Liddon?

To the Same.

Closeburn Hall, Thornhill, N.B.,
September 10, 1890.

My dear Halifax,—I can but trust that you may both be supported under this terrible blow. Little did I think of its possibility in writing to you. You have been so severely tried already, and yet it

is impossible to doubt that these trials are love, and will draw you nearer to Him. May God be with you indeed in this great suffering.

We only saw the account of your loss two days since, and I have waited a day or two before writing. And now has come another and—to me, at least—wholly unexpected blow in the death of dear Liddon. Yes, the greatest preacher by far, and perhaps the greatest genius (though he retired a good deal from action), in the English Church is taken from us. You knew him much better than I did, but I have known him well since 1846, and almost from the first anticipated his greatness. It is to me rather a painful proof that the 'new order' is not strong; that I can think of no one at all comparable to succeed him.

I will not write more at present, for you will not want long letters.

I hope you will not allow the Congress matter to worry you; if it is troublesome had you not better give it up altogether, although no doubt it would be a fine discharge of a public duty to go.—Yours truly and affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

From Dean Goulburn.

Edgcote, Banbury,
October 18, 1890.

My very dear old Friend (one of the oldest I have now, if not the very oldest),—I cannot say how grieved I was to see in yesterday's *Times* an account of your being seriously ill at Bath. Do ask Mrs. Lake, or anyone else in attendance on you at Bath, if she (as, I fear, is probable) is too busy and anxious to write, to let us have one little line (at Aynhoe Rectory, Banbury) to say how you are. I earnestly hope to hear that the disorder, whatever it is, has taken a favourable turn, and that you will soon be at your palace in the North again, where you once so hospitably entertained us. Having given up the responsibilities and worries of a position like yours, I have felt a decided relief and spring of fresh energy ever since. As for ordinary infirmities, one, of course, does not expect them to get better when a man is in his seventies, and, as a fact, they get decidedly worse. But there is a compensation in the nearness and reality which they give to the eternal world, and the deep solemnity of feeling with which they enable us to regard it. Oh, may you and I, very dear old friend, be found with our feet planted upon the Rock when our call comes, and our souls hanging upon the only One who can give any real sympathy and succour in that tremendous hour! As it is said, 'My soul hangeth upon Thee,' and what then? It is an eternal impossibility that He should betray the confidence of any soul which really depends on Him; accordingly the verse concludes thus: 'Thy right hand hath upholden me.' In the lower depths of Jordan we shall find the footprints of the great Priest who has gone before us.—Ever yours, in loving memory of dear old Oxford and 'Auld lang syne,'

Edward Meyrick Goulburn.

From the Same.

AYNHOE, BANBURY,
October 25, 1890.

MY VERY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I cannot say how greatly relieved I was to receive from your own pen such an assurance that, with God's blessing, your recovery may be expected before very long, and your friends may hope to see you 'in working order' again. I trust that, though confined to your sofa, you are free from pain. And if so, I dare say that you will feel, as I think most hard workers do feel, that the prescribed and enforced idleness of a non-painful illness is rather welcome than otherwise. If one can work with another's pen (as I doubt not you do with Mrs. Lake's), one need not be wholly idle; and, then, there are all the dreamy, delicious moments in which one can indulge (as you appear to be doing) in the associations of 'Auld lang syne,' and see them all—as the hours were never seen when actually passing—gilded with sunset hues.

You allude to my 'Life of Burgon.' Oh, I *am* in a pickle about it; so much so that I am sometimes tempted to wish that I had never acceded to the earnestly-urged request from his nearest relations that I would undertake it. I have a most embarrassing mass of interesting (or what *to me appear* interesting) letters and journals, but it is so difficult to compress. Long ago I told Murray (the publisher) that I really could not undertake it unless I was allowed two volumes (to which he was obliged to accede), and now he is always twitching at my skirts with 'Compress! compress!' until to-day comes a letter, in which he writes, 'Had I seen even what is now in type, I doubt whether I could have offered to undertake it.' I suppose it must end in my hurrying and contracting the latter half of the work, and so producing an inconsistency with the first, which probably is rather too diffuse. Being close to Oxford, I mean next week to consult confidentially my old friend Parker about it. But (to use an adjective which I once heard a Paddy use, but which is hardly to be found in Johnson's Dictionary) it is a 'bothersome business,' and I wish I were well out of it. You see that I cannot afford space for anything *not strictly ad rem.*

Nevertheless, I quite agree with you in thinking the days in which our Balliol life was cast were singularly happy days for us (in the highest and truest sense of the word 'happy'). From what other men have told me, who were our contemporaries at *other* colleges, it must have been a model college. For I really don't know what more could have been done to train and stimulate us both spiritually and intellectually, and I have always felt that one's own miserably low standard at present is due to having not availed one's self to the full of opportunities and helps which were then offered.

Sam Waldegrave was, I think, the best and saintliest man I ever came across, another Whitaker Churton (but, then, Whitaker was, and is, so exceedingly eccentric, which is a sort of fly in the ointment), and to have been associated with him as intimately as I had the privilege of being ought to have made me a very much better man than I am. If

this were my only debt to dear old Balliol (which is by no means the case; I do not forget the influence for good over us of the younger Tutors, and I should add Chappie and Oakeley), it would be a *very heavy one.*

God bless you, very dear old friend! Be quite sure that I am most reminiscent of our ancient friendship, and that I endeavour to remember you in the way in which you most desire to be remembered—in prayer. I cannot say that our friendship has been ever *dead* (as regards my own feeling), or more than suspended from want of opportunities of meeting. I am thinking, when I use this expression, of an old college friend of Burgon's, who sent me a bundle of most interesting letters from him, and said, in writing to me, quoting (I think) the *dictum* of some great man, whose name I have forgotten: 'I have often longed in Burgon's case for what has been called the *resurrection of dead friendships;* for, intimate as we were when undergraduates, in later life, not only separation of lot, but *change of views*, estranged us, and when he came on my invitation to be godfather to my infant daughter, I found we could no more be intimate.'

It has not been so between you and me, dear old friend, has it?—Ever yours affectionately,

E. M. GOULBURN.

I saw dear old Greenhill the other day. He came over to luncheon with us at Brighton. *Exactly what he always was*, only a little more white-haired and lined in the face.

Who was it that said of him, in describing his attitude towards the different religious parties in Oxford, 'Dr. Greenhill maintains *an armed neutrality'?* Was it Bonamy Price? Very good, whoever said it.

To the Dean of Ely.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE HOTEL, S.W.,
February 22, 1891.

MY DEAR MERIVALE,—I rejoiced greatly to be cheered again by one of your lively letters. May I be as fresh some years hence. My present 'indulgence,' however, has consisted in my getting some three months ago an attack of bronchitis, which also affected the lungs. Happily it was not *very* severe, but, combined with my previous venous attack, it kept me in bed and on the sofa some twelve or fourteen weeks, and Clark, who has just been here, says there is still some lung congestion, which he believes will pass off gradually. Of course, I have tried to take all this as not unnatural at seventy-four, and good nursing, and lately the air and beauty of Bath, have kept me in good spirits. Like you, I have dosed myself with biographies and (when I could get them) novels, but the latter are now getting wretched.[1]

[1] Dean Lake never lost his intense appreciation of the works of Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen, but he also thoroughly enjoyed a really good modern novel, such as (among others) some of Marion Crawford's, and Mrs. Oliphant's earlier stories. He always had a volume of Newman's Sermons close at hand, and of late years he read hardly any others.—ED.

W. Scott was to me far the best (auto)biography, Northcote mild, Milnes overpraised (though I liked *him* much). I have been amused by reading again H. Taylor; certainly clever, with all his sublime egotism. I have not mentioned Newman, to me intensely interesting, whom you would perhaps hardly appreciate, with all his introspection and storehouse of poetry, feeling and religion. I am looking with anxiety for dear Church's 'Oxford Movement.' By-the-by, I was amused to see you appearing among the Cambridge Churchmen about 1840—Mauritian, apparently, which was *your* Cambridge fashion. *We* at Oxford aimed at least at realities. . . .

You would have been more amused seeing me semicircling the Crescent in a bath-chair than I at your more decanal use of it. We are both very sorry to hear of Mrs. Merivale's accident, and with our best wishes for you and for her, believe me, ever yours most truly,

W. C. LAKE.

To Lord Halifax.

62, WARRIOR SQUARE, HASTINGS,
March 13, 1891.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,—I have long wished to write you a few lines, and am now stimulated to do so by the appearance of dear Church's most admirable book, which you will admire as much as I do, though you may not have known the actors in it so well. I have read it with great care, and can hardly fancy anything more true, forcible and interesting. Newman's character (which the *Times* absurdly says he mentions but slightly) is illustrated in every page, and it is really, both from its power and fairness, a volume of history which must live. I only wish that what he hints at in his closing words could be done—*i.e.*, an equally true account be given of the succeeding thirty years after the loss of Newman. It would help the present movement greatly.

You may be glad to hear something about us, as we should certainly be to hear of you, for the last three months. You know, perhaps, that I had a double illness this winter, chiefly an attack on the lungs, which, though not in itself very severe, confined me to my room for a long time, and has left me weak. I am told, however, I am thankful to say, that I am now doing well, and may hope to return to Durham with the early summer. Such an attack, however, must have some serious consequences.

We are both anxious to hear how you and Lady Halifax have passed the winter, and a letter would give us great pleasure. I was much grieved to see the sudden death of poor Lord Beauchamp.—Believe me, yours most truly,

W. C. LAKE.

In a letter to the *Guardian*[1] the Dean once more protests against the action of Archbishop Plunket in connection with another 'semi-dissenting' community, this time in Portugal.

[1] See *Guardian*, August 5, 1891.

Archbishop Plunket and the 'Lusitanian-Catholic-Apostolic-Evangelical Church.'

Deanery, Durham,
August 1, 1891.

Sir,—Many English Churchmen—and I am happy to see many Irish also—will thank you for the remonstrance you have made against the course to which the Archbishop of Dublin has been for some years endeavouring to commit both the English and Irish Church in various parts of the world, but especially in Spain and Portugal. Not content with Count Campello in Italy, with the painful failure in an attempt to found a new 'Church' in Mexico, or with founding one in Spain, he is now founding the 'Lusitanian-Catholic-Apostolic-Evangelical Church' (why omit 'Protestant'?) in Portugal, by the ordination of a deacon on his own authority, and, it is believed, against the wishes of his Irish brethren; and to direct the doctrines of these bodies he is, it seems, recommending a Prayer-Book (having sworn to use the Irish form and *none other*) in which some of the most distinctive doctrines of his and our own Church, 'baptismal regeneration,' the 'absolution' of the sick, and that in the Ordination of Priests are omitted, to the great satisfaction, as 'he honestly confesses,' of the Archbishop. Meanwhile, a large use of the word 'Catholic' is supposed to indicate that this teaching is in exact agreement with that of the early Church.

There can be little doubt that you are right in saying that 'almost all these so-called reformers have only renounced the errors of Romanism to adopt those of the Protestant religion,' and equally so that Archbishop Plunket's course is inconsistent with the language of the Lambeth Conference, which 'deprecates any action that does not regard primitive and established principles of jurisdiction.' It is well remarked in the seasonable remonstrance put forth by Canon Crosthwaite, the Vicar-General of Kildare, that for the Archbishop 'to pretend that he has a roving commission over the whole world is as if a magistrate *for one county* was to think himself at liberty to act over the whole kingdom'; and it may be hoped that the unique character of this course will be its own correction, and that now that the public attention of the Church is awakened it will receive little encouragement from any quarter.

Meanwhile, let us hope that the mouths of English clergymen will not be sealed, and that they will find some means of expressing their sympathy with their Irish brethren, who in this (and, indeed, in other matters) are in a position of peculiar difficulty. The Irish Bishops, indeed, refused in 1889 to consecrate a Bishop for these semi-Dissenting communities; but Archbishop Plunket is tenacious of his purposes, and all credit is due to Canon Crosthwaite and others for their courageous protests. We cannot doubt that such plans will never receive the support of the authorities of the Church of England, a few of whom have unfortunately lent their names in a vague form to Archbishop Plunket's proposals. It might, indeed, be well at this time to remember

the wise caution of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, when he distinctly declined to associate himself with the 'Old Catholic' movement (Life, ii. 514). The little 'Churches' in Spain and Portugal are of an inferior type in all respects to that of the 'Old Catholics.' They are to be established on the distinct principle of rejecting much of our own teaching, and it requires no power of prophecy to foresee that they will come to very little, and if allowed to connect themselves with the English Church will only involve it in their discredit.

W. C. Lake.

To the Dean of Westminster.

Deanery, Durham,
June 12, 1892.

My dear Bradley,—I cannot refrain from sending you a line to say how much I regret that I cannot be one of the meeting[1] of Dr. Arnold's friends and admirers to-morrow, and how much my thoughts will be with you. . . . To few, indeed, of your party can this remembrance be such a solemn and touching one as it is to me, for it was on the morning of this day (on *Sunday*, June 12), now fifty years ago, that, having left him apparently in full health the night before, I came down in the morning to find him dead. And I have always remembered him, not merely with the warmest affection, but as one of the very noblest and best men whom it has been my happiness to know.

I am sure you will understand and forgive this expression of my feeling on such an occasion.—Believe me, yours very truly,

W. C. Lake.

To the Dean of Ely.

Deanery, Durham,
November 7 (1893 or 1892).

My dear Merivale,—One ill deed begets another, and my long delay in writing creates more delay. I can only say that there are few days on which I have not wished to write, but chiefly (I think) Mrs. Lake's long illness has prevented my doing much more than ordinary business. I am daily getting more anxious to hear how you are, and shall be thankful to any of your kind scribes to give me information. I hope your reading powers continue to give you pleasure, and should greatly like to repeat our old discussions. I often remember one of your old dicta, that 'the Church of England must be a splendid institution when it could contain two men "who differed on most points of theology, like you and me."' However, one day we shall perhaps find that our differences are no more. . . . I have had some qualms about staying here much longer, as I have had to be away so much; but I am really now better, and hope to be a part of this winter here. We propose in December to go to Torquay. My Chapter has been more

[1] A meeting to make arrangements for a memorial to Dr. Arnold in Westminster Abbey.

than kind in wishing, almost insisting, on my staying as long as possible.

This is but a poor scrawl, but it may have the effect of procuring me a line, which I trust will give me a good account of you. You, Cowie and I seem the three invalid Deans just now; may our illness be in the end a blessing to us all.—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. Lake.

From the Dean of Llandaff.

Llandaff,
February 24, 1893.

My dear Lake,—I have been thinking of you in my illness and longing to write to you. Your letter was, therefore, a very real pleasure. It bids me hope that you are on the way to further life and work, without any need to think of resignation.

I have been a wonder to myself during the last two or three years—able to travel regularly to the temple for alternate Sundays, and preaching here when I was not there. I have just now had a rather rough awakening in the shape of a severe illness, which I find it difficult to shake off. I began to-day to talk of giving up my various employments, but the doctor thinks this premature.

You will wonder what leads me to burden you with the last of my many publications. Accept it just as a token of the old affection, and do not trouble yourself to read it.

I am interested in a new Life of Keble by a Mr. Lock. It is difficult for me—it would not be so for you—quite to throw myself into the spiritual agonies which cost the leading spirits of that movement so intense a life.

I think you may be hopeful (in your kindness) about my recovery this time; but 'seventy-seven next August' is a fact not to be forgotten.

My dear Lake, may we safely reach the *τόρμα τοῦ βίου*, if not with no experience of the *ἀλγεινόν*, yet at least with a sense of its being synonymous with the *συμφέρον*.—Always affectionately yours,

C. J. Vaughan.

Newman and Keble.[1]

To the Editor of the 'Church Times.'[2]

Torquay,
March 14, 1893.

Sir,—There is much in the interesting review of Mr. Lock's 'Life of Keble,' as well as in the Life itself, for which all students and admirers of the Oxford Movement may well be grateful; and Mr. Keble's own

[1] In connection with the Oxford Movement.
[2] See *Church Times*, March 17, 1893.

career was so deficient in stirring incidents, that it was time to remind a rather forgetful generation of all that we owe to his beautiful character. It cannot be doubted that to his tone of mind are due some of the most striking features of the movement, and that without him it could hardly have achieved its full success. And yet, as a matter of simple historical truth, I cannot but feel that a great mistake is made when the chief power and life of the Oxford Movement is not assigned to its real inspiring genius, Cardinal Newman. He himself, no doubt, always spoke of Mr. Keble's sermon in 1833 as the birthday of the movement, and described himself modestly as its mere 'rhetorician'; but this was simply humility, and no one who is either guided by Dean Church's History or by Newman's own letters, no one who knew Oxford from 1835 to 1845, can doubt that but for Newman's astonishing energy and genius, both as a preacher and a writer, the movement, if it had ever taken place, must have been of a much less powerful character, especially in its influence over the rising generation of that day. I need not remind you of Professor Shairp's striking description when he says that 'it raised the tone of average morality in Oxford to a level which it had never before reached,' and adds 'that the centre and soul of so mighty a power lay mainly in one man—a man in many ways the most remarkable that England has seen during this century, perhaps the most remarkable whom the English Church has produced in any century, John Henry Newman.' This, no doubt, refers mainly to the moral and religious influence which was created by his sermons; but such influence is one of the most powerful elements in the character of a great religious leader, and it was the combination of moral and intellectual power, with the intense conviction, which he first expresses, I think, during his illness in Sicily, that God 'had a great work for him to do in England,' which made Newman, in my judgment, the inspiring genius of the Oxford Movement. Others accepted and followed, but he originated. I cannot, indeed, wonder at the attempts which we sometimes make to show that Newman was, after all, not the leading force of the movement; but history is history, and must be written truthfully, and it cannot be denied that the new spirit breathed into the English Church in 1833, of which we are now feeling the effects, and of which so many more, perhaps even greater, are to follow, are due mainly to John Henry Newman.

I began by speaking of the effect which Mr. Keble's beautiful character had on the Oxford Movement, and it may almost seem invidious to contrast him in any respect with one to whom he was so devotedly attached. The beauties, however, of his character, were those of an almost excessive modesty and retirement, and he would in no sense be called (he would himself have been shocked at the idea!) a great man of action. Absolutely loyal as he was, and always acting together with both Newman and Pusey, it was his reputation and the *Christian Year* which gave the chief strength to his support. They are quite enough to make his memory a living one; but the memory of the Oxford Movement must ever be chiefly connected with Newman.

W. C. Lake (Dean of Durham).

The Dean's affection for the beautiful Ambleside Valley and for the house which had been as a second home to him in his youth never flagged. In 1880 he wrote: 'Fox How is always to me a scene and source of moral refreshment,' and a few days spent there never failed to invigorate him both in health and spirits. He alludes again to his love for the place in the letter which follows.

To Miss Arnold.

KANESCOMBE, TORQUAY,
December 30, 1893.

MY DEAR FANNY,—This will, I hope, reach you on the first day of what will be, I trust, a happier New Year to you than the present.

Very many thanks for your letter, though it grieved me to hear of that ruthless storm, and particularly of the loss of the dear birch-tree. But Fox How is dear Fox How still, and no outward loss can affect its charm. Yes; I have of course been absorbed in Stanley's Life, the Rugby part of which was almost my own. I think Bradley has well brought out the salient points, particularly the devotion to your father, though I should have been better pleased if he had more often given the names to our correspondence. The Oxford part, too, is well done, but the last volume shows great marks of haste, and is tediously long. However, the last days both of dear Lady Augusta and of Stanley are most touching. I thought at first of reviewing it, but soon found it would not do. How I should like to talk it all over with you, and how I wish you were here to do so!

This place is indeed lovely, and we have been singularly fortunate in our house, with a charming view and garden. We are both much better; I had been able to do a good deal of work at Durham, and my Chapter were importunate; so I stay on awhile! . . .—Ever your affectionate friend,

W. C. LAKE.

To Lord Halifax.

KANESCOMBE, TORQUAY,
December 31, 1893.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,—I am sure I may send you a few lines to hope that the New Year may be one of happiness to you and Lady Halifax. The last day of the year is always a solemn one, the more when one is old, and you naturally gather your friends round you, and of those who remain to me—and they are, alas! not many—there are few of whom I think, if I may say so, with more affectionate regard than yourself. You have had some years of sadness lately; may this be one of happiness.

We have been here for the last fortnight, and the place suits us well. I hope you will not forget that you half promised to come to us if you

were near. Shaw Stewart[1] is here, but we have missed each other as yet. I have been deeply interested in Stanley's Life, for during much of it we were such intimate friends. It should be well reviewed; his character was most charming, but his opinions were wildly vague. It would require a clever pen exactly to describe both him and the book. . . . If you should see anything of the *Church Quarterly* people, pray tell them to get the right reviewer.

From Lord Halifax.

HICKLETON, DONCASTER,
January 4, 1894.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I was so glad to get your letter. It is always a pleasure hearing from you, and I should have answered it before, only I have been laid up with an attack of influenza, which has left me very good-for-nothing. . . . I have sent for the Dean's Life.[2] He was very good to me all through my Oxford life and after; indeed, I always kept up relations with him, and certainly no one could be more delightful in private; it was his public utterances and his influence on the Church at large that were so deplorable. He did a great deal of harm in high places, and, as far as depended on him, he made the Church of England ridiculous in the eyes of Catholic Christendom; and then to think what opportunities he had! The fact was that, charming in himself, in his public capacity he took every heretic under his special protection. Can he indeed be acquitted of heresy himself? I am so sorry to speak so strongly, but it is what I think. However, I shall read his Life, and perhaps modify my opinion.

How very touching the second volume of Dr. Pusey's Life is! One could almost cry over the conduct of the authorities, especially that of Archbishop Longley and that of Dr. Hook, in reference to the consecration of St. Saviour's. But Dr. Pusey was a *saint*, and as I laid the book down, what I said to myself was this: 'It is impossible to blame Dr. Newman. Humanly speaking, he was justified.' Further, I don't doubt that Dr. Pusey's determination always to see the best of everything, and to put a good face upon the most deplorable facts, must have seemed to Dr. Newman untrue, and been, besides, extremely provoking. Dr. Newman wanted a theory which should completely justify his own position, one which should make that position intellectually complete and secure; facts—the action of the Bishops—seemed irreconcilable with his theory, behind which he had hoped to be secure; and then, finding the theory break down, the claims of the Church of England seemed to break down too. I cannot blame him. I am compelled to admit that, humanly speaking, there was much to be said for the course he took, and yet, though I say this, I have also the feeling that what was not revealed to the wise and prudent was revealed to the childlike simplicity and goodness of Dr. Pusey; that events have justified Dr. Pusey's estimate of the situation and con-

[1] J. A. Shaw Stewart died May, 1900. [2] Dean Stanley.

demned Dr. Newman's. I often think in this connection of my uncle,[1] who, so far as Church matters were concerned, lived here in the most uncongenial atmosphere. Holy Communion celebrated only three times a year, the church apparently as dead as anything could be, and with nothing to cheer him or to satisfy his ideal. He was employed in translating the 'Breviary' for Dr. Newman and Dr. Pusey, and no doubt was wondering, as he sat over his work, what the end would be. Had he lived, I have sometimes thought he would have made his submission to Rome. Cardinal Newman seemed once, in speaking to me, to suggest this, but he did die in the communion of the English Church. He is buried in the church in front of the altar, where there is now a daily Eucharist. The whole religious condition of the parish has undergone a similar change; many communions are made every Sunday, confessions are frequent, and more than he could ever have dreamt of or hoped for is a realized fact, and taken as a matter of course. And this, in its measure, is going on everywhere. Certainly our existing scandals are deplorable, and I have no sympathy with Anglican narrownesses. I dislike more than I can say the Archbishop of Canterbury's language about the 'Italian Mission.' I think it all untrue; I think it unjust, in view of our own conduct and history, to accuse the adherents of the Roman Church of being in schism in England. *There is a schism* with much blame on both sides; but to talk as many Anglicans do on this subject is in my opinion grossly unfair, inconsistent with historical fact, and contrary to justice and common sense. But, having said all this, I have also to say that I am thankful to be where I am. We have a great work before us. How great we shall only know hereafter, and meanwhile to despair or be discouraged seems to me the height of ingratitude and faithlessness to Almighty God, who has so wonderfully helped us and blessed us hitherto. What a long rigmarole, you will say, and really I don't know why I write it, except that it is pleasant to pour one's self out into sympathetic ears.—Yours very affectionately,

H.

From Dean Lake to Lord Halifax.

KANESCOMBE, TORQUAY,
January 9, 1894.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,—I cannot help writing to you, even if only a few lines, partly to say how glad I was to hear that you are better—I had not heard of your illness—and partly because it is so great a pleasure to have a letter from one with whom I feel that I have a more entire sympathy on the greatest matters than almost with anyone still living: '*Idem velle, idem nolle, ea demum est firma amicitia.*'

I agree substantially with what you say of dear Stanley. You will perhaps have read his 'Life' now, and been at once greatly interested and distressed. But I feel perhaps most how much harm such work

[1] Samuel Wood, died 1842.

as his and Jowett's is doing among young men of talent, especially at Oxford, and how deficient *we* are, particularly as to numbers, in men of learning, and who are capable of putting our side of the question *attractively;* this is why I and, I believe, you, deprecate all attacks on Gore, who seems to me almost the only rising man capable of directing religious thought. I wish very much that the editor of the *Church Quarterly* would get a thoroughly able review of Stanley's Life. Would it be worth your while to hint this to Gregory, or, if you know him, to Mr. Watson? I think a very kind, and at the same time crushing, review of Stanley might do a great deal of good, in showing how really anti-Christian his pseudo liberality was.

I quite agree with you in disliking this wretched humbug of an Italian Mission—as if the Roman Catholics were not in all respects as true, and a far greater portion of Christ's Church than ourselves. Look at their best men, their missions, etc.! Why can we not agree each to work on our distinct lines?

I have not the heart to say anything about public matters. The contrast of the G. O. M. now and fifty years back is too melancholy.

From a Letter of Dean Lake's to Mrs. Burrows.

KANESCOMBE, TORQUAY,
January 7, 1894.

I only received the Life of your dear husband[1] two days since, and I need hardly tell you with what deep interest I have read it, and shall read it again repeatedly. I feel very grateful to Miss Wordsworth for having described him so admirably; it is exactly the man whom I knew and loved at Oxford and Alverstoke, and whom I always deeply regret to have known so comparatively little in after life. I cannot help hoping that I must have asked him to come and see me at Durham, but I know that I often felt with regard to those whom I wished to see that it was in vain to ask them as they became older to take a long journey to the North. But he really lives to me in this biography, in what I have always felt to be his saintly and beautiful character, and I only hope that a frequent study of it may be a blessing to me in my last years. There is much, too, that the Life throws fresh light upon, for I always thought him to be in a very uncongenial college (*then*, at least) at Oxford. I am struck, too, by what I did not before know, his gift of poetry, particularly in those touching lines to yourself. . . .

From Lord Halifax.

HICKLETON, DONCASTER,
February 7, 1894.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I have put off thanking you for your last letter till I had finished A. P. S.'s Life. I closed the second volume about a week ago, and have been intending to have a gossip with you about it

[1] Canon H. W. Burrows (Canon of Chichester).

ever since. Well, I think the book very well done—wonderfully well done for one who, as I understand, never saw the Dean; but I agree with Augustus Hare in wishing there had been more *letters*, whole letters, and fewer fragments of letters, and that the Dean had been allowed to speak a little more for himself. However, I do think it gives a very good impression of him, and for myself it recalls all the lovableness of his character. How picturesque, how brilliant and attractive he was! But my opinion remains unchanged as to the essentially deplorable nature of many of his opinions, and of the great mischief that he did. In fact, except for one circumstance, I don't see how anyone, so far as words go, could be a greater heretic. There are passages in which he seems to deprecate our Lord's miraculous conception and birth of a Virgin being brought before the Law Courts by Mr. Voysey, for fear it should be decided in the affirmative; and others, again, in which the Incarnation and the Trinity all seem to evaporate into phrases. But I like to believe that the incapacity he had of seeing that two and two make four extended to other things beside arithmetic, and that he did not really perceive the inconsistency of what he said with Christian belief, or the logical consequence of his opinions. Sometimes I wonder whether he had any opinions. Again, what can be more untrue and more objectionable than the contrast he was always seeking to draw between creeds and practice? It is certain that the most orthodox belief will profit us nothing if it does not produce in us its proper moral consequences; but to argue from this that creeds signify nothing is really too ludicrous. Somehow he does not seem to me to have improved as life went on, and one puts the book down with a consciousness of failure, of which he himself almost seems to be aware. Altogether charming and delightful as he was, the Life made me sad. One felt how much he could have done had he been different. In all these respects the contrast between the impression produced by his Life and that of Dr. Pusey seems to me remarkable. However, I must add that, deeply as I deplore much about the Dean which this Life records, it has revived all my old love for him, and made me realize very keenly the pathos of that sense of the *end* which comes to all things, and which so specially attaches to the recollection of old days gone never to return.

It is the same feeling which one has in reading Lady Canning's 'Letters from India,' knowing, as one does, all the time that she was destined never to see her home and those she loved again. Have you seen that Life of her and Lady Waterford, by Augustus Hare, 'Two Noble Lives'? It is really very well done and very interesting.

In February, 1894, the Dean felt obliged to criticise some remarks of Professor Goldwin Smith with respect to the effect of the Tractarian Movement on the teaching, both religious and literary, at Oxford. The following extracts from the Dean's letter to the *Spectator*[1] show what was his opinion on this subject:

[1] See the *Spectator*, February 24, 1894.

To the Editor of the 'Spectator.'

KANESCOMBE, TORQUAY,
February 20, 1894.

SIR,—Whatever else may be said of Mr. Arnold's letter in your last issue, no one can deny it the merit of plain speaking, and I cannot help hoping that it may at least lead to an answer to the charge, which I myself do not believe, that 'religion has now fallen into contempt in Oxford.' Without, indeed, having the acquaintance with Oxford which Mr. Arnold till recently possessed, I believe that he has not done justice to the far larger amount of literary activity which is now found among the Fellows of all colleges than was found in my day; but I certainly feel that there is one serious mistake in the article of an old friend, both of his and my own, Mr. Goldwin Smith, to which he alludes, in the contemptuous tone in which he has spoken of the old teaching of the University in his and my days, both religious and literary, and in the manner in which he supposes it to have been injured by the 'Tractarian Movement.' 'The professoriate,' as he tells us, 'was at that time decayed and mute; colleges with princely revenues were doing nothing, or almost nothing, for education.' This is perfectly true, and was due mainly to the long neglect of the eighteenth century. But, then, he adds: 'Worst of all, the University was in exclusively clerical hands . . . and when the Tractarian controversy was raging, nothing saved education from practical submersion but the class list, and the private tutors, or "coaches," who prepared for it.' And this I believe to be as untrue as the other is true. The 'Tractarian Movement' was no cause of intellectual weakness, but of great mental activity in the University; and though its direct effect was no doubt theological (an effect which stimulated the religious teaching of the best colleges), it also increased the energy of their intellectual life, while it produced some really great men, whose teaching and example can never be forgotten in Oxford. . . .

Even intellectually it was no slight advantage that our Tutors were then both resident and accessible, and that a feature in the Oxford of to-day which seems to have startled Mr. Goldwin Smith—the fact of a college without a single Tutor living within its walls—was then an impossibility. With regard to another point mentioned by Mr. Smith, I am afraid we are more at issue. He regards the daily attendance at chapel in those days at his own college as 'only fitted to make men Turks.' I believe that at Balliol it was regarded by almost all thoughtful men as a great advantage. But this was probably due to our Tractarianism. . . .

I will only add that the recommendations of the first Commission gave rise to strong differences of opinion among those who had at first supported it; and that what may be called 'the moderate party,' having then Mr. Gladstone as their supporter in the Ministry, succeeded in carrying a comparatively moderate reform, the main result of which was the revival of the professoriate. But this has been followed by far

more sweeping measures, the results of which I have but slight means of estimating.

I have ventured to supplement Mr. Arnold's letter, chiefly from the wish to protest against an idea, now apparently not uncommon, that the best religious teaching of old Oxford and the 'Tractarian Movement' were injurious to its intellectual life, and also from a belief that the best sons and inspirers of Oxford have been the men who might truly be called *great*. Such men are the real life of a University; and I do not believe that anything in its day so quickened the pulse of Oxford, both intellectual and moral, as Newman's sermons, or that so powerful an instrument of good has been known since. No University could be asleep which was constantly kept alive by the manly sense and earnest convictions of men like Newman and Arnold, and I am not aware that, with all its improvements, Oxford has yet succeeded in finding anyone who can be compared to either of them.—I am, sir, etc.,

W. C. Lake.

Writing May 30, 1894, Lord Halifax says:

I had a long talk, and I think a satisfactory talk, with the Archbishop about a fortnight ago. He seemed to hope that the Archbishop of Dublin's deplorable and mischievous action in regard to consecrating a Bishop for Spain might after all come to nothing. We shall do our best to help on so happy a solution of the difficulty, and have quite resolved, should matters go on, to present an address to the Spanish Bishops, telling them what we think of the Archbishop of Dublin's action.

Meanwhile, I have been busy in some very interesting work in connection with the validity of Anglican Orders. The question is being much discussed now in France, and under conditions very favourable to us. I much hope that great good will come of it.

The longer one lives the more convinced one becomes how great a duty it is to do all in one's power to heal the quarrel between Rome and ourselves. It is a quarrel which I am satisfied might be healed, without any sacrifice of principle on either side, not now perhaps, but a little later, if only there were a little more *goodwill* on both sides. It is a pity Cardinal Vaughan is not a different man.

I don't think otherwise there is much going on in Church circles except, of course, the Education Question. In my opinion, Athelstan Riley is among the first of men. Undenominationalism is anti-Christ, and he is the only person who has hitherto succeeded in making the British public suspect the fact.

From the Dean of Llandaff.

(Address to Llandaff),
August 20, 1894.

My very dear old Friend,—Your endless kindnesses during my illness have gone to my heart, and I have long wished to tell you so

with my own pen. But writing is still a little difficult, and not very good for me, so I have put it off till now, when the paper tells me that you are meditating the resignation of your important and beautiful office just when I was hoping that the reason for doing so was disappearing, and that I might have had the pleasure of seeing you retain it—at least, while I lived.

The tie is a strong one which binds us two together—a friendship of more than sixty years, and a thousand memories of the dead and living. It is delightful to me to have had so many infallible proofs of your affection for me being as strong as ever, now that opportunities of actual intercourse are so few.

I have never expressly thanked you for the honour[1] done to my brother David through your kindness. He will do no discredit to his new University, and I felt that he had scarcely been recognised before, as his work deserved, anywhere except in the actual scene of it, where he is a centre of force and attraction.

You will ask how I am going on after these six months of weakness and peril. I *did* think myself not quite so well lately; but my doctor declared he saw no sign of stagnation, and we are now at a place in Cornwall of singular beauty and comfort, near St. Ives, from which I hope I may return not only refreshed in spirits, but strengthened for such a *modicum* of usefulness as may still be granted me.—Ever affectionately yours,

C. J. VAUGHAN.

From Lord Halifax.

MULGRAVE CASTLE, LYTHE, WHITBY,
August 20, 1894.

MY DEAR DEAN,—. . . I did get your letter, and I had been intending proposing myself and the Abbé[2] to you one day last week, when the necessity of going back to London for the Evicted Tenants' Bill, and also of taking the Abbé to see the Archbishop at Addington, upset my plans, and prevented my getting up as far North as Durham. It was a great disappointment, for *I* wanted to see you, and I wanted also that he should have had some talk with you, and should also have seen Durham, but as things turned out it was impossible. I don't think I ever had such a fatiguing fortnight in my life. We visited nearly all the sisterhoods in England, an innumerable quantity of parish churches, several cathedrals, had interviews with both the Archbishops, and several Bishops, lionized Cambridge, had endless discussions in French, some in Latin, spent two days in company with Wilfred Ward, who was extremely interesting, to say nothing of various communications to and translations for the newspapers.

The interview with the Archbishop of York was most successful; that with the Archbishop of Canterbury successful too, only *less so;* but the Abbé was immensely pleased with all he saw, and goes home with quite a different view, or, rather, with the favourable view he had

[1] An honorary D.D. at Durham University.

[2] The Abbé Portal.

already conceived of the English Church immensely strengthened. I am sending you his brochure on English Orders.

The Abbé Duchesne, who is one of the greatest historical authorities in France, has already written in our favour, while the *Moniteur de Rome*, the *Univers*, and the *Monde*, and even the organ of the French Jesuits, have followed suit more or less in the same direction. Please God something has been begun which really will bear fruit. It has all been most interesting. . . .—Ever yours affectionately,

H.

To Lord Halifax.

DURHAM,
September 28, 1894.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,—Cannot something be done, *and that immediately*, by way of protest against this act of the Archbishop of Dublin? What occurs to me is that a short protest, signed even by some five or six—say the Duke of Newcastle, the 'English Bishop,' the Dean of Chichester, perhaps the Bishop of Lincoln, myself, and one or two others—might be put out *at once*, say in next week's *Guardian*, and it might intimate that it is hoped that, as soon as possible, a large and general protest would follow. *You* would draw up such a protest admirably.

If we are to do anything, let us lose no time. Even a week's delay would immensely diminish the force of a protest.

Come here, if convenient, to dine and sleep on Monday.—Ever yours affectionately,

W. C. LAKE.

From the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott).

AUCKLAND CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND,
October 30, 1894.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I greatly regret that the continual pressure of diocesan engagements has made it impossible for me to have the pleasure of meeting you once more in the Deanery, and offering to Mrs. Lake and yourself the expression of my hearty hope that that which is our great loss will bring to you the opportunity of fresh service. I can never forget that my first acquaintance with Durham was made under your roof. When I look at the cross[1] over the Holy Table, I recall the day when I was allowed to assist at the unpacking of it.

So the years go, and bring with them strange and wholly unexpected duties. The impossible becomes fact. Old ways of work are closed, and then new ways are opened. May I add my kind remembrances to Mrs. Lake?—Believe me to be, with grateful remembrances of your unvarying kindness and sympathy, yours most sincerely,

B. F. DUNELM.

[1] Given by some ladies in the diocese.

In a letter to Lord Halifax, dated Kanescombe, Torquay, December 23, 1894, after sending Christmas greetings, and alluding to the 'strain' of leaving Durham, the Dean writes:

I dare say you have read Church's 'Life,' in which, of course, I take great interest, for I had always the greatest regard and admiration for him. A very interesting part to me is to observe how much Newman's departure made him, as well as others of us, outsiders for the time to the succeeding Church movement—the Ritualism which, in the end, has been so successful, seeming to us at first so unlike Newmanism. It makes one, however, admire the more the courage and popular insight of men like Mackonochie and Carter. I cannot but believe that if Newman had lived now he would not have joined the Church of Rome, though, I think, he would have been always on the advance. . . .

From Dean Goulburn.

January 11, 1895.

My dear kind old Friend,—My best and most cordial thanks for your welcome and interesting letter of Sunday last. . . .

It is curious that both you and I should be occupied in somewhat of a similar manner. I, too, am (and indeed have for years been) revising for publication some sermons (preached years ago before the University of Oxford) on the *first* paragraph of the Apostles' Creed. The reason of my taking this subject was *a strong impression* that more than half the errors on the subject of Christ are really traceable back to errors on the more fundamental subject of God. Well, I soon found, of course, that the first subject I should have to grapple with was the personality of God.

A very arduous subject if treated philosophically (and *ultra vires* for me, I'm afraid). I have treated it popularly (though not forgetting that the particular audience, to whom the sermons were first delivered, was a learned one); but I am anything but satisfied with what I have written, and have sent for Mr. Illingworth's Bampton Lectures ('Personality, Divine and Human') to enlighten my darkness a little. Doubtless they are very able; but I find them exceedingly hard to master. You, who have a far better head than I, would no doubt get on with them much quicker. I find in them one or two distinct traces of the cloven foot—an express assertion, by the way, that there are many Scriptural prophecies which have never been, and never will be, fulfilled—(query? query? query?—this detestable Rationalism crops up everywhere at Oxford in these dreadful times!); and, then, again, I entirely deprecate sermons *without texts*, as all Mr. ——'s are. What must it mean, but that a man *out of the speculations of his own mind* can edify his hearers without basing his teaching on the word of God? I think of dear Bishop Andrewes' prefix to his 'Prayers before Preaching,' which I try to repeat mentally when I get into the pulpit:

'Mundus - - - Mare
Homines - - - Pisces
Ecclesia - - - Lembus
Prædicator - - - Piscator
Verbum - - - *Rete.*'

Supposing I went out fishing in a boat *without a net* or a line, and tried to catch a fish with my hands, hanging them over the boat's side into the water, *how many fish should I catch?*

I do not suppose I shall bring my sermons into a fit state for publication before I die, but I trust that you will. And how deeply interesting is *your* subject, and how important! And what a delightful and appropriate memorial it will be of your quarter of a century decanate.—Yours most affectionately,

E. M. GOULBURN.

From Dean Vaughan.

LLANDAFF,
May 29, 1897.

MY DEAR, VERY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—The report you have seen did not come from us, and is somewhat exaggerated. I cannot say that I think the end is *very* near, but I get thinner and feebler, and find my bed my desired haven, though I am up, and indeed down, for some hours most days.

Weariness and drowsiness and abhorrence of food are my chief conscious witnesses to the decay of the 'humiliating' body; they are, I think, infallible. My happiest half hour is the earliest, when I try, on my bed, to enter into the chamber of the soul, and pray to my Father which is in secret; I hope, and sometimes feel, as though He hears me.

I still read the paper, or skim it, and the life of some great man. I hope it is not wrong to 'love the world I leave.'

The post is going; but this will not reach you till Monday. Your beautiful letters will be dear to me till the end.—Your loving friend,

C. J. VAUGHAN

FROM BISHOP SANDFORD (OF GIBRALTAR) ON THE REFORM MOVEMENTS IN ITALY.

WARESLEY COURT, KIDDERMINSTER,
August 22, 1897.

MY DEAR DEAN,—The advice I gave both in public conference and in private committee was that we should do no more than express sympathy with the Reformers in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and say nothing about the consecration of Cabrera, for I added, 'If we condemn that consecration we shall alienate our Irish brethren; if we approve we shall alienate thousands of devout members of our own Church, and we shall be shutting the door against all projects of

reunion it may be for centuries.' My remarks were confined to Spain, Portugal, and Italy, as I know little or nothing about the Old Catholics of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. . . .

The figures in the Report, page 99, regarding the movement in Italy are not those which I supplied. The information given me by the English chaplain of St. John's, San Remo—and he obtained it from Signor Janni—was that Campello had Signor Janni and *three* other priests working with him, and ministering to *nine* small congregations. In the Report the number of priests is given as seven, and of congregations as twelve. These figures I believe to be overstatements.

I am as anxious as any of the Bishops that Rome should be reformed, and cast aside what we regard as errors and usurpations; but I believe the policy of planting Anglican exotics, and keeping them alive by English and Irish money, so far from furthering, is the sure way of hindering reform. All projects of reform are discredited in the eyes of educated Italians and Spaniards when they are seen to be dependent on the gold and support of foreigners. But perhaps I have said this before.

There are no less than eight bodies with churches and ministers calling themselves 'Reformed Churches' in Italy at the present time: the Waldensian, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Baptist, Free Church, Church of the Brethren, Episcopal Methodist, and that about which I have been writing, which calls itself the 'Catholic National Church of Italy.' The Presbyterians and the Brethren have more adherents than this so-called National Church, which is confined to the lower classes, takes no hold of the educated, is not really a national movement, and makes little or no progress. The number of these movements must surely considerably unsettle the minds of uneducated Italians, and promote free or sceptical thought, instead of furthering the cause of reform. . . .

—Yours very truly,

C. W. Gibraltar.

From Mrs. Vaughan.

Deanery, Llandaff,
September 5 (? 1897).

My dear Mr. Dean,—What a true and faithful friend you are! Your letter was most *reposeful* and beautiful. We feel so exactly what you do as to the 'wonderful thing life is,' and the 'awful idea of the Being,' in whose Presence we shall so soon find ourselves, and the nature of the world to come—such great realities as the end draws near. What should we do but for the direct assurance that His name is love, and that He has promised to us the forgiveness of sins, and that when this impenetrable veil is uplifted there will be a 'glad surprise.'

That end is drawing very near. He is quite confined to his bed, and is almost too feeble to speak. . . . When this earthly life does cease, we must only give thanks that he has been allowed at last to enter 'within the gates into the City.' How can Dr. Jowett dare to say we shall not meet our loved ones hereafter, when we have the express

assurance to the contrary? I cannot think our *chief* happiness in that world beyond the grave is to consist in meeting again with those we have loved here; but that we shall meet them, and that it will form one of our many unspeakable joys, who can deny?

We should so like to see you once again, but it is no longer to be thought of. . . . May you have a less lingering journey through the dark valley than has been given to him. We are sorry to hear of your infirm health, which I am afraid is leading you in that direction.

What centuries it seems since we met at Royat! How many are gone since then of that gay circle who sat together on that terrace!—Yours most truly and sincerely,

CATH. VAUGHAN.

Dean Lake had always been strongly opposed to a 'negative' and indefinite teaching, which, eschewing or undervaluing dogma, tended to the spreading of doubts, and he was ever ready, when need arose, to come forward in defence of Christian truth and sound Church doctrine. Twice within the last few weeks of his life he used his pen to protest against a certain confusion of ideas with respect to the 'Broad Church,' and against a growing tendency (which he saw) to cast a glamour over the teaching of some of its exponents.

OPINIONS AND TEACHERS OF THE BROAD CHURCH SCHOOL.

KANESCOMBE, TORQUAY,
October 5, 1897.

SIR,—As a warm admirer of the *Spectator*[1] for many years, especially in its theological character, will you allow me to express at once my agreement with the disputed sentence of Miss Wedgwood, that 'the Broad Church as a force in thought has gone for nothing,' and also my dissent from most of the varied sentiments expressed in the article upon Mr. Davies' speech at the Church Congress at Nottingham? I say *varied* sentiments, because it is impossible to disagree with such opinions as 'believing in Christ and following Him, making Him our centre of spiritual life, and the link with the Creator'; but when it is added that 'this has been from the first the essence of Broad Church teaching, that the direct Government of God and His direct Revelation through Christ has been taught with a fervour never surpassed by any teachers,' and that one of their leading objects has been the maintenance of Christian dogma, no one who has known the Broad Church as I have done for at least forty years can help asking, on reading such statements, 'Who were those Broad Church teachers?' or can avoid a smile at the statement that 'the whole teaching of the Broad school was calculated to create in the minds of those who accepted it a new and strong spiritual faith.'

[1] See *Spectator*, October 16, 1897.

May I ask, then, what seems the most natural question when one hears of a school of such excellence, of whom did this party consist, and who were its leaders? And surely I may say at once, what I have no doubt that Miss Wedgwood would state much more forcibly, that the attempt to assign its origin to Mr. Maurice must seem to anyone acquainted with his works an absolute failure. There is nothing in Mr. Maurice of that sceptical and purely 'negative' character which marked the best-known leaders of the 'Broad Church,' while they, or at least the most prominent among them, Mr. Jowett, regarded Mr. Maurice with a distrust which was thoroughly reciprocated by him. Undoubtedly the most eminent leaders in those days were Dean Stanley and Mr. Jowett, the first an intimate friend of my own, of whose opinions I will say nothing, while the latter I knew intimately for many years at Balliol; and though I could never understand then what his opinions were, I confess I was painfully astonished at the extent to which his habit of universal doubt was carried on every point of Christianity, and, indeed, almost of Theism. I would rather avoid any complete description of his views, and will confine myself to the account of them which was given by a friendly reviewer, Mr. Stephen, who professes himself 'simply puzzled when I find Mr. Jowett proposing a belief in the best form of Christianity, and his biographers accepting the statement. A Christianity,' he adds, 'without the supernatural, without doctrines, without immortality, and without a personal God, seems to me merely an *alias* for morality.'

Such were the views of one who, as Mr. Davies tells us, was considered in some respects the greatest man in the Broad Church school; and to tell us that 'the whole teaching of that school was calculated to create a new and strong spiritual faith' certainly appears to me the strangest delusion. There seems, indeed, to be a wish, throughout the article to which I have referred, to identify what is called the Broad Church with some important members of the High Church party who are taking—in many respects very wisely—a deep interest in the great social questions of the day. But I trust and believe that this and what is commonly called Broad Churchism are utterly different. That the Broad Church party, who have always been numerically very few, should be 'partially merged' among High Churchmen in this respect is both possible and satisfactory; but the whole attempt to show that their views have been from the first those 'of a strong spiritual faith' is surely, if words mean anything, an entire mistake. They were—I will not say *all*, but most of them—upholders at first, not so much of any social theories, as of indefinite and negative views of Christian truth, and if they are now adopting a truer belief, it is surely wiser to acknowledge this change than to attempt to show that 'to believe in Christ, and to make Him the centre of spiritual life, has always been the substance and marrow of their faith and teaching.' No sensible person can believe this who has known them from the first in the writings of their leading teachers.—I am, sir, etc.,

W. C. Lake
(Late Dean of Durham).

Dean Lake held the Deanery of Durham during five-and-twenty years, resigning in the autumn of 1894, when in his seventy-eighth year. The ties of a quarter of a century are not lightly severed; but, owing to impaired health, he no longer felt able to fulfil adequately the duties of his double office, rendered more onerous by the rapid growth and increasing importance of the College of Science. His severe illness in 1890-1891 had much shaken him, and its effects led him to contemplate retiring some time before he eventually did so. Kindly pressure on the part of his Chapter induced him, however, to postpone this step, and for an additional year or two he was enabled to do a fair measure of good work. But the time came when he felt strongly convinced that the work, especially as regarded the University, ought to be in younger and more vigorous hands. He was forbidden by his physician to winter in the North, and he scrupled to continue these long enforced absences from duties of so important a nature. In this view Dean Lake was supported by one in high ecclesiastical authority and by other friends on whose judgment he relied, and the result was his decision to resign. The uprooting this involved was keenly felt by him; but, recognising it as the right course to take, he accepted it accordingly.

The three concluding years of his life were spent very quietly between Torquay and London, with a few weeks in Scotland in the summer, and a short visit at Hickleton on the way South again. September and part of October were now passed, as well as the winter, at Torquay, where his intense love of the sea and his enjoyment of the beauty of the place and its surroundings, made his almost daily short drive a never-failing pleasure.

In London, when his health allowed it, he attended the council meetings of the E.C.U. and the Board of Governors at St. George's Hospital. Almost the last occasion on which Dean Lake spoke in public was at the unveiling of Cardinal Newman's statue at the Brompton Oratory on July 15, 1896, when he had been asked to say a few words. From the Oratory he drove to the Deanery, Westminster, and joined a little gathering of old Rugbeians in the dedication of a memorial to Dr. Arnold in the Abbey. Thus, at the close of his own career, he was enabled by a curious coincidence to pay a last tribute to the two great men whom he had never ceased to revere—the Headmaster who had

imbued him with the high ideals he carried with him through life, and the hero of the Oxford Movement, whose character and sermons had left on him so deep and lasting an impress.

He spoke yet once again at a missionary meeting at Torquay in September, 1897, but the effort brought on a slight heart attack. For several months he had been subject to paroxysms of acute pain, the nature of which was not understood until after the return from Scotland. These attacks became more and more frequent, and at length occurred almost nightly, gradually undermining his strength and wearing him out. They were borne with characteristic fortitude and courage, and the friends who called to see him found him bright and cheerful as usual. His mental powers remained unimpaired, and a letter from his pen appeared in the *Church Times* within a week of his death. He was, however, forbidden by his medical adviser to work for more than an hour at a time, and sometimes for many days together he was unequal, from exhaustion, to the strain of writing at all.[1] After a few weeks in London, where he was under the medical care of Sir William Broadbent, the Dean returned to Torquay somewhat earlier than usual. The end came little more than a fortnight afterwards in a terrible attack of angina pectoris, and in the early morning of December 8, 1897, he passed to his rest.[2]

Miss Frances Trench,[3] whom he had known since her early childhood, was staying at Kanescombe, and the Dean had the evening before talked to her with great interest of old days and of his old friend, the Archbishop. Among other topics, the conversation turned on Newman's poems,[4] and he made special mention of two of his favourites, 'Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine,' and 'Lord, in this dust Thy sovereign grace,' in which latter occur the lines:

[1] In one of the Dean's very last letters, if not *quite* the last (he wrote but little towards the end), he offered the loan of a large sum of money to meet a case of serious illness, and in another he enclosed a cheque for a poor northern parish. To neither of these did he live to receive a reply.

[2] At almost the same hour, and succumbing to the same fatal disease, as Dr. Arnold, whom he had been the last to see alive.

[3] Daughter of the Archbishop.

[4] 'Verses on Various Occasions,' by J. H. Newman. Dean Lake kept this volume near him, and had written in pencil on the title-page, 'Records of a beautiful mind.'

'I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart pang, or throbbing brow.'

In the afternoon he had enjoyed a long talk with the Rev. R. B. Airy, Vicar of St. John's, Torquay, in whose church he had preached his last sermon.[1]

The three other friends whose society was a great pleasure to him during those Torquay winters, Mr. A. Shaw Stewart, the Rev. J. Congreve, and Mr. H. O. Wakeman, have all since then passed beyond the veil. A few words from a private letter of Mr. Wakeman's, written at this time, and referring to his intercourse with Dean Lake, may perhaps be fitly given here:

The late Dean was one who throughout his life had never flinched from throwing himself boldly on the side of right, and his influence and example on that very account reached, I think, far wider than he ever imagined. To have known him in the ripeness of his old age, and watched the quickness of his interest and zeal wherever the cause of religion was involved, will always be among the most cherished recollections of my days at Torquay.

[1] The only sermon preached by him after he left Durham.

APPENDIX

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE DURHAM COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AT NEWCASTLE, BY THE PRINCIPAL, THE REV. H. P. GURNEY.

As far back as 1640, the desirability of local provision of better educational facilities for the Northern Counties was recognised by those who could appreciate learning. Cromwell's scheme to supply this in 1657 by devoting the Chapter revenues to the foundation of a society, entitled 'The Mentor or Provost, Fellows, and Scholars of the College of Durham,' was cancelled at the Restoration. In 1832 it was to some extent revived by the incorporation of Durham University, whose work was chiefly devoted to the faculties of arts and theology, to which was added in 1865 a school of physical science, which included mathematics, chemistry, geology, mining, and engineering.

The importance of efficient training for those engaged in our great industries had long ago been pointed out on the banks of the Tyne. In April, 1831, Thomas Michael Greenhow, a doctor of medicine, read a paper before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle on 'the expediency of establishing in this city a college for the promotion of literature and science.' This was printed and widely distributed. Though the movement was checked by the advent of Durham University, the General Committee of the Society, in their annual report, February, 1832, pointed out that the desirableness of a College in Newcastle was in no way superseded. But in spite of a town's meeting under the presidency of Mayor Brandling in 1833, and other local efforts, Dr. Greenhow's project was not realized in his lifetime.

The agitation for a College in Newcastle was revived twenty years later by Mr. Nicholas Wood. Educated for the profession of a colliery viewer, Mr. Wood attained pre-eminence in his profession. He became president of the North of England Institute of Mining Engineers, and chairman of the Mining Association of Great Britain. He was an educational enthusiast, and urged with all his influence, in 1854, the necessity of providing a mining college for the systematic training of young men for the mining profession. Negotiations were kept up through 1855 and 1856. A memorial was presented to the Govern-

ment, and a Bill drafted for Parliament for the establishment and endowment of the college in 1857. In 1859 the matter was brought before Durham University, but at that time it proceeded no further.

The urgent necessity for higher and more systematic education in this great centre of population became more and more evident to thoughtful and far-seeing men. In 1868 lectures were organized by the Literary and Philosophical Society. These were widely appreciated, and the promoters received great encouragement. Amongst others, Sir J. R. Seely wrote, 'We heartily wish the scheme success. Newcastle is, in fact, constructing a University.'

The appointment of Dean Lake revived the hopes of the friends of the college, and this time they were not disappointed. Public opinion was at length ripe for action. Urged by some of the leading men of the district, among whom we should mention Sir Lowthian Bell and the late Mr. E. F. Boyd, the Mining Institute, in November, 1870, appointed a Committee to confer with the Durham authorities upon the practicability of organizing a system of scientific instruction for those intending to devote themselves to mining or manufacturing pursuits.

The immediate outcome of this conference[1] was the foundation, in 1871, of the Durham College of Science, 'jointly by the University of Durham and the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers.' The intellectual needs of Newcastle were brought to the notice of Dean Lake, at that time Warden of the University. He at once took an enlightened and large-hearted view of the situation. He warmly commended the scheme to the University, and persuaded them to give it generous support. Their school of physical science had not fulfilled anticipation. He pointed out that the teaching must be given in the chief centre of population if it was to be really useful to those for whom it was mainly meant. His sympathy, energy, and ability made the institution of systematic and thorough scientific instruction in Newcastle possible. His earnest support and able advocacy of the scheme convinced the University, and it is to Dean Lake more than to any other person that the existence of the Durham College of Science in that growing city is due. To this day the college gratefully acknowledges its ineffaceable obligations to him as its real founder, and it will ever be proud to call itself his child, but the important part he played in its birth is by no means the only ground on which the Durham College of Science reveres the memory of Dean Lake.

Another great service which he rendered to the college was the extension of the educational advantages to the workers, who can only devote evening hours to self-improvement. He fully recognised the great importance to this district of systematic evening courses of instruction. He encouraged the foundation of these classes at the college, and as the staff of professors was too small for the demands made for both day and evening tuition, with the help of the Literary and Philosophical Society, who were advised and assisted by Mr. Albert Grey (now Earl Grey), the co-operation of the University of Cambridge was invited, and

[1] The meeting took place August 2, 1870.

through Dean Lake's active interest and cordial support, in 1879, teaching was organized under the title of 'Cambridge and Durham University Extension Lectures.' These have been very useful to the North of England. As far as they went, they offered opportunities for genuine, honest, good work. Latterly, it has been found desirable to leave the Cambridge lectures to the Literary and Philosophical Society. Durham University has organized its own extension lectures where they were required, and the evening lectures at the College have remained a most important branch of its teaching, more than a thousand evening students attending every year.

We have seen that the influence of the Mining Institute caused the college at first to devote itself to science teaching; but Dean Lake realised the importance of culture, and he encouraged by every means at his command the teaching of literature and arts. He insisted that studies recommended by mere utility and applicability to money-earning pursuits, sometimes called the business of life, could never be accepted as a satisfactory, elevating, ennobling education. He promoted classes in the humanities. In addition to the study of classical Latin and Greek, he helped to organize instruction in English language, literature, and history, as well as in the languages and literatures of France, Germany, and Italy. It is very largely owing to Dean Lake's foresight and influence that the College of Physical Science has emerged from the position of a technical school, though always giving instruction of a much higher grade than that offered by more modern organizations under that name, and that it has been officially recognised by the highest authorities in the land to be a thoroughly efficient and well-equipped University College, standing in the first rank with the best in the country.

A few of the obligations of the Durham College of Science to the late Warden of Durham University have been briefly indicated. The list is far from exhaustive. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to do justice to all it owes to him. The gratifying record of good work already done, the present comparatively strong position of the College, as well as its promise of increased usefulness for years to come, are in no small degree due to the patience and sympathy, the energy and ability, the unwearied interest and watchful care, the wise guidance and strong stimulating rule of its honoured founder and first president, Dean Lake.

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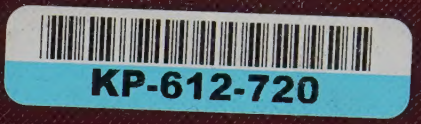
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